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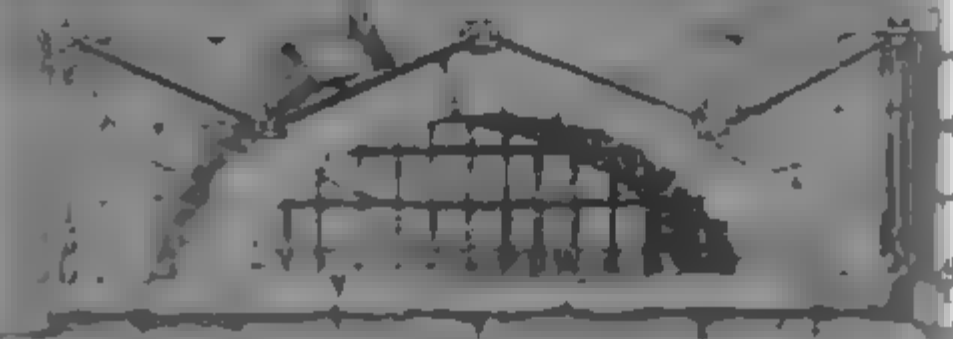
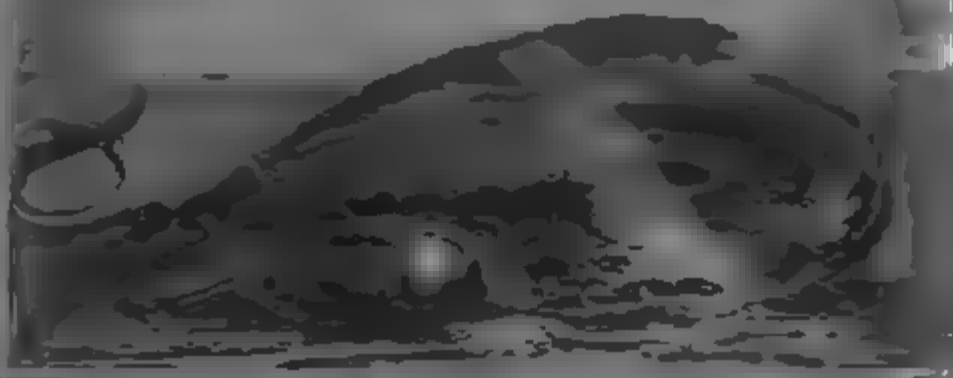












THE
Historical Gallery
OF
ORIGINAL PORTRAITS.

*"Example moves when precept fails;
and sermons are less read than tales."*



MANCHESTER

Printed & Published by J. Alcock & Son 191 Deansgate 1824

THE
HISTORICAL GALLERY
OF
CRIMINAL PORTRAITS,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC;
CONTAINING
A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE CASES OF
Guilt and Misfortune
TO BE
FOUND IN MODERN HISTORY.

Not the scaffold, nor the touch of the execution, that constitutes
'INFAMY,' but alone the consciousness of guilt.'

—————"Facile descendus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum, —————
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

VIRGIL.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

JOHN BROWN,

OF THE MYSTERIES OF NEUTRALIZATION; THE NAVAL ADVOCATE;
AND VARIOUS TRACTS RELATIVE TO THE LAW OF
NATIONS; THE NORTHERN COURTS, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

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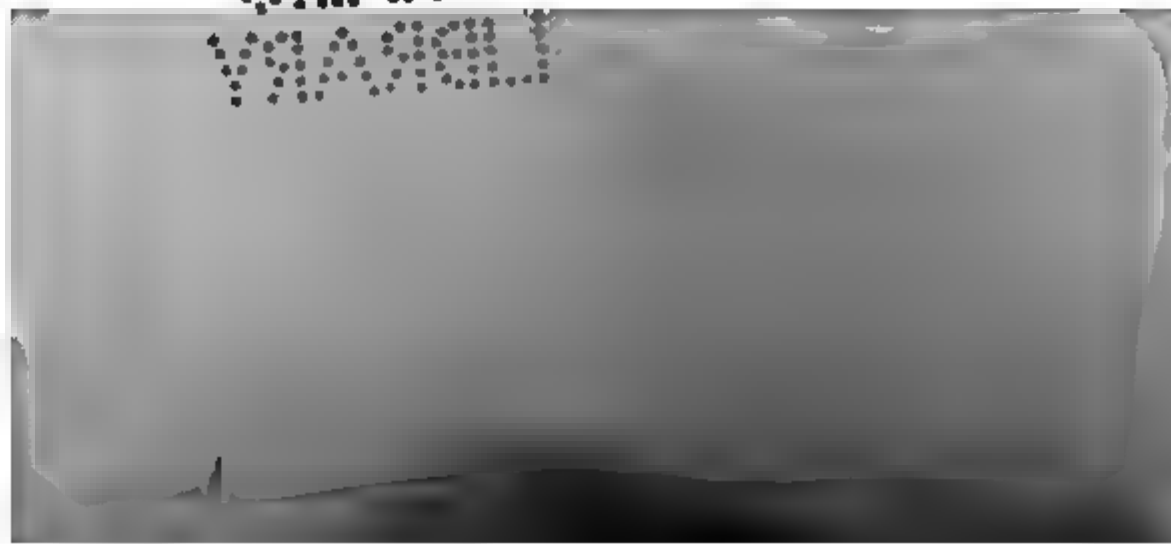
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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS LORD ERSKINE,

WHOSE powerful talents, commanding genius,
profound legal science, and brilliant eloquence,
boldly and energetically exerted, and seconded
by the verdict of an honest and impartial Jury,—
gloriously confounded and d
made, in 1794, to introduce the dangerous and
unconstitutional doctrine of *Constructive Treason*,—
this Volume, as an humble tribute of sincere and
grateful veneration, is most respectfully

DEDICATED, by

THE EDITOR.

Manchester, 1st January, 1823.

Preface.

WHEN the EDITOR and Compiler first commenced with these Portraits, he had no guide in any existent English work,—that is, except the embellished historical novels by the elegant pens of the justly celebrated Misses Porter, or the ‘Scotch Novels,’ might be considered as such. Works of those descriptions, though highly attractive, are liable to this important objection,—that being so highly wrought, and the characters and incidents so profusely adorned, the national histories on which they are founded seem by comparison devoid of interest, flat, and insipid. Who that has read the character of *Wallace* by Miss Porter, wherein the rude and uncultivated patriot warrior is delineated in such splendid and such graceful colouring; who that beholds that great and good chieftain, adorned with all the scholastic elegance and refinement of manners and sentiment that attach to the names of Sir Philip Sydney or a Bayard, are able to relish the picture drawn of him in the ancient chronicles of Scotland? And who that has read the plain, coarse, and homely narrative of the life and

exploits of *Rob Roy*, the celebrated '*Highland thief*,' as he is termed in the pages of *Pennant*, and other tourists, can help regretting that such freedoms should be taken with the dignity of historical truths, as abound in the '*Scotch Novels*?'

Were the Editor to say that he has not embellished his Historical Portraits, he would be deceiving those who might give credence to his disavowal. The characters and incidents are all more or less embellished and new modelled by his pen; and many facts and circumstances of a novel and important nature, and no where else to be found in print, at least not in the English tongue, add considerably to the claims of the work on the score of *originality*; but not to an extent injurious to historical veracity. But those facts and circumstances he derived during his travels in the north of Europe, from such sources of authentic intelligence as very few private individuals ever before possessed. That this is not an idle and empty boast, he might have cited the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, who fell by the hand of Bellingham; the Right Hon. George Canning is also capable of attesting this assertion. The fate of a northern monarch and his monarchy, once reposed in the hands of the Editor, and with those cabinet ministers, without any other persons being present they had many and long conferences. This occurred in October and November 1808. Nor was the Editor the creature or retainer of those ministers. He was authorized to state, that the monarch in question would positively be dethroned, if he did not mea-

were back his steps from the unconstitutional paths into which he had long been wandering. The Editor was put in possession of the extraordinary secret of this sovereign's birth. He told Messrs. Perceval and Canning, that no earthly power could sustain the tottering throne of the eccentric being alluded to, except by making great and important concessions to his subjects. Those ministers felt it to be their public duty to decline the important overture, but not coldly nor ungraciously. The Editor assured them they had signed the act of dethronement of the sovereign in question by so doing. This event took place in November; the official reply from Messrs. Perceval and Canning, owing to the severity of the winter, and adverse winds, did not reach Stockholm till January 1809, and on the 9th March following that king was crowned.

It is not personal vanity which urges the Editor to develop these facts, but to account, in a satisfactory manner, for the numerous chain of extraordinary incidents intimately connected with the subjects treated of, in the early part of this volume.

From causes which the Editor had not the power to control, and chiefly owing to his residence at a distance from the press, many errors, and some of importance, have crept into this volume, more especially in the middle sheets. Of these, a considerable portion arose from an event which he trusts cannot fail to excite sympathy and forgiveness, —namely, the illness and the death of his wife!

In her he lost a friend, a companion, a counsellor whose attachment during three and thirty years withstood the rudest shocks of fortune; desertion of summer friends; and the keener wounds inflicted by the hand that ought ever to have been applied to her protection and preservation.

There is no road by which nature operates to the end of all her labours, and consigns the human race to the earth whence they sprung, that is more distressful, than that slow, consuming, lingering decay, whereby the descent to the tomb may be accurately measured by the daily waste of physical strength; where the utmost efforts of medical skill are baffled by the strength of disease and where the descent is so steady, so incessant as wholly to extinguish every ray of hope. Such was the graduated scale on which, during successive months, he beheld his wife wasting away!

Tranquil and serene were her last moments, and gentle the last struggles of expiring life. All never---whilst life and reason hold their seats in his shattered frame—never can he forget the awful moment that to her had no successor on this side of eternity! Although her decease came thus openly, yet to her husband it seemed to burst upon him, clad in all the horror that might have been expected if she had suddenly perished in the bloom of youthful beauty, and prior to her affectionate bosom having been lacerated by ingratitude and neglect.—Pardon, kind reader, these effusions of a deeply wounded mind, for they are not wholly extraneous nor irrelevant. And may th

sandour with which an erring mortal acknowledges and deploras his own delinquency, give the greater weight to those moral lessons which are scattered along his pages. Reader! it was in the midst of woes like these that those sheets were composed in which, both literary and typographical, the greatest number of errors will be found.

Quitting these melancholy topics, there yet remains to be explained the reason why the Editor made use with the name of '*Lodewyk Van Der Ess, Gent.*' as the Author and Compiler of these Portraits. To that name he had as just and valid pretensions as Messrs. H—ne and B—ne, the real authors of the very interesting work, '*The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*,' by whom, several years since, it was adopted. The origin of this innocent deception is worth relating. A Mr. John B—ne, in 1803, went over to Rotterdam, taking with him a large and valuable assortment of Manchester goods. His ill fortune led him to pitch his tent in the residence of this identical *Lodewyk Van Der Ess*, a man of easy manners, and very general knowledge of men and things. He spoke fluently, and could correspond correctly, in four languages, besides his mother tongue. Hence he was quite an overmatch for Mr. B—ne, whom, by degrees, he stripped of all his merchandise; and in July 1803, just after the breach of the treaty of Amiens, he caught his unfortunate victim on board a ship under neutral colours, attempting to land near Helvoetsblyk, unprovided with a regular passport. The fact is, poor B—ne had determined to make one effort

more to recover his lost merchandise, and he not only failed, but rendered his situation incomparably worse. After menacing Mr. B—ne with a public trial as an English spy,—after keeping him on ship-board as long as he pleased, in a situation the very antipodes of clean or comfortable, *Lodewyk Van Der Ess* allowed him to escape, but in a most pitiable plight, deprived of all his property and papers!

It was during B—ne's residence in Holland he picked up a number of anecdotes relative to Napoleon and his court, and many perhaps from Van Der Ess. These he preserved, and when the since celebrated *William H—ne* and this *John B—ne* commenced their well known and valuable *Life of Bonaparte*, they resolved to make use of the name in question as a coverture. And when they detailed any authentic anecdote or incident peculiarly unfavourable to the Emperor of the French, the joint Editors used to narrate it in such a manner as to imply that Van Der Ess himself really was the author. Such was the humorous revenge taken by the individuals in question. The Editor has heard, but cannot vouch for the truth of the report, that the emperor caused the work to be translated, and that he was so indignant with his *mouton*, for the boldness of the truths he was *accused* of having published, that he ordered Mr. *Lodewyk Van Der Ess* to be sent to hard labour, in irons, on the fortifications of Antwerp!

Such is a part of the history of this celebrated

gentleman. And next as regards the Editor's motive for borrowing the same shield.

He has already stated, that if there exists a work executed on the same plan as this, it is wholly unknown to him. He was not sure the work would be as well received in this part of England, where polite literature appears to be held in less esteem than in or nearer to the metropolis; and he was unwilling to expose himself to the risk of making an abortive attempt. But now that the first volume is in print, and the MSS. for the second nearly finished, and in the hands of the publisher, there no longer exists occasion for any reserve.

Dropping these explanations, the Editor next proceeds to review the Portraits composing the first division of this Historical Gallery.

The first comprises the eventful history of the assassination of *Gustavus III.* of Sweden,—a prince of the most splendid endowments, but as profligate in his life and conversation as he was eminent for superiority of intellect and the grace of highly polished manners. The character of this voluptuary, as displayed in these pages, shows as in a mirror how useless are the brightest talents in a monarch, a citizen, or peasant, where integrity of heart is wanting. His murderer, *John Jacob Ankarstrom*, was one of the most singular and commanding of human beings. He had, in his youth, taken up, and not without just cause, an inveterate antipathy against Gustavus III; the notorious waste and profligacy of whose reign led Ankarstrom to conclude the welfare of Sweden required his life

should be taken. At the same time the strange mortal felt and acknowledged the heinous nature of assassination, and, tranquilly awaiting the punishment ordained by law, he hoped by prayer, penitence, and forfeiting his life on the scaffold, to make expiation, and save his soul alive!

The case of *Queen Matilda* succeeds to this of *Ankarstrom*; and one more eventful could scarcely be selected from the whole circle of state trials. The name of this amiable and unfortunate lady is not, however, dishonoured by its insertion in this Gallery of Criminal Portraits. As this sketch of the most faulty part of her short and eventful life applies alone to the criminal proceedings instituted against her, the narrative of her penitence and death was held in reserve, and will be found very amply detailed in the second case of the second volume.

The next criminal whose moral portraiture is given is *James Lord Grange*, a Scottish Judge, and certainly one of the most atrocious delinquents whose name is to be found in the annals of infamy. This section, however, contains a narrative of the extraordinary sufferings of his wife, rather than a memoir of her guilty husband.

From *Lucretia Borgia*, an Italian princess, daughter of the Roman Pontiff, Alexander VI. (erroneously termed the Vth,) are lineally descended the royal family of Great Britain. The singular biography of this lady is introduced, not because the Editor considers her as a delinquent, but as a victim of the cruelest prejudice. The first scholars of

the age, and amongst them Mr. *Roscoe*, consider her as a greatly injured woman, as an ornament to the *Guelphic* dynasty, instead of a stain and disgrace, as our popular historian, *Gibbon*, has delineated her character. To guard against the reproach of introducing an apology, instead of a criminal portraiture, the Editor has entwined with an outline of her history, sketches of the licentious lives of her father, her brother, and of *Harry VIII.* King of England.

The popularity of 'the *Scotch Novels*,' and the expected voyage of *George IV.* to the metropolis of the northern portion of this island, induced the Editor to leave *Manchester*, and go to *Liverpool* in search of those works of reference to which he could not attain access in the former town. In this portion of the work he endeavoured to show the *Stuarts* as they were, and the wretched state of *Scotland* under their despotic sway. It would be difficult to find a parallel to the cruel proscription by which, during many ages, the *Macgregors* were afflicted, or incidents so romantic. The annals of the kings of *Scotland*, prior to the accession of *James the First*, are but very imperfectly known to the generality of *British* readers. Upon the uncommon incidents and extraordinary characters which rose and set amidst scenes of almost universal blood and rapine, the author of 'the *Scotch Novels*' has founded those beautifully embellished effusions already named. In this division of the *Portraits*, the Editor has inserted a slight biographical sketch of the *Cochrane* family, and an out-

line of the elaborate and wicked conspiracy of which *Admiral Lord Cochrane*, instead of being the author or abettor, has been the *victim*! A material error occurs in this *note*, p. 384, l. 19, where the word 'treacherously' is used instead of 'erroneously.'

The introduction of Shakespeare's Falstaff arose principally from an ardent desire on the part of the Editor to contribute, as far as in his power, to the correction of that deep-rooted error, which has, during the lapse of centuries, confounded a warrior and a statesman of the first order as to valour and wisdom, with a notorious highway robber, whose wit and humour induced a wild and dissipated prince to select him as the companion of his guilty and polluted revels.

The extraordinary adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and subsequent reformation of *Thomas Anderson*, form a striking contrast to the veteran delinquency of Falstaff. It affords an excellent moral for giddy youths, and on that account it was selected for insertion.

The tale of the *Rustic Delinquent*, though given anonymously, is founded on fact. The character of *Auld Donald* has been considerably embellished, to heighten the contrast between the simplicity of the unhappy youth, and the stern and unrelenting rigour of his base, unfeeling, grovelling prosecutor. The nature of the temptation that led this innocent and virtuous youth to sully his character combined every thing that could by possibility go to mitigate the crime. It was from the lips of the youth who

made such astonishing, though fruitless, efforts to snatch the unhappy captive from an ignominious death, the Editor, nearly forty years since, first heard this affecting narrative; and he believes it has never yet been published. When the philosopher contemplates the impunity extended to such enormous malefactors as Lord Grange, or Percy Jocelyn, the late Bishop of Clogher, and contrasts it with the too severe punishment inflicted upon this young Scots lad, for a first offence, he will be apt to coincide with the satirist who compared laws to cobwebs, which catch gnats and small flies, but through which the hornet can at any time force his way.


The case of *Galliard* is one of a more commonplace kind, but highly interesting, and conveying an impressive moral lesson, illustrative of the wonderful operation of *retributive justice*, to which a number of incidents, elucidatory of the same divine principle, are added.

The danger, and the injustice too, of convicting persons arraigned upon the strength of *circumstantial evidence* alone, has been so fully evinced in the erroneous verdicts passed upon *Lord Cochran* and the *Bowditch* family, that it induced the Editor to select the case of *Le Brun*, and the following suite of incidents, for the stronger illustration of his opinions. A considerable portion of this matter is original, and the Editor believes the whole to be authentic.

As a sort of supplement to the sufferings of *Le Brun*, the French valet, the Editor closes this volume with an account of the delinquency of the

late *Bishop of Clogher*. In this, as in almost every portraiture given, the Editor has introduced, exclusive of numerous notes, some original and curious illustrations of the rapid march of crime. He has also endeavoured to show the cruelty and injustice of Mr. Cobbett's late attack upon *foreigners*.

By this arrangement it will be seen that this Historical Gallery contains such a selection of Criminal Portraits as include the more rare and unique moral likenesses, taken from persons in every rank of society, from the monarch to the peasant. And it has been his peculiar study, as well as being attractive from the spirit of romance with which they are so powerfully fraught, to render them no less instructive and useful, from the historical knowledge they are calculated to diffuse, and the impressive moral lessons which they so forcibly convey.



THE GALLERY
OF
Criminal Portraitsures,
&c. &c. &c.

JOHAN JACOB ANKARSTROM,

NOBLEMAN OF SWEDEN:

Assassin and Regicide.

A strange assemblage of contradictions!
Virtues sublime—and vices horrible—
Mark the bold features of his character.
A loneliness of soul, for ever brooding
O'er wrongs of date remote, first warpt his mind.
Next vengeance fir'd his breast, and he became
Fitted for treasons, plots, and deeds of blood!
In all things else he was a gentleman
Of blameless life, and honourable fame.

EDITOR.

If the awful death of the most magnificent monarch of the age—a hero and a lawgiver—slain by a high-born and cultivated assassin;—if brilliant scenery and stupendous incidents, and an harmonious blending of the wildness of romance, the horrible, the solemn, and the pathetic, entitle any criminal portraiture to precedence, those qualities are all combined in the eventful life of Friherre (a) Ankarstrom.

To render this article more intelligible to readers not well versed in Swedish annals, the Editor prefixes a brief dissertation, into which he has introduced certain curious

(a) An untitled nobleman.

facts, nearly connected with English history, and yet not generally known even to English historians.

Gustavus III. King of the Swedes, (*b*) the Goths, (*c*) and the Vandals, (*d*) in common with several other reigning dynasties of Europe, traced his descent from the fierce and warlike chieftains who, from the dreary forests and sterile rocks of ancient Scandinavia, led the free and wandering tribes of Goths and Vandals into the flowery vales and vine-clad hills of Italy,—conquered the boasted *invincible* legions of ancient Rome,—sacked and desolated ‘the eternal city,’ (*e*)—and ultimately dismembered the Roman empire!

From those heroes descended the fierce and illiterate predatory chieftains, Hengist and Horsa, who landed in England in the fifth century, and the various dynasties of petty or potent sovereigns who ruled in England from the period when the Roman government ceased. The Danish and the Norman kings sprang also from the same common origin. The Saxons, or more correctly speaking, the Anglo-Saxons, were a tribe of the great Gothic nation, whose native home included the vast and barren regions called Scandinavia. (*f*) It is a fact familiar to every person conversant in the histories of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, that in the seventh century the coins of our King Offa bore the same armorial shield as the coins of Sweden; and the laws and the language of the Anglo-Saxons settled in England, and of the Svea-Goths dwelling in Sweden, were essentially the same.

Gustavus III. in common with the house of Brunswick, was descended from our ancient Saxon kings; and, on

(*b*) *Svedeland* in the Swedish language denotes the soil of a forest that had been destroyed by fire.

(*c*) The Goths, pronounced *Yoota*, means ‘the good.’

(*d*) Vandals means wanderers; pronounced *Wandrls*.

(*e*) The Romans, at the zenith of their power and prosperity, insolently termed the vast and splendid metropolis of their empire ‘the eternal city.’

(*f*) The limits of Scandinavia contained the whole of Holstein, Schleiswick, Jutland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland.

the female side, from Gustaf Vasa, (*g*) the illustrious founder of that royal house, of which Gustavus Adolphus the Great, who gloriously fell on the plains of Lutzen, was the last male descendant. In common with Frederic the Great of Prussia, Gustavus was descended from that unhappy princess Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George Duke of Hanover, from whom his present Majesty George the Fourth, and all the royal family of Great Britain, are immediately and lineally descended.

After many revolutions, and internal convulsions, the government of Sweden settled itself into an elective monarchy, in which it would be unjust to say the nation had not a voice ; but the power of electing the monarch was possessed and exercised by the nobility ; which, split into factions, and paid and directed by foreign influence, reduced the monarchy to a mere cipher,—trampled upon the just prerogatives of the crown,—destroyed the ancient liberties of the people,—loaded them with taxes, and revelled on the spoil of humble industry. Those factions were called ‘the Hats’ and ‘the Caps,’ and as they successively prevailed, impeachments for high treason, decapitations, and confiscations, reciprocally marked their triumph : by each faction the Swedes were despoiled, insulted, and oppressed. The reign of Gustaf Adolf, the father of Gustavus III. was almost continually convulsed by those tyrannical factions, whose venality was notorious to all Europe, the one acting under Russian, the other under French influence.

It is probable that Gustavus III. acquired that deep dissimulation, and impenetrable reserve, by which he was distinguished, from the curbs and restraints imposed by the conflicting factions, who treated the authority of his royal father with so little ceremony, that the senators caused a

g Amongst the ancient Goths, their chieftains took their titles from wild beasts. The *Guelfs*, for example, from a lion's *whelp*. The ancestors of the Vasa family were perhaps the first, who, quitting the hunter-life, encouraged agriculture. *as tesa*, in Swedish, signifies a *wheat-sheaf*.

fac-simile of his sign-manual to be engraved, which they affixed to their own lawless acts, and in the plenitude of their insolence declared it had equal validity! His Queen Consort, Louisa Ulrica, granddaughter of George the First of England, a princess alike eminent for talent, beauty, virtue, learning, and accomplishment, the oligarchs insulted and vexed by a variety of mean and dastardly expedients. Their eldest son, Gustavus, was born in 1746: he inherited his mother's genius and haughty spirit, and happy had it been for him if he had also imbibed her wisdom (*h*) and integrity.

Unfortunately for himself, and the brave, hospitable, and generous nation over whom he reigned, he associated in his youth with profligate, servile, and rapacious nobles and courtiers, who sought to promote their selfish views by basely administering to every incipient vice, and teaching him, by their precept and example, to give the reins to his passions, and gratify every propensity, however base. In native genius and talent Gustavus stood without an equal. It is the common cant of servile courtiers and parasitical writers, to term every prince who happens to possess superior talents and accomplishments, the most elegant prince of his age. Gustavus III. was, without exception, the first prince in Europe, if intellectual and acquired superiority could confer that title: he was also the most false, subtle, and depraved. To these qualities nature added a handsome person, ready wit, and an invincible courage.

Necessity, and not choice, induced this accomplished profligate, in 1766, to marry his first cousin (*i*) Sophia

(*h*) This illustrious woman was termed by Voltaire, 'The Minerva of the North.' She was the friend and patroness of the great natural historian, Sir Charles Linné, and of many other men of learning, science, and genius.

(*i*) In the same year, the young and beautiful Princess Caroline Matilda, youngest sister to George III., was married to her *first* cousin, Christian VII. King of Denmark—a match every way unhappy, and which brought that princess within the circle allotted to these volumes! The frequency of intermarriages between first cousins of the blood-royal is alike remarkable, as the unhappy results which have ensued.

Magdalena, Crown Princess of Denmark, the first-born child of Frederic V. King of Denmark, and Louisa his royal consort, daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline of Great Britain.

In 1771 died the placid and peaceful monarch Adolf Frederic. His heir Gustavus, who was then at Paris, and secretly negotiating with the court of France, was proclaimed King of the Swedes, the Goths, and the Vandals. Although one principal object of his travels might be to remove out of the way of reproaches on the part of his mother concerning the treatment of his fair and blooming bride, with whom he had never cohabited as man and wife were wont; another, and perhaps the greater, was to obtain pecuniary aid, to break the inglorious chains thrown over the Swedish monarchy by a few great and noble families, and free the throne from a power greater than itself, and unknown to the constitution of Sweden.

Never had a prince so fair an opportunity of redeeming his native land, and of becoming almost the idol of a grateful people! Never was a monarch more embellished by education than Gustavus, nor a mind endowed by nature with a more brilliant genius, or greater capacity to acquire the highest degree of perfection in every walk of liberal study. When he ascended the unsteady and tottering throne of his deceased father, the road to imperishable glory lay straight before him, and every thing contributed, not alone to court, but to facilitate his progress to immortal fame, as a patriot king; but dissolute habits and profligate society had irretrievably polluted his mind, long before the sceptre passed into his hands.

The senators, afraid of his great capacity, and jealous of his intentions, employed many and widely different means to ascertain the real views of Gustavus III. Those efforts this all-accomplished prince found no difficulty in baffling, for beyond almost any other mortal, he possessed

that useful talent of keeping his own intentions secret, and penetrating the inmost thoughts of other men.

It is doubtful if Gustavus III. ever had a confidant: he had minions of every class, and instruments of every rank; he was alike subtle and daring—an union of qualities generally conceived to be irreconcilable. The young monarch, till after his coronation, did not consider himself King of Sweden. The counterfeit protestations of loyalty and attachment to his royal person, transmitted by the reigning faction from Stockholm, the arch dissembler received as sterling, and he repaid them in their own base coin. He even excelled them in lavishing studied and far-fetched compliments. It was not possible for a human being to cherish a deeper hatred towards any one, than Gustavus felt towards the senators; and in proportion as his secret efforts to effect their destruction were intense, and likely to be attended with success, just as eloquent and fervent were his vows of attachment and respect. The consummate hypocrite went so far as to assure that senate, whose speedy and final subjugation he contemplated, and under whose tyranny all Sweden groaned, that he would, ‘WITH MY HEART’S BLOOD, *defend the purity of their doctrines, and the existence of their political power.*’ It is disgusting to have to record such frightful dissimulation, and the more as the royal dissembler closed this elaborate piece of fraud and guile with a solemn invocation to the Almighty to witness his sincerity.

The most splendid achievement which adorns the biography of Gustavus III. was the revolution of 1772, by which he uprooted that odious faction, that had, during so many years, degraded and plundered the Swedish nation. What in a peculiar manner marked the character of this monarch, was his compelling the proud senators, when they had fallen into his power, to sing a thanksgiving Psalm in compliment to their victor. On that occasion, in the Swedish house of Lords, Gustavus III. took a prayer-book from

his pocket, gave out the Psalm and verse, and acted as leader of the band!

From this eventful period, till the time of his assassination, Gustavus III. was embroiled in almost continual disputes with his people. His taste for magnificence led him into an enormous expenditure; his minions were numerous and rapacious; and a general feeling pervaded his people that he meant to make himself an absolute king.

It is already stated that Gustavus III. did not cohabit with his bride; but, in 1778, he had recourse to such an expedient to obtain a lineal heir, as none but the most depraved of human beings could conceive or sanction. A son was borne by the Queen Consort of Gustavus III., who was regarded as a spurious heir by the disaffected nobles, clergy, and burghers; and such was the profuse extravagance of the splendid but demoralized king, that he drove, by his exactions, the most loyal and attached of the Swedish peasants into open rebellion.

The great conspiracy, to which these observations are a prelude, began in 1791.

It would be presumptuous to assign the number of persons engaged in the conspiracy formed against the life of this guilty monarch, for it was never ascertained; but it was very great, and they were almost entirely persons of eminence belonging to the order of nobility.

The world has heard much of John Jacob Ankarstrom, the Swedish regicide. The most absurd and groundless stories were, at the time of his assassinating his king, put in circulation, to make him appear as a monster of cruelty and depravity. His crime was of a nature that excites abhorrence, but he appears to have been impelled by previous wrongs, inflicted by the victim of his resentment. Mr Lewis Goldsmith (k) affirms, that at a very early

¹ *Crimes of Cabinets*, p. 16, &c.—Mr. Goldsmith, by an important error, made Friherre Ankarstrom governor of the province of East Goth-

period of his life, Gustavus III. offered Ankarstrom an insult, that, if truly recited, might have justified the law in laying the former dead at his feet. It was said, that the spirited young Swede struck the prince, and long afterwards continued to speak of him with contempt, and avoided those places where he was most likely to meet him. The enmity thus created lasted throughout their lives, and ultimately led to their untimely deaths. Whether from personal pique, or more honourable motives, Friherre Ankarstrom was always conspicuous for the severity of his comments upon the government of Gustavus III. and the king was accused of having had recourse to a variety of mean expedients to injure Friherre Ankarstrom

his professional career, and to wound his feelings. During the war with Russia, Ankarstrom commanded the troops stationed in the island of Gothland; shortly afterwards, a Russian force effected a landing. There was no competent force, nor any forts, nor place of refuge; the whole island would have been given up to pillage in case of resistance: it became the duty of the governor to surrender, to save the inhabitants from massacre, and their property from destruction. After the king's return from Finland in 1788, he received information that Friherre Ankarstrom had been engaged in active correspondence with the nobles, who encouraged the officers of the army of Finland to mutiny; and who were then consulting the bold expedient of assembling a diet in the absence of the king, with the view to his dethronement. When Gustavus caused the accused officers to be tried, Ankarstrom was arraigned of high treason, and the only proof offered

land, one of the most valuable gifts at the disposal of the crown.—He was sent by the king into an honourable banishment, and the island of Gothland was appointed for his residence. He commanded the few troops stationed at that remote island, and thence he acquired the military title of Governor of Gothland.

that he had advised the people of Gothland not to take up arms against the Russians! When party spirit was usually high, and the mutinous officers were held in scorn by the populace, that they scarcely dared to show themselves in the streets of Stockholm, it is not wonderful that among the lowest inhabitants of Gothland persons could be found to give that kind of evidence, which, repeated before a court-martial made up of the creatures, should sanction his condemnation. Ankarstrom was sentenced to TWENTY YEARS confinement in a prison to be named by the king! The prisoner heard the sentence, not only unawed, but with calm and cutting contempt: he was much disturbed by the dread of being disappointed by a malignant PARDON from the king, which he could not evade. When this was announced, he said, '*I rather perish through the enmity of the king, than dishonoured by his clemency.* I am innocent of the charges fabricated against me: they were sustained by false evidence. My unjust judges know this. I demanded justice; it was denied me: and I consider this liberation from an unrighteous judgment, not as a favour, but as a matter of right.' When Friherre Ankarstrom was released, he was as well received in the fashionable circles as if he had not been accused; and the general effect of the proceedings was highly unfavourable to the reputation of the king. (1)

The disordered state of the finances of Sweden drove the government to many shifts to raise money, and some of them were radically dishonest. Amongst others, by virtue of a sign manual he diminished, by *one-third*, the value of the state paper currency; thus the dollar, which was four shillings and sixpence sterling, was reduced

the conduct of Gustavus the Third towards the delinquents brought down to have been an absurd mixture of clemency and severity.'—
Annual Register, 1700, p. 51.

to three shillings!—A reduction so violent and sudden in the value of the paper currency which was then afloat, could not fail to produce discontent, poverty, and the total ruin of many individuals. Just at this period Friherre Ankarstrom happened to sell landed property to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, the amount of which he received in paper, at par; the very next day the depreciation ensued, by which that individual lost one-third of the produce of his estates. The act was unjust, and operated strongly on the mind of Ankarstrom, that he made a vow to God upon his knees, that he would avenge his wrong by shedding the blood of his oppressor.—The resentment that glowed thus intensely in *his* bosom, burnt with equal fierceness in those of his friends and connections. About this period a conspiracy was formed, consisting principally of disaffected noblemen and courtiers, all of them determined to dethrone or murder the king; and during the three months preceding his fall, scarcely a week elapsed in which he was not pursued by his determined foes. The hour of his death was often fixed prior to his journey to Gefle, and as often deferred, owing to the intervention of successive obstacles. The king was followed to Gefle, but no opportunity occurring, the conspirators chased him back to the capital. This happened on the first of March, and on the second the king was expected to attend at a grand masquerade, where Ankarstrom, provided with the instruments of death, took his station. Gustavus did not make his appearance, or he had probably fallen that night. Many failures must have intimidated men of ordinary mind and caused them to desist from so unhallowed an enterprise. But nothing could shake the fixed resolve of Ankarstrom, who had made up his mind to the belief that from polluted morals and violated oaths, the king had forfeited God's protection, and it was morally right to kill him for the safety and welfare of society; and also, that God would still require the blood of him by whose hands

of the king might be shed, whose soul might still be
 if he died a sincere penitent. (m) From the enthu-
 siasm filled his mind, it seems Ankarstrom would as
 have killed the king in a church as in a theatre!
 small pavilion, situate at Haga, distant about a league
 Stockholm, was the favourite residence of Gustavus
 The road to Haga leads through Drottning Gatan,
 (the street), in which is (or was) a noted tavern, called
Saljan. It was proposed to cause an obstruction op-
 a spot by means of carts and waggon, and to shoot
 during the delay and confusion it might occasion.
 It was resolved, if possible, to kill the king at Haga,
 seize his person as he walked in the park, and carry
 off to a seat in Upland belonging to Count Ribbing,
 there confine him in secret till a diet should have de-
 cided his fate: both these plans were found impractica-
 about a week before the catastrophe so often menaced
 took place, a grand ball was to have been given by
 court, which was unexpectedly deferred. At last, on
 8th of March, a grand masquerade was announced to
 be at the opera house, which was expected to attract
 a number of spectators unusually numerous, and this
 instantly seized on by the impatient conspirators for
 execution of their fell purpose.

As the king's dresser was decorating his person
 for the spectacle, a letter met his eye, addressed '*To his
 Majesty the King.*' '*Secret and important.*' Gustavus
 took it up, looked inquisitively at the hand-writing, and
 flung it carelessly on the dressing-table. A thought
 he knew the hand-writing induced him to take it up a
 little time, when he read as follows:

There seems a striking analogy to exist between the religious opinions
 of our assassin Bellingham; both were endowed with an
 degree of fortitude, and met their fate with the same resignation.

‘SIRE!

‘Deign to listen to the advice of a man, who, being attached to your service, nor solicitous for your favour, flatters not your crimes, but who is still desirous of averting the danger with which you are threatened.

‘Be assured that a plot is formed to assassinate you. Those who have entered into it are furious at being foiled last week by the ball being countermanded. They have resolved to execute their schemes this day. Remain at home,^(a) and avoid balls the remainder of the year; thus the fanaticism of criminality will be suffered to evaporate.

‘Do not endeavour to discover the author of this letter: the damnable project against your life came to his knowledge by accident; be assured, however, that he has an interest whatever in forewarning you of your intended fate.

‘If your mercenary troops had made use of any violence against the citizens at Gefle, the writer of this letter would have fought you sword in hand, but he detests assassination.’

Such were the mystical words contained in this anonymous letter. The king turned pale as he read it; looked gloomy and thoughtful, as if he were undetermined how to act. Baron Bjelke,^(o) the king’s private secretary, was present: he knew the hand-writing, though disguised. He was one of the conspirators, yet such was his self-command, he did not exhibit the least symptom of alarm, though certain that he was betrayed. The king handed

(a) The writer, by using these words, probably meant to admonish the king against his meditated voyage to France; where it was known he intended to effect a landing with an army of Swedes, in the hope of being joined by the royalists in Normandy, and enabled to march to Paris.

(o) Most of these particulars, and many others that follow, relative to Ankarstrom, the king, &c. were translated from a Swedish MS. written in Stockholm by a person who had access to the household of the king, and was published before.

letter, saying, 'Read! and tell me what you think —' 'It appears to me, Sire,' said the treacherous adviser, 'to be written by some one who writes to *intimidate* majesty, and prevent you from partaking of any amusement.' — '*Intimidate me!*' exclaimed Gustavus, with strong emphasis, and looks expressive of disdain: 'No mortal can do that? I never heard such trumpery! To neglect to notice all the admonitions I receive, I should enjoy a moment's rest, but expect assassination hour!' Such was the subtle and cruel artifice to which Baron Bjelke had recourse to prevent Colonel Lilleadmonitory letter taking effect, and to drive the feeble monarch into the toils of his enemies. (p) Let us have been as wicked a prince as ever disgraced a monarch, the confidential servant who could act thus treacherously could be no less depraved. Seeing the king's hand-writing, the insidious traitor said, 'It may, however, contain a friendly warning; and, if I might permit, I should, with all humility, suggest that the masquerade be countermanded; in which case, if the letter is sincere, the danger will be avoided, and probably the conspirators detected.' — 'And if it is a mockery,' rejoined the king, 'the insolent writer will say, *the king was deceived*.' I am resolved to go!' As soon as he could get away, the traitor Baron Bjelke went to execute a signal agreement, namely, if the king were *sure* to be at the theatre, he was, at a certain hour, to send his watch repaired by a certain artist in the city, and if the king would not be there, then a snuff-box. Counting on this, he was to be in waiting at the shop, which stood in the street of the Rotting Giant. Concealing the danger from his accomplices, Bjelke sent the watch. He next went to his

The family of the Bjelkes is one of the oldest in Sweden, and of native origin. Sonnia Bjelke was second consort to John the Third, second husband of the First.

own apartment, burnt several letters, that, if discovered, might have implicated persons of higher rank, and armed himself with a small dose of a peculiarly powerful animal poison imported from Asia, and concealed a lancet under the embroidery of his coat. On his return to the palace, he found the king was just ready to set off to the fatal masquerade. Notwithstanding the incitements so artfully applied by Baron Bjelke, Gustavus wavered, and was undetermined. Count d'Essen strenuously advised the king to desist from his intention, and to encourage the author of the letter to avow himself; but the dread of exciting the contempt, even of an anonymous correspondent, urged him to his fate! That contempt of personal danger, and impatience of unpalatable advice, which at all times marked his character, decided his destiny. Baron Bjelke arrived at the opera-house before the king, and placed himself next to Ankarstrom. Gustavus III. delayed his entry so long, that the conspirators thought they were betrayed, or should be again disappointed. 'It seems as if we are not to have the honour of seeing the king here to-night?' said Ankarstrom, in a subdued tone. '*Not!*' said Bjelke softly, '*you will not be disappointed.*' In a few minutes a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the royal victim, who entered the saloon leaning on the arm of the Count d'Essen. His majesty's countenance was as usual, cheerful and animated, and he seemed to be discoursing with the count on some gay subject.

Although the features of Gustavus III. bore no trace of the impression produced by the anonymous letter, its admonition was evidently uppermost; for as soon as he had entered the grand saloon, he said, 'I was right in treating the letter with contempt: if there had existed any plot against my life, it would have been executed before I arrived at this place.' The count, with great gravity, replied, 'May your majesty's opinion be verified.' *Meanwhile* an angry countenance, beaming with deadly malice, was

d upon the king, whose quick and piercing eye caught once that awakened all his apprehensions. Instantly determined to retire, and was actually retracing his through the masked crowd, holding the Prussian master by his arm, when he felt himself obstructed and wounded. The conspirators were close to his person : had inserted themselves between the king and his aids. Feeling himself borne along, he attempted to take a stand near a scene, towards which he turned his back : behind this scene the cautious and inflexible Ankarstrom had taken his stand. Nothing could be more cool or collected than his carriage ; not a nerve shook, not a pang touched his heart. In order that his victim might not escape, nor any other individual perish by mistake, he with his right hand grasped the fatal pistol, with his left hand touched the king on his left shoulder, who quickly turning his head to see by whom that freedom was taken, perceived all doubt as to his identity. Next, placing the muzzle of the pistol against his loins, the assassin pulled the fatal trigger. The moment the report of the pistol was heard, the conspirators shouted '*Fire ! fire !*' as loud as possible, to create confusion, and afford Ankarstrom opportunity of getting rid of the weapons he had about his person, and facilitate the conspirators' escape. The assassin did not, however, offer to retire, but seeing the king yet erect, he grasped a notched and jagged pointed knife to plunge its blade into his body, when the foul blow was prevented by seeing the king fall. Only a few moments elapsed between Ankarstrom's pulling the trigger and grasping the knife ; yet even that short pause filled the conspirators with alarm lest the king had escaped with a mortal wound. Count d'Essen, the king's grand chamberlain, the instant he heard the report of the pistol, rushed in a loud voice to the guards at the doors, to close them, and suffer no person to depart. The king's attendants hastened round him to bear him to a couch, which

was soon stained by the blood that issued from his wound. The utmost confusion prevailed in the saloon, during which Ankarstrom let fall the weapons he had concealed. The rumour soon got abroad that the king was murdered in the opera-house; all the avenues were filled, and the whole edifice surrounded with military. Amidst this dreadful uproar, the wounded monarch displayed the utmost composure and presence of mind. As soon as he could make himself heard, which, at first, was not possible, he gave orders for the city gates to be closed; and addressing himself to the foreign ministers who crowded round him, Gustavus said, ‘I have given orders, gentlemen, that the gates of the city shall be kept shut for three days, during which time you will not be able to despatch couriers to your respective courts; but your intelligence will be more certain, as by that time it will probably be ascertained whether or not I can survive!’—During the time he was speaking, the cold sweat that rose on his pallid face, plainly denoted the excess of agony he endured; meantime he directed that the most prompt and decisive measures should be adopted for the discovery of the assassin. Every person in the saloon, without exception, was required to take off their masks, to submit to be searched, and to write their names and additions in books prepared for that purpose. It happened, either by chance or design, that Ankarstrom was the very last person called upon to write his name. The chamberlain, Benzelstjerna, stood opposite, as if to observe his manner and countenance. In the most firm manner Ankarstrom advanced, and having written his name, he said, ‘Have you any thing further, sir, to require of me?’ ‘Nothing more,’ said the chamberlain in reply. They bowed coolly and distantly to each other, and Ankarstrom then walked deliberately to the ante-room, where he put on his pelisse and fur cap, and went directly home. There, retiring to his bed-room, the murderer bent his knee, and merciless as he had proved himself by

perfidious, deliberate, and cruel manner in which he endeavoured to cut off his victim, he still dared appeal to heaven, not alone for forgiveness, but for fortitude to enable him to endure, with becoming resignation, the dread-mishment to which he appears to have calculated that he had committed would subject him. He had abundant opportunity to have escaped out of Stockholm, by possibility to have passed the frontiers; yet he made no such attempt: he had also the power to terminate his existence, yet he that had committed so foul an act of assassination, abstained from escaping pain and ignominy by that resource. The courage of Ankarstrom was too well attested, for this to be imputable to fear. It arose from a lofty principle, which very ill accorded with the act he had perpetrated. He remained a considerable time at his anomalous devotions, shedding tears in profusion, and bewailing the stern necessity which he assumed compelled his hand to commit this ruthless act, praying for forgiveness of the sins of the monarch whose blood he had shed, and also for pardon for himself; yet without expression of remorse or sorrow for the crime he had committed. Such was the dire effect of fanaticism!

On the return to the wounded king: it being determined to convey him back to his palace, (which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant,) a bier, which had been formerly used in theatrical representations, was prepared, and being covered with magnificent cushions taken from the ottomans and sofas in the grand saloon, Gustavus was gently lifted thereon, and borne upon the shoulders of twelve guards, whom he had often led to battle; and preceded by an immense cavalcade, the melancholy bearers moved slowly onwards, taking every possible care not to add additional pain to the royal sufferer. The procession entered the great palace at the southern portals, lighted by not an innumerable multitude of torches and flambeaux. Scarcely the capacity of the grand staircase was such,

and its ascent so easy, that the huge and ponderous state coach of the King of England, with a triple file of guard on either side, might have been drawn from the vestibule to the attics. Although the outward gates were closed as soon as the king had entered, and none but courtiers and soldiers admitted, and even those not without selection, the whole of the colossal stairs were crowded to excess. Not a few of the ministers were clad in brilliant state dresses; and most of the courtiers and household officers still had on the fanciful robes worn at the last masquerade. The rich variety of splendid costume; the melancholy state of the king, stretched on the bier, lying on his side, his pale face resting on his hand, his features denoting pain subdued by fortitude; the varied countenances of the surrounding throng, wherein grief, consternation, and dismay, were forcibly depicted; the blaze of numerous torches and flambeaux borne aloft by the military; the glitter of burnished helmets, embroidered and spangled robes, mixed with the flashes of drawn sabres and fixed bayonets; the strong and condensed light thrown on the king's figure, countenance, litter, and surrounding group; the deep, dark masses of shade that seemed to flitter high above and far below the principal object, and the occasional illumination of the vast and magnificent outline of the structure, formed, on the whole, a spectacle more grand, impressive, and picturesque, than any state theatrical procession, in the arrangement of which the tasteful Gustavus had ever been engaged. In the midst of excruciating agonies his eyes lost not their brilliancy, and his finely expressive features displayed the triumph of fortitude over pain. Terrible and sudden as was this disaster, it did not deprive him of self-possession; and he seemed more affected by the tears that trickled down his hard, yet softened features of the veterans who had bravely fought by his side, than by the wound that too probably would soon end his life. As the bearers of the royal litter

attended the grand staircase from flight to flight, the king raised his head, evidently to obtain a better view of the grand spectacle of which he formed the central and the principal object. When he arrived at the great gallery level with the state apartments, he made a sign with his hand that the bearers should halt, and looking wistfully around him, said to Baron Armfelt, who wept and sobbed aloud, 'How strange it is I should rush upon my fate after the recent warnings I had received! My mind foreboded evil: I went reluctantly, impelled as it were by an invisible hand!—I am fully persuaded,' continued he, 'when a man's hour is come, it is in vain he strives to elude it!' After a short pause, he resumed, 'Perhaps my hour is not yet arrived; I would willingly live, but am not afraid to die. If I survive, I may yet trip down these flights of steps again;—and if I die—why then, inclosed in my coffin, my next descent will be on the road to the Gustavianka graf i Riddarholm Kyrkan.' (7) Gustavus spoke slowly, and in a low tone of voice. The pause was awful: every one seemed anxious in the extreme to catch a view of his person, or even the most distant murmur of his voice, and scarcely a tearless eye was to be seen. Several of the principal characters, holding a torch in their left-hand, threw their cloaks over their face with their right, the better to conceal their excessive emotion. Gustavus was, perhaps, the most collected of the motley throng. As soon as the violence of feeling had a little subsided he gave the signal to proceed. The lofty folding doors of the grand saloon were then thrown open, and were closed again as soon as the principal persons had passed within. The mournful cavalcade proceeded through the magnificent suite of state apartments to the royal bed-chamber, where the litter was gently rested, and the king carefully lifted to the couch whence he arose no more!

7. To the Gustavian Mausoleum in Riddarholm Church.

After Gustavus had rested about two hours, at his express command, and contrary to the advice of his physician and surgeons, and to the entreaties of his brother, the Duke Charles, of Sodermanland, a list of the persons who had been present at the masquerade was read to him by Baron Armfelt. During this, the surgeons and attendants were ordered to retire, and the king commanded Armfelt to mark with a pencil such names as he suspected. Before the latter began to read, the king said, 'Tell me, my dear Armfelt, is the name of *Ankarstrom* amongst them?' 'Yes, sire,' the minion replied, 'and the very last name upon the list!' The king looked gloomy, shook his head, and said, '*My mind forebodes that that man has been my murderer.*'

Not only were the city-gates shut, but guarded by loaded cannon; and cannon were also placed in the principal avenues leading towards the palace, loaded with shot, and gunners attended with lighted matches. Strong parties of horse and foot soldiers paraded the streets. When morning dawned, the news had spread from one extremity of Stockholm to the other, that the king had been assassinated the preceding night. The shock thus given to public feeling was very great; for notwithstanding all the errors of the king, and the marked unpopularity of the war that he was about to wage, to the credit of the Swedes, sorrow, indignation and rage against the assassins, were the predominant emotions. Thousands and tens of thousands of Swedes were deeply disgusted by the king's inordinate and restless ambition, and who might, if the conspirators had openly taken up arms, have joined the standard of insurrection; but they abhorred assassination, and would rather have supported Gustavus in his designs against France, and have endured all the calamities in which he might have involved his country, than have had him removed by such foul and dastardly means.

Suspicion naturally fell upon those noblemen present,

whose opinions were known to be most hostile to the king's government and politics. Recollecting the mysterious or equivocal expressions used by Baron Bjelke, Gustavus suspected him. The anonymous letter was imputed to Colonel Lillehorn. But the most certain and direct clue to the actual assassin was supplied by the weapons found on the floor of the saloon. The pistols were recognised by the gunsmith, who had repaired them; the knife by the catter that had sold it; and both referred to the same individual, namely, the Friherre Ankarstrom.—When he was ordered to be taken into custody, the officers of justice anticipated and prepared for a desperate resistance. Ankarstrom saw them approach; he rose unarmed to meet them, saying in a mild tone of voice, 'You may approach safely. I know your errand. I have done *my* duty, you may do yours.' When Ankarstrom was under his first examination, Baron Armfelt demanded the name of his accomplices, threatening him with the most terrible of tortures if he refused to confess. The prisoner stood with his arms folded, and his head erect; his features showed that sort of gloomy firmness which alike defies torture or death; and turning full upon the speaker, and eyeing him with unfeeling disdain, Ankarstrom said slowly and scornfully, 'Presume not, audacious criminal, to expect I shall obey thee. It was thy polluted example and contagious villainess which rendered the unfortunate king false to his oath,—that initiated him in the practice of crimes unknown on Swedish ground,—that rendered him a stain to manhood, and a scourge to his people.'—'Silence! thou audacious traitor,' fiercely exclaimed the enraged Armfelt. 'Thou art the murderer of the best and most virtuous of kings: terrible is thy guilt, and terrible also shall be thy punishment.'—In a tone of exultation, the fanatic replied, 'Thou art that which I am called! *thy* name is already a term of reproach, and never shall *thy* bones mingle with Swedish earth! The babe unborn shall bless my hand

‘for the deed it hath performed. I have voluntarily sacrificed myself to rid nature of a monster, and my suffering country of a perjured tyrant!’

His manner was so solemn as almost to awe the officers of justice; it was evident that he had wrought his mind to such a degree of fanaticism, that he considered the deed morally justifiable, and beneficial to man. Yet the manner in which he had executed his dire project, was marked by peculiar cruelty, baseness, and cowardice. Rusty nails were put into the pistol; the wounds inflicted by them were peculiarly dangerous, from being so much more likely to cause gangrene. A deep indentation was made with the file, slanting towards the point of the blade of the knife, intending, if he had plunged it into the body of his victim, to have turned it in the wound, and have thereby caused such laceration as should prove incurable: and he shot his victim in the back! His motive for adopting these bold and malignant plans, certainly might, as he alleged, be grounded in the importance he attached to the effect of the destruction of the king. It was observed by Ankarstrom that he had taken no precaution for his own safety, neither by concealment nor flight; and this was true: but if he had previously intended to suffer the punishment due to the act, how came he not to give himself up in the open house, and avow the deed as soon as it was perpetrated? He might, indeed, wish, by acting differently, to favour the escape of his friends who were in the saloon. He readily admitted his own criminality, and openly exulted in his success; but most firmly exculpated every other person, and if Colonel Lillehorn had not betrayed the whole of the active conspirators, Ankarstrom would probably have been the only criminal on whose head the stroke of justice could have alighted. Between the first and second execution, M. Lillesparre, the minister of police, gave orders that Ankarstrom should not be allowed either knife or fork, or any thing whereby he might destroy him

Upon his next examination, the criminal drew a lancet from the sleeve of his pelisse, which he handed to Lillesparre, saying, 'Behold! how futile would all your precautions have proved, if my hand had not been restrained by religion from attempting suicide. I might have escaped your power and your vengeance; but my firm reliance on Christianity, and on another and a better world, has taught me that I am a sinner, and that I must suffer for my sins. The laws of God and man require my death on the scaffold, and I am content to meet my doom.' Surprised at this conduct, M. Lillesparre gave secret orders to discover, if possible, by whom this instrument had been handed to the prisoner: but all inquiries proved useless. This lancet had been handed to him in prison, from Baron Bjelke, by an agent of the conspirators, who belonged to the police. By drawing the lancet across a jugular artery, Baron Bjelke intimated the dreadful purpose to which he expected and wished it should be applied by Ankarstrom.

Baron Bjelke was in the saloon when Gustavus received his death wound; he saw him fall, and he secretly rejoiced as he heard the surgeon, in an ante-chamber, say, the wound was mortal. He accompanied the king back to the great palace, to glean all the intelligence he could for the information of his accomplices. When Baron Bjelke was denounced by Lillehorn, the king was greatly affected, well remembering how artfully this traitor had excited him to go forth and meet his fate. The indignation of the '*king's friends*,'—as Armfelt and other minions, his worst enemies, were called—was no less vivid against Baron Bjelke than Ankarstrom. The baron was well informed of every thing intended against him, and just before his own arrest swallowed a dose of strong poison, and sent the lancet to Ankarstrom. When the baron was brought before the minister of police as a state prisoner, Armfelt was present. When Bjelke was asked if he were privy to the conspiracy

formed against the king, he replied in a tone of savage triumph, 'Aye! I sent the monster to the masquerade; the 'blessed hand of Ankarstrom gave him his passport to 'eternity.' Filled with rage and dismay, Armfelt said fiercely, 'Confess who else was concerned in the murder, 'or the rack shall tear thee limb from limb.' With a ghastly, hideous, and horrible smile, expressive of intense scorn and inextinguishable hatred, his features distorted and blackened by convulsion, Bjelke fixed his glaring eye-balls on Armfelt, and exclaimed in a voice frightfully dissonant, 'Caitiff! I defy thee! the hand of death is already 'strong upon me; my secrets die with me; my friends live 'to revenge on thee!' With these words he fell, writhing in horrible agonies, foaming at the mouth, his eye-balls almost starting from their sockets, and presently expired. At this sight, an indescribable horror seized on every one present. Armfelt, pale and trembling, ordered the corpse to be instantly cast out of the room; which, being thrown upon a common sledge, was drawn to the place of execution, and there exposed on a stage to public view, and afterwards buried under the gallows; where, however, it did not long remain, but was privately removed, and interred in consecrated earth. The Counts Claes Fredericksen Horn, and Adolf Ludwig Ribbing, Baron Carl Ehrensward, Jacob Von Engerstrom; Major Von Hermannsdorff, General Baron Pechlin, and a petty judge named Nordel, were the chief persons arrested, (exclusive of Captain Ankarstrom and Baron Bjelke,) and chiefly on the information obtained from Lieutenant-Colonel Carl Pontus Lillehorn.

Ankarstrom was secretly informed by Bjelke of the treachery committed by Lillehorn. He shed tears profusely, bitterly bewailing the destruction it would bring upon his friends and accomplices. And, as if he were more ashamed of a falsehood having escaped his lips, than an act of assassination performed by his hand, he seized

the earliest opportunity to denounce Lillehorn for having auctioned every project formed against the king, apparently for no other purpose but to destroy those whom he first tempted, and next betrayed. Ankarstrom apologised for his former denials, by avowing that he had himself been the principal instigator of his noble accomplices, and he wished to have been the only victim of offended justice. He then confirmed most of the particulars that had been already proved by previous evidence; but nothing could extort any thing additional. It was repeatedly attempted to wring from his lips some confirmation of the suspicions entertained against General Baron Pechlin, but in vain. Soon after these examinations, a paper was privately circulated at Stockholm, which had been written by Ankarstrom, which is subjoined. (r) It is an interesting document. The manner in which the writer treats of the act he had committed, shows that he considered it as a great

Copy of a Paper circulated at Stockholm, as to the Confession of
JOHAN JACOB ANKARSTROM.

Now standing I was asked, at my first examination in the chamber of justice if I had written, or was privy to the anonymous letter which was sent to the king, the evening preceding the unfortunate masquerade; and my answer was to this effect:—“I am certainly dissatisfied with your government. I cannot, however, approve of the shocking plan which is now put in practice against you this night at the masquerade. I therefore beg of you not to go there. It was intended to have been executed at seven. But as the masquerade was then postponed, it is resolved on for to-night.” I denied, as well in the chamber of police, as afterwards, before the H. of Ratt, having had any accomplice in that shocking action. On the 11th of last Monday evening taken before Lillesparre (chief of police) when I was again examined, I was informed that the person who had written the letter was arrested. Some letters which I had written to Count Rantzau were shown to me; also a cutlass, which the count had borrowed, and some other matters that he had disclosed; all which I acknowledged. I was afterwards informed that the count was under arrest, and his residence had been searched; which circumstances led me to believe, that he was the author of the whole affair: if it was not so, the whole was betrayed by his treacherous conduct. I say *infamous*, for if he had been a man of honour, he would have dissuaded us from such a step, and

offence. The original manuscript contains much more matter than appears. In the former, he went largely into the history of those transactions which first created that personal enmity he felt towards the king; the wrongs and

without being compelled, he would not have discovered it. These reasons convinced me, that all further concealment would be useless: I shall therefore candidly state my reasons for undertaking that shocking action.

'In the year 1789, when infamous pasquinades were permitted to be published against the army and its officers, the violence used by the king towards the members of the diet, and others of his subjects, must certainly have aroused the indignation of every Swede not rendered callous by self-interest. These acts produced loud murmurs; the act of safety (*försäkrings* act) followed, which annulled every article in the constitution of 1772, by which the power of the king was limited. Exclusive of the revenue of the crown, the king, at every diet, obtained money of his subjects; notwithstanding which, an enormous debt was brought forward, which the king had incurred: and finally, he went to the hall of the nobles, with the view of obtaining their consent to the payment; having found by experience, that the marshal of the diet, notwithstanding the infamous measures to which he had recourse, could not influence the nobles to agree to any grant for an unlimited time; and although the king went to the hall, followed by a lawless rabble, who had been treated with strong liquors at the king's expense, who filled the streets and squares of the city with noise and uproar, rushing into the house when the king approached, so that it was with the utmost difficulty the rabble were prevented from getting into the hall itself; the question was answered with more *yess* than *noys*. In consequence of which, many members desired it might be put to the vote; but it was looked upon by the court party as granted. Some of the members of the diet were afterwards confined in different castles, without any one knowing for what reason. As to those who were released, it was to be perceived as a favour conferred on the nobility generally, and themselves personally. All this, and much more was done, after one of the greatest offences the king could commit, and which was a complete violation of the constitution, namely, commencing a war without the consent of the states, and without sufficient reason. These things could not fail to produce great uneasiness in the public mind, and hostile feelings against the person who had practised them, in the breast of every one who had sense to feel for the safety and liberty of his fellow-citizens; especially when rendered still more disgusting when emanating from a king who is respected, esteemed, and of consequence on account of the nation by whom he is maintained; for a king is in himself only a sinner, but has the confidence of the nation to respect the laws, liberty, and safety; and of course to take care that things

its he had endured from that source, and the manœuvres which he had been arraigned in 1790, and his condemnation procured: those parts were, however, omitted, and what was perhaps mutilated.

superly conducted when the representatives of the nation are not misled. This violation by the king of all the duties of his office, filled my mind with melancholy reflections, and totally alienated my affections from the king. My aversion was still farther increased, by seeing so many sons of my fellow-countrymen consigned to a premature grave by disease, rather than combat; and my fellow-citizens oppressed by intolerable taxes, and ruined by paper-money;—and all to gain what was from the throne a glorious peace. Useless and expensive journeys into foreign parts were undertaken, which consumed enormous treasure; and more made to a still larger amount. When by these acts of folly and extravagance we were reduced to the most unfortunate condition, only three days before its commencement, a diet was proclaimed; so that elections of members were obliged to be made with the utmost haste without any delay or necessity. Besides which, the king adopted every possible means to prevent the independent and well-informed from attending the diet, by appointing it to be held at a remote place, that it might be expensive and inconvenient to the independent members; and also to require the presence of Stockholm for their indefatigable zeal and expense during the diet, which was very great, by which means the debts of the state would be increased.

These facts forced the following reflections on my mind: Can he be king of a country who is capable of violating the oath he took to the people, to govern by, and to comply with the constitution he settled in which this same king had himself drawn up; which the nation received without alteration; and by whom the nation is deprived of its safety? My mind answered, No! *I am convinced that by all laws, human or divine, the murderer, the false-swearer, the violator of the laws, can never be king!* As soon as the king has violated his oath and covenant in one respect, the whole compact crumbles: the people swore that if the king governed according to the constitution, they would regard and receive him as their king, and be faithful to him. In one section of the constitution of 1772, there are words to the following purport, viz. ‘whoever endeavours to change or destroy this fundamental law, shall be looked on as an enemy to his country.’—When the act of safety was passed, and the king governed according to that act, and no longer by the constitution of 1772, the king was convicted of being an enemy to his people and his kingdom: in consequence of which he was declared an enemy: and as it is the duty of every man in society to endeavour to protect his fellow-citizens from such as commit violence upon the person

It was in vain that court-bulletins were published, holding out illusive hopes of the king's ultimate recovery. Ankarstrom seemed to anticipate this manœuvre, by the care he took to spread abroad the horrid fact, that he had

or property of his neighbour; and when there is no legal remedy, no means to arraign or punish by the law, it becomes lawful to oppose violence by violence. These reflections determined me shortly after Christmas to *kill the king*. I did not depend upon any one else, nor lay any plan: I, however, reflected much, whether the king might not by fair means be brought to govern with mildness, and according to the law. The reasons which forbade this hope were, that, to effect this plan, a number of persons would have been necessary, which would have caused a discovery, and put us all in the same unfortunate situation as the officers of Finland, without doing any good. The king was more than gracious to individuals; but when any thing was required, or insisted upon, that was indispensable to the public welfare, he became angry, as every thing was to be done according to his will and pleasure, no matter how prejudicial; which I judged to be the case from what had happened in 1789. I therefore thought it best to risk my life for the public good: I valued as nothing dragging on a miserable existence for ten years longer when compared with the pleasure of making a nation happy. My own misfortunes, which happened at the end of the year 1790 and in 1791, together with those reflections and wishes for the public happiness, made me determine to devote myself rather than endure a miserable existence, and behold my native country overwhelmed with new calamities arising from a wicked and selfish despot. This rendered my otherwise tender heart insensible to the horror of this dreadful action.'

Extracts from the minutes of the sentences, pronounced on persons convicted of having been concerned in a conspiracy against Gustavus III.: taken at the palace of Drottningholm, 15th August, 1792.

Counts Claes Fredericksen Horn and Adolf Ludvig Ribbing, to forfeit their nobility, to be declared infamous, to have their right hand cut off, and be beheaded and quartered.

Lieut. Colonel Carl Pontus Lillehorn, Baron Carl Elhensward, to be declared infamous, to lose their nobility, and be beheaded.

Jacob von Engerstroem, to lose his nobility, knighthood, office, and be confined during life in some fortress.

Major Christopher von Hermansdorff, to lose his majority, and be confined one year.

The Magistrate Nordell, not adjudged.

Baron Pechlin, to be confined at Marstrand, and exhorted by the clergy to confess.

loaded the pistol with *rusty nails*, in order to prevent the possibility of a cure in case he should fail in his intention of killing the king upon the spot !

Meanwhile, the situation of Gustavus III. was, in every

As we, at the death-bed of his late majesty, discoursed with him relative to his recent misfortune, and the important consequences arising from it, his majesty, whose tender heart was always ready to pardon, was pleased to declare, that the thoughts of the punishment, however well deserved, which awaited those concerned in the crime, afflicted him very much, even more than his own sufferings ; adding, that he should not be released from those agonizing reflections till we had promised, nay, sworn to him by our fraternal love and princely honour, that in case of his death, we would suffer his last request to be carried into full effect, namely, to save the lives of those unfortunate subjects who had been so forgetful of their allegiance. Moved even to tears by so generous a solicitude, I ventured, nevertheless, to expostulate, and represented to his majesty, that neither the law of God nor man would admit nor suffer that so atrocious a crime should escape the terrible punishment it so well merited ; and that the honour of the Swedish name, as well as the public safety, absolutely required it. His late majesty, greatly moved by these well meant representations, with pain declared, that if the rigorous law of retaliation required blood for blood, and his intercession, who was the person most concerned, was not sufficient, and consequently that the criminal who had been unwarrantably enough to lay violent hands on his person could not possibly be spared from death, he then insisted that the death of this individual should be the only one which his death should occasion ; giving their lives to all the persons who were accused or concerned of participating in this crime, without regard to their number, which at that time it had not been possible to discover or correctly ascertain. His majesty finally added, that it was not his request to me as a brother, but his command as a king,---for his pardon as long as he existed could neither vanish, nor could he be degraded from it---requiring from me, at the same time, the most solemn assurances and sacred promises, which I neither could nor ought any longer refuse. The remarkable and affecting conversation, which places the generosity and greatness of Gustavus the Third in the most advantageous light, and honours his memory even more than the victory of Svensk Sund,* is the foundation on which our gracious resolution and will is to be laid. As a Christian, a subject, a brother, a man, we neither can nor ought to recede from the last wishes of a dying monarch. He had full privilege to grant a pardon in his own name. When he was in this world, his will was our law ; and his

* A great naval victory obtained over the Russian fleet. Gustavus III. commanded the Swedish fleet.

respect, supremely wretched. He had provided an heir to his throne, by means such as, perhaps, were never attempted by any other monarch. His brother Charles had *then* acceded to the plan; but *now* the throne was about to become vacant, and if his brother pleased, he might legally claim the crown. The dread of an ignominious exposure preyed on his mind to such a degree, that it increased the fever occasioned by his wounds, and his mind wandered. He talked incoherently of matters connected with the birth of the crown prince, and of a *divorce*;—he often called on *Muncke*, whom he nominated as his *representative*, and who was the father of his spurious heir!

The sufferings of the king were intense, but they were borne with exemplary fortitude. As far as his melancholy condition admitted, he paid attention to the adjustment of

brother shall not be stained with the reproach that he deceived him in death.

‘We declare therefore, and only in consequence of the reasons just given, that the well-deserved capital punishment to which the former Counts Claes Fredericksen Horn and Adolf Ludvig Ribbing, Lieutenant-colonel Pontas Lillehorn and Baron Carl Frederick Ehrensward, who have been condemned by the Swea Hoff Rätt, shall be changed into banishment for life, with the loss of their nobility, and all other privileges as citizens, letting them be immediately escorted out of the limits of an injured native country, without the least hope of ever being suffered to return to it; forbidding them at the same time, on pain of the death they have now escaped, to dare to make any kind of petition for it. We leave to repentance and their awakened conscience the charge of their further punishment, convinced that such corroding reproaches and guilty lives will be for them a far heavier burden than death itself. We hasten also to let them be immediately banished, that, if it be possible, the remembrance of so unheard-of an act may, by that means, be effaced, and which by their detention in castles within the kingdom would constantly, with new affliction, revive the memory of a misfortune, which is of itself, without any addition, sufficiently heart-breaking. Let those criminals, therefore, immediately and for ever withdraw from the confines of Sweden, whose peace and happiness they have destroyed; and to complete the measure of their crimes and punishments, let them be informed that it was the king, against whose life they dared conspire, who, dying, has done good for evil, and given the lives of men by whom his own was taken.

his affairs. A quantity of papers, which, from the care taken to conceal their contents, have since excited so many conjectures, both in Sweden and out of it, were carefully packed up and sealed with the king's private seal. They were then deposited in an iron chest, that was placed on a stand near the side of the dying monarch's bed. He saw the whole placed therein by the hands of his brother. There were three locks and as many keys to this mysterious chest: one of which Gustavus handed to the duke, another to Count Wachtmeister, the lord chancellor, and the third to the archbishop of Upsala, each of whom set their seal above the respective key-holes. The depository was then, as a security against fire, placed within another; and it was the king's solemn injunction

‘With respect to the others who are accused of this treason; because we, in consequence of his late most sacred majesty's last will and commands before recited, are not entitled to mitigate the rigour of their sentences, neither can we, in a case of this nature, permit ourselves to follow the impulses of our heart for clemency and mercy, but for this reason confirm finally the final sentence of the supreme court, which has been just read; in consequence of which the counsellor of chancery, J. von Egerstroem, is deprived of his post, and to be confined for three years; Major Hermansdorff is also to lose his commission, and be confined for one year; the royal secretary, Von Egerstroem, to be suspended from his office in the college of chancery for one year; Baron Pechlin (major-general,) to be imprisoned during pleasure, till he is brought to confess. But the magistrate, Nordell, according to the sentences of the king's bench and supreme court, is entirely acquitted.

‘His royal highness was at the same time graciously pleased to order that the late counsellor of chancery, Von Egerstroem, should be confined in the castle of Waxholm; the late Major Von Hermansdorff, in the castle of Skonen; and Major-general Baron Pechlin, in the castle of Werberg.’

‘Signed by N. Jonsson, Fred. Sparre, (lord chancellor)—G. A. Rosterman, J. Hagberg, Carl Ulmer, Carl A. Wachtmeister, A. F. Kurk, E. Smith.—At the bottom: ‘Let this be expedited.’ Palace of Stockholm, 10th August, 1793, during my most gracious king and master's minority.

‘CHAMBER.’

that it should not be opened until FIFTY YEARS after his decease; and he ordered it to be deposited in the custody of the chancellor of the university of Upsala. It was afterwards placed in the library there.^(s) This transaction agitating the king's mind too much, he became worse immediately after its termination.

It appeared singular in the eyes of the king's attendants that he would not admit the crown prince to his presence; whose inquiries, as to the cause of his exclusion, were as touching as his sorrow at the melancholy condition of his supposed father was heart-felt and sincere. The queen was not admitted to the chamber of the king. The reason assigned was, lest the violence of her grief should agitate and disturb him too violently! All the science of the surgeons had been exerted in vain to extract the iron nails that were known to have entered his body, whilst the agonies their efforts occasioned were as terrible to endure as any studied tortures. The attendant physicians prescribed medicines calculated to abate fever, and repel the tendency to mortification. On the morning of the 28th, that fearful symptom presented itself in its most alarming form. The absorbent vessels had already taken up the poison, and livid spots appeared about his loins: his features were changed, as well as his voice. The chamberlain, Benzelstjerna, had the painful task of communicating to the royal sufferer the hopelessness of his case, and the near approach of death. Gustavus seemed much affected at the declaration. 'How long is it possible that I can

(s) Charles XIV.—John, the reigning king of Sweden, a few years since, caused the seals to be removed, and these documents, deposited with so much care by Gustavus III. to be delivered up to him. A strange vicissitude of fortune elevated a French *sergeant of marines* to the throne, for the securing of which to a *spurious heir* he had launched into such an ocean of fraud! If providence intended the calamities which fell upon that crown, and the fate of the *spurious heir*, as a lesson to show the folly of human wisdom, and the weakness of human cunning, the result has fully answered those wise ends.—EDITOR.

"*Would to God, sire,*" replied the latter, "I could restore you to health by laying down my own life; you should be instantly healed! It breaks my heart to say that twenty-four hours is the utmost extent to which your majesty's life can be protracted." The faithful attendant covered his face, and wept. Sorrow is contagious: nor was it wonderful, after the dreadful torments which Gustavus had endured, that his mind should begin to lose its energy, and his fortitude to forsake him. For the first time since his assassination, he was seen to weep profusely, and bitterly to reproach himself for his ill-spent life. Feelingly he lamented the errors that had marked his reign: his wandering mind oft recurred to the events of his early life, even vice had made a lodgment in his bosom; and it brought his illustrious mother so forcibly to his memory, that he addressed her as if she had been living, saying, 'Ah! madam, if I had followed your excellent counsel, I might have avoided this dreadful death.' Then he named a list of sinners whose baseness he execrated and deplored, but chiefly Arnfeldt, whom he also addressed as if he were present, exclaiming, 'Begone from my presence, thou vile parasite; begone! and never come more within my sight! From thy polluted example I learnt nothing but wickedness, and this is the end to which it has brought me.' In this manner, wandering from one subject to another, the king wept and raved till he became delirious. He seemed to sleep at short intervals, but his distracted brain was still perturbed, and by the distortions of his features, his troubled dreams seemed to present nothing but frightful images. Every hour marked the progress of the deadly poison that had infected his whole mass of blood. About noon his understanding seemed more perfect, and his agonies less severe. He then asked to see the duke Charles, his brother. The latter, dissolved in tears, and almost speechless from grief, approached the bed and knelt by his

side. Their tears were mingled as Charles affectionately leaned over, and kissed the forehead of his dying brother. The attendants spontaneously withdrew to a greater distance. The king desired they might totally withdraw, and during upwards of an hour Gustavus and Charles remained together alone. All the gay visions which the dying king had so long and ardently pursued, were now for ever passed away; and it is probable his conversation consisted of a confession of sins, and his dread of posthumous disgrace. This interview struck additional terror to the guilty soul of Baron Armfelt. He even desired to be admitted; he was told in an antechamber, that his royal highness, the duke, was with the king. The suspicious and arrogant minion still persisted, when the chamberlain, Benzelstjerna, told him he *must* not enter until he had first received the king's commands. When the well-known name was gently announced, the king exclaimed, 'Armfelt!—What does he want more of me? God grant I had never seen him! Tell him that his dying king admonishes him to repent, and desires to be spared the pain of seeing him more; but say also, that I forgive, and hope to be forgiven.' The chamberlain delivered this unwelcome message, and as Armfelt heard it, the cheeks of the haughty minion assumed a deadly paleness. 'The king is delirious,' said he, 'or I am imposed on. I insist on entering by virtue of my office.' 'Pardon me,' said the chamberlain, 'the duke Charles is *now* sole regent; your authority has ceased: I must take his royal highness's commands.'

Up to the period of those appearances that presented unequivocal proofs of near and certain death, it is probable that Gustavus secretly entertained strong hopes of recovery. From that moment, composure, resignation, and fortitude, all forsook him. When the chief physician advised the duke to retire, as such excessive emotion would only add to the king's sufferings, and accelerate the fatal moment, Gustavus exclaimed, in a mournful tone of voice, 'Ah! what

What avails the pomp that surrounds me. Willingly would exchange condition with the poorest healthy young stranger in Sweden. Say ! can you not procure me, by art, a short respite ? Can nothing avert the blow for these short days ?—I ask no more ! I have, alas ! some important matters yet to arrange : can neither the knife nor medicine avail ?' The physician shook his head, and remained silent ; his looks proclaiming the fatal truth. Gustavus then burst anew into tears, whilst the groans excited by increasing agony filled the bosoms of his attendants with horror and dismay.

Towards the evening Gustavus III. grew more calm, more earnest in his inquiries of his chaplain, as to his prospects of salvation. He became his own accuser, and wished his fiercest enemy might have been less severe. The chaplain exerted all his eloquence to fill with the balm of hope the desolated bosom of his king. The last night of his existence must have been felt by him as an age of time. The morning of the 29th was doomed to be the close of his life. Excess of pain, bodily and mental, had debilitated all his faculties ; and his best and kindest friends, desirous of his recovery, might then, from motives of the most benevolence, have prayed for his speedy dissolution. At an interval occurring about eight o'clock, the sacrament, according to the rites of the Lutheran church, was administered ; and then, and not till then, the queen was introduced ! What a spectacle awaited her ! That elegantly-formed prince, whose finely-proportioned person might have served as a model of the human form, in its nearest to perfect symmetry, lay stretched before her pale and ghastly, on the bed of death. Those eyes which were wont to beam with intellectual fire had lost their brilliancy, and flashed intelligence no more ; and those fine features, which bespoke an elevated soul, were swoln, discoloured, and frightfully discoloured ! presenting a spectacle calculated to excite no less horror than commiseration.

The reflections that memory recalled were full of misery and bitterness. The gay, voluptuous prince, by whom her youthful charms had been suffered to fade in wedded celibacy, was now become an appalling and disgusting object, and almost insensate. Although the queen had been warned of the terrible change that had recently taken place, and even that the royal sufferer might be expected to expire in her presence ; and although the sensibilities of her heart had long since been blunted and chilled, yet, when she beheld the dying monarch, she gave a shrill, convulsive shriek, and would have fallen prostrate, had not the Duke Charles caught her in his arms, and led, or rather carried her, to a chair. As soon as the queen recovered, the king made signs she should approach his bed, and feebly waved his hand that the attendants might withdraw. What passed during this awful interview can only be conjectured. The king could not support a conversation ; and as for this unhappy queen, her feelings must have been too greatly agitated for her to give utterance to her thoughts. The duke alone possessed any degree of self-command ; and he probably interpreted between them. Perhaps she was merely called to witness his contrition ; to exchange forgiveness, and to be satisfied that after the decease of Gustavus, her son would find no obstacle in his succession to the crown. The interview was not resolved on till the vital spark was more than half extinguished ; in which state, it could not be of long duration. As the duke led the weeping queen back to her apartment from the chamber of death, her face was covered by a thick veil, but her sobs, her heaving bosom, and unsteady steps, sufficiently denoted the excessive agitation by which her whole frame was so violently shaken. This interview might hasten the release of the king from indescribable wretchedness and agony ; for after the queen had retired, Gustavus spoke no more : every minute his efforts to respire grew more and more feeble, and in less than an hour he drew his last breath, apparently

expiring in the cruelest tortures. Thus was nature still merciful, as the mortification of which he died relieved him from pangs as severe as ever any mortal endured. The last solemn duties of humanity were honourably discharged by his attendants. His last moments were witnessed, and his eyes closed, by his first chaplain, physician, and M. Benzelstjerna. Those gentlemen were kneeling round the bed of the royal sufferer, when the frightful rattling in his throat ceased. The clergyman, lifting up his hands and eyes as to his Creator, exclaimed, with strong emotion, 'Thank the Almighty! his earthly sufferings are at an end! May his sins be forgiven him, and his soul be at rest!' The chamberlain and physician each, in an audible and solemn manner, said, 'Amen! Amen!' Such were the last moments of this celebrated monarch, who certainly was as brave as the greatest of his predecessors, and, beyond comparison, the most splendid and accomplished king who had ever sat upon the Swedish throne.

The duke, and the great officers of state, were in attendance, to whom the chamberlain Benzelstjerna announced the death of the king; and before his corpse was cold, the artillery on the forts, and the heralds by sound of trumpet, proclaimed the new sovereign as King of the Swedes, the Goths, and the Vandals, by the name and style of Gustavus the Fourth, Adolphus!

Thus was the last wish of Gustavus the Third fulfilled, —a monarch who possessed from nature and education so many fine qualities, that his reign would have been the happiest on record, if he had been as just as he was powerful and magnificent; and his memory would have been revered in Sweden, and his character admired by all Europe, if, in his early days, his morals had not been contaminated by associating with a circle of profligate young courtiers, whose polluted habits banished all sense of rectitude from his mind, and planted in its stead the worst of vices that degrade human nature. To the effects of his

corrupt and profligate associates, but principally to the contagious infamy of Armfelt, the depravity of this monarch ought to be attributed.

As soon as Gustavus III. was dead, and his *adopted son* proclaimed king, the Duke of Sodermanland assumed the reins of government, as sole regent of Sweden.^(t) One of his first acts of power was to bring to condign punishment the assassin of his brother,^(u) who was kept confined in a prison called the Smedjesgaard.

Ankarstrom was guarded by sentinels. He spent much of his time in reading religious books, in prayer, and in the contemplation of a future existence, which seemed to employ his thoughts much more than the terrible punishment which he knew awaited him. When he was told of the dreadful agonies in which the king lay, he said in a mild tone of voice, 'I am very sorry indeed to hear this : 'my intention was to kill the tyrant, not to torture him : 'He cannot recover; and I shall die amidst studied tortments; but the consciousness of having put an end to 'his wicked career, and saved the lives of many thousands, 'and rescued my native country from slavery, will enable 'me to support them.'—There was a solemnity and gen-

(t) When the revolution of 1809 was announced to Napoleon, he said to the Swedish minister, 'I rejoice at this event the more sincerely because it will put an end to the calamities of Sweden; and happy had it been for that nation, if the present wise and gallant monarch had ascended the throne when his brother died.' Bonaparte used the same expressions in his exposé. Napoleon unquestionably knew that, according to hereditary succession, the crown belonged to the Duke Charles; and he probably alluded to the illegitimacy of the dethroned monarch.

(u) It was very generally reported in Sweden, about this period, that the regent was as much concerned in the conspiracy against his brother as Ankarstrom himself. This report originated in the machinations of General Baron Armfelt and his partisans. If the duke were wicked enough to act thus, what could have hindered his seizing the crown? Mr. LEWIS GOLD-SMITH asserted his guilt in the most unqualified terms, but he was, perhaps, misled by the reports circulated by that execrable traitor, Armfelt.

ness in his manner that operated powerfully on those who attended him. He did not seem to regard the narrow limits of his prison, nor the ignominious death that awaited him, but looked forward to another and a better world. 'There,' borrowing the words of scripture, he observed, 'the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.'—Such was the dignity of his conduct, that he appeared rather as a martyr suffering for the sake of his faith, than a frail mortal who had embued his hands in the blood of his fellow-creature by a foul assassination! When the report of cannon reached the captive in his cell, he knew his victim had breathed his last, and that his successor was proclaimed: Ankarstrom instantly fell on his knees, and bowing down his head, exclaimed, 'Thank God! his torments are at last ended; and may his Creator save his soul, and forgive his manifold offences! I am now die at peace.' Such was the singular union of crime and virtue, of fanaticism and religion, that met in his mind, and which continued to operate to the last hour of his existence. Nor was he kept long in suspense as to his doom. On the 18th of April, 1792, the sentence of death was pronounced, to be accompanied by torture protracted during three days! Ankarstrom heard it unmoved; and passed the few remaining hours in solemn prayer. The next morning he was conducted to the Riddarhus (No. 1) where a scaffold had been erected near to the equestrian statue of the great founder of the Gustavian era, and opposite to the palace of the equestrian order. A gallows was erected on the scaffold, on the top of which; above the head of the culprit, the pistol and notched knife were exhibited with a board inscribed, 'Johan Jacob Ankarstrom,—Kongungs mordnar,' i. e. *the murderer of the king*. From the gallows a massive chain of iron depended; which, by means of a thick hoop or collar of the same

1 A public place in Stockholm; in English, the knight's market.

metal, was fastened round his neck. His head was bare but he was allowed to wear a wolf-skin pelisse. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, an undaunted, unassuming air. The ring was affixed round his neck and he stood, thus exposed, during two hours; which, in a climate as cold as that of Stockholm, was in itself a slight punishment. He was then stripped and scourged. He bore the scourging without betraying any sense of pain and was conducted back to his prison, where he fervently prayed for power to endure the tortures that yet remained and for the forgiveness of his own sins, and those of his enemies. The next day he was taken to the Torg, market-place, on Södermalm, where the same treatment was repeated. There he strove in vain to maintain an equal degree of composure; but he was chilled and weakened so greatly, that the lash, laid on the place lacerated the day before, wrung from him a few deep hollow groans, which were scarcely audible a few yards from the scaffold. When he was carried back the second day, he fell on the floor from excess of pain and weakness. The physician had given orders that he should be kept nourishing things administered, with the charitable view to prevent the wretched man escaping, by the kindness of death, the torments he was yet doomed to suffer; and although Ankarstrom was perfectly aware of the true source of their solicitude, he suffered them to act by him as they pleased, telling them, that Christ, through whose death he hoped for eternal life, had suffered a sentence still more terrible. The third day he could scarcely stand, and his altered looks demonstrated how extreme had been his sufferings. He was however dragged forth, and exhibited in the same manner on the Stora Torget, opposite the opera-house, where he had committed the offence for which he was so dreadfully punished, and in full view of the king's palace, and the chamber where he died. His bruised and lacerated back was again exposed to the

e, inflicted with peculiar ferocity; he was then removed from the whipping post, stretched on the block, his hand first cut off, and next his head, which was immediately seized by the executioner, held up by its hair, whilst the blood flowed from the severed arteries and it was held forth to view, as the head of a traitor regicide. Thus terminated the cruel series of tortures.

The mangled body, disembowelled and quartered, was conveyed through the city, and the suburb called Salm, to the usual place of execution, (y) to be devoured by the fowls of the air; where the limbs were cast on wheels, and the head placed on a pole in the market: the right hand was nailed below the head. (z)

In judging of the crime for which this nobleman deserved death, both the provocations he had received, and the motives which appear to have actuated him, should have due weight. There is just reason to believe

the truth of the horrid outrage said to have been done to Ankarstrom, when a youth, by his future actions; and also in the injustice and oppression of which he complained so indignantly, when condemned by a court-martial assembled at Frederikshof. These conditions appear to have impressed Ankarstrom with an

The gallows belonging to the courts of criminal law in Stockholm is an ancient edifice, consisting of three pillars, forming a triangle, and surmounted at the top by massive iron bars, to which the culprits are suspended.

This structure is surrounded by a wall. The situation, amongst the forest trees, is very gloomy. There are several cottages built near the gallows. An aged woman, who inhabited one of those huts, told me in 1823, that she well remembered the body of Ankarstrom being suspended, and that she has seen his ghost pacing round the walls some time afterwards!

The morning after the beheading of Ankarstrom, the walls of the city of Stockholm were inscribed with sentences, applauding the crime in which he died; and a large paper was seen, affixed above the hand, on which was written in very legible characters:

*'Blessed be the hand
That saved his fatherland.'*

opinion, that he should be performing an act of justice in taking his life. He considered the king as being not only unfit to reign, but even to live. Ankarstrom admitted he was committing a heinous crime, by taking on himself the power of inflicting the death that he had adjudged the king ought to suffer ; and he steadily employed the time he lived in the most animated appeals to his Creator for pardon, and apparently he died with the conviction that he had obtained it. If those circumstances cannot justify, they must be allowed to be powerful palliatives ; but still there is something so revolting from manhood and manly honour in the act of assassination, that it steels the heart, and properly too, against pity, let the sufferings of the assassin be ever so dreadful, or however great his previous wrongs. The character of him who falls is blanched, as it were, and redeemed by the more odious criminality of assassination. Ankarstrom experienced the truth of these observations in all their bitterness ; for, although it is possible, and even probable, that he was

more forcibly impelled by public than by private feeling, he saw greater horror and detestation expressed in the countenance of the crowd than commiseration ; and the groans and hisses that occasionally assailed his ear, said to have grieved and hurt him more than the chain and collar of iron round his neck, the lash of the executioners, or the certainty of decapitation.

The real sentiments of Gustavus III. respecting revealed religion, are easily gathered from the facility and levity with which he made and violated the most solemn engagements. He had about the same reverence towards those inferior actors who personated the druid priests in his theatrical processions,^(a) as for the archbishop of Upsala, or the Rector Magnificus of Stockhol

(a) Gustavus III. would have made the first master of the re-
manager of a theatre, in Europe ; and, as an actor, it is highly pro-
bable he might have rivalled Garrick, whom he so ardently desired to see.

gross hypocrisy, and boundless perfidy, demonstrated that he valued the sacred name he so frequently invoked merely on account of the means it afforded to make dupes of his subjects, and fix the stamp of sincerity upon his spurious oaths. He was so indiscreet as to think that mankind would never cease to believe as long as he wished to deceive; and he lived to experience the bitter fruits of his past deceptions to such a degree, that the more solemn were his asseverations of sincerity, the less was the credit he obtained! Not a usurer would lend him a ducat, unless he produced some of his courtiers, who were rich, to guarantee the payment. Although this gay and magnificent monarch was, in his heart, a mocker of religion, it was generally reported and believed in Stockholm, that he was extremely superstitious, and carried his weakness so far as to visit an old woman, called *Mademoiselle Arvedsen*, who, about the year 1792, was in high repute as a fortune-teller! So great was the fame of the sibyl, and so eager the curiosity of the good people of Stockholm to obtain a glimpse of futurity, that her abode was crowded with visitors, to check whose number, the sagacious jilt required a golden offering, that none but rich fools could beg. This obstacle not being sufficient to reduce the multitude within due bounds, she was obliged to issue *cards*, in which it was specified at what hour the votary might appear, and how long continue in her awful presence! Another singularity which attended this lady was, that her power of prophecy was perfectly *local*. She was once sent for by the queen, Sophia Magdalena; to whom she related, that the dream her Majesty had had the night before would certainly come true; but her power to foretell events, or interpret dreams, was confined to her own kingdom, as the celestial spirit by which she was inspired visited her when she went abroad!—The queen was amazed and terrified at the message, never once reflecting that those who pay persons to bring them news were

sure to have their own secrets made public; and she actually went there incognito, and after telling Mademoiselle Arvedsen all her secrets, she returned impressed with the most awful ideas of her *supernatural* powers. (b) The cunning jade knew the queen was parsimonious, and she foresaw very clearly she should be kept twattling with her and her *inquisitives* all day, and not receive a fifth part of the fees that would be given to her at home. She calculated that the same weakness of intellect that led the queen to *send*, would impel her to come to her altar, and then, she concluded, in one or two years she might acquire sufficient riches to live at her ease the remainder of her life. Her calculations being founded upon practical knowledge of human weakness and folly, they were fully verified. Her house was visited, not alone by the queen, but by the principal ladies of her court; circumstances which Mademoiselle Arvedsen took care to circulate in whispers to all the wealthy wives, widows, and maidens in Stockholm; whilst, to preserve herself from being overwhelmed by eager votaries, she was compelled to raise her fee to a higher rate! Thus riches and honours rolled in full upon her humble dwelling; and she was enabled to render justice *deaf* as well as blind. The revenue thus poured in was not all clear gain, for she had many secret agents by whom she was supplied with *family secrets*, which when opportunities occurred, she dealt forth to the persons whom those secrets most nearly concerned; by which means her fame arose to a height scarcely exceeded by any fortune-teller, whether ancient or modern. Gustavus III was not long before he heard of her matchless prescience, and also went *incognito* to her retreat. At the door stood a high priestess. In a slow and gentle cadence, she bade him

(b) Frau--G--ll--g, one of the queen's bedchamber women, had been and told the sibyl, that her majesty had dreamt that the king was assassinated--and was greatly troubled at the dream.

me as her king! for he had carelessly mentioned his
son to some of his young courtiers, from whose *valets*
rived, though by indirect means, the intelligence that
abled her thus to receive him. The king remained
time closeted with the witch, and he often repeated his
, but, as he never more disclosed his intention before
at, the old lady never had an opportunity of thus
ing the royal visitor.

mons of sound judgment and strict veracity fully
ed, that the king really did visit this woman; and
n gravely affirmed it was from her lips, not long be-
his death, he was forewarned against Count Ribbing.
were not so weak as to believe the king went to con-
er as a prophetess, but merely to derive from her lips
material fact she might glean from her numerous
urs, explanatory of the designs of his enemies to-
his person and government. Gustavus might also
some anxiety to learn the sentiments regarding him-
nd the crown prince, entertained by his queen. Such
in all probability, the *motive* that led this erratic
e to Mademoiselle Arvedson; but the public voice
a very different version, and insisted that he went
er fraught with a belief in her possessing supernatural
rs. Persons of rank and fortune affirmed, that Gus-
went to consult her previous to his journey to Gefle,
quire if he should live to return?—a question she an-
nd in the affirmative. And also, that just after the king's
arrival at Stockholm, his majesty went to her dwelling
sequence of some very frightful dreams that had dis-
nd his rest. Madame Arvedsen then received him
a countenance overcast with sorrow, and told him she
l not foresee distinctly, as her mental horizon was
b clouded. She listened in gloomy silence to his
tion of the horrid visions which the king said so
tly disturbed him. The sybil shook her head, and
him she feared some fatal accident was near at hand.

‘I believe so, myself,’ said Gustavus, ‘and that I shall die by the hand of some assassin; but tell me, shall I live to fulfil the designs that now occupy my thoughts?’ The sibyl again mournfully shook her head, and told him her powers were circumscribed. ‘Can you tell me who will be my murderer?’ ‘*That* I cannot foretel, Sire,’ said the prophetess; ‘but as your majesty returns to your apartment you will run against a man wrapped up in a cloak, carrying a drawn sword under his left arm: he will not molest you now, but at a future day become one of your destroyers.’ As the king returned, he took a circuitous route to the palace by way of Norrlands-gatan; and, as well as the darkness of the night permitted, avoided every person whom he saw. He had reached the palace, and was smiling at his own credulity, when, ascending by a private stairs to an ante-room, of which he kept the key, he heard a step, and suddenly some one ran against him. The personal courage of the king was ever conspicuous, and seizing the unknown, he plainly felt a sword, covered by the cloak, and held under the left arm. ‘Who are you?’ said the king fiercely. ‘Answer, or I’ll call the guard!’ holding the person so fast, he could not, if he had endeavoured, disengage his arms. ‘Don’t your majesty know me,’ said the captive, on hearing the well known voice of the king: ‘*I am Count Ribbing.*’ (c) ‘And what business have you here, with a drawn sword under your cloak, and in the dark, on my privy stairs?’ ‘I came to meet a girl, Sire, belonging to these apartments, and I always carry my sword thus on such nocturnal adventures.’ The king

(c) When Mr. Lewis Goldsmith resided in Paris, during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon, he was in the habit of conversing with Count Ribbing, who resided in that metropolis. According to Mr. Goldsmith’s declaration, Count Ribbing related this adventure to him, and almost in the very same words. Mr. Goldsmith is a well known public character in London, and of easy access; and not likely to feel offended at a reference occasioned by so very singular an occurrence.—EDITOR.

took him into a room adjoining, on the Mezzonine story ; where, looking him full in the face, he said, 'My dear Count Ribbing ! is it possible you came here with a view to murder me ?'—The count appeared much hurt at his majesty's suspicions ; and asking the king, in a manner half sorrowfully, half reproachfully, what had put such thoughts into his mind, made a low bow, and withdrew.

The king is said to have paid one visit more to the witch of Norrmalm, and to have concealed what had occurred relative to Count Ribbing ; and the rumour ran that the manner of the female oracle was yet more dismal and gloomy than at the former visit. 'I mean,' said the king, 'to undertake a distant journey. Will any thing momentous befall me ? Shall I live to return to Sweden ?' 'My gracious sovereign,' the witch of Norrmalm is said to have replied, 'the sphere of my vision, as regards your majesty, is suddenly and strangely contracted. I cannot see so far into futurity ; but I perceive too plainly that Norrmalms Torget, between the 15th and the 18th of this month, will be overshadowed and covered by a dense black cloud.' On the night of the 17th this splendid but depraved monarch fell by the hand of Ankarstrom, and within the precincts of Norrmalms Torget, where Friherre Ankarstrom uttered the last part of his dreadful sentence.

It would evince a lamentable defect of common sense in the Editor, if he were so credulous as to believe these rumours ; and of common honesty, if he would induce others to believe them. He has already remarked that the visits of the king to the female impostor alluded to, had their rise in a motive widely different from any thing connected with superstition. How to account for the extraordinary rencounter with Count Ribbing, which that conspirator verbally communicated to Mr. Goldsmith, is not quite so easy ; but that might be done in many ways without having recourse to supernatural agency. It is not to be believed that Gustavus III. was so ill served by his

police minister, by his numerous spies, his minions, and courtiers, as not to know that Ribbing was one of the most disaffected of the nobles; and if the king discovered a sword concealed under his cloak, when they ran, in the dark, against each other, that occurrence, and the association of ideas to which it led, might produce the exclamation so generally imputed to Gustavus.

There were copies of letters circulated in Sweden, supposed to be authentic, and purporting to have been written by the Counts Ribbing and Horne to their relatives, in which this occurrence was noted; and Ribbing was made to say, that he was so struck by the touching manner in which Gustavus addressed him, that his first impulse was to throw himself at his sovereign's feet, avow the intention with which his heart was then fraught, warn him of his danger, and trust to his mercy for pardon, but that the dread of involving his accomplices in ruin and disgrace withheld him. Count Horne's letter stated, that he had in vain essayed to wean the Friherre Ankarstrom from his purpose, thinking from the number of times when the assassination was to have been perpetrated, and the unlooked-for contingencies by which its execution was averted, that the finger of God was pointed towards them. Ankarstrom, Bjelke, and a few others, were however, inflexibly determined, at every hazard, to persevere in their fell designs, and effect the death of their sovereign, or lose their lives in the attempt.

Of all the conspirators the conduct of Bjelke was the most atrocious, for he held a confidential post near the person of his sovereign, and the trust reposed by his king enabled him to accelerate his destruction. An universal pollution of morals prevailed in the court of Gustavus III. He seemed to attract within his regal orbit all that was vile in the order of nobility. His profusion to such of his minions who afforded him the greatest share of gratification was so extreme, it drained the coffers of his treasury,

and drove him to expedients of the most dishonourable kind; whilst the reports of his wasteful and scandalous expenditure of the public revenue being spread through every province, not by the conspirators and their agents only, but by many honourable and truly loyal Swedes, who could not endure to see the treasures wrung by heavy and merciless taxation from an exhausted people, lavished upon the bournished vermine by which the royal court was inflated and disgraced, it sank the character of the king to the lowest level; excited cries for retrenchment and reform in every province in Sweden, and caused many to express their regret that the revolution of 1772 had succeeded; so intolerable was the wasteful profusion of their licentious and demoralised king, and his profligate courtiers.

Amongst a debased and self-dishonoured circle of court minions, Bjelke was for a short time the chief favourite. Inconstancy was one of the leading vices of Gustavus. He never had a friend but he reduced him to beggary; although, in some cases, he allowed them to repair their shattered fortunes by nominating them to high and lucrative situations in his government. Bjelke had been procured the reversion of a sinecure place, which, together with a quantity of jewels, were given to an elegant and beautiful young chevalier, the rival of Bjelke with his sovereign, and his mistress. Decency forbids the narration of the primitive cause of the deep and rancorous personal hatred borne towards Gustavus by Bjelke; enough, however, of such polluted scenery has been displayed, to show, however base or infamous were the means to which the conspirators had recourse to destroy Gustavus, the source of his danger existed in his own matchless depravity.

As to Ankerstrom, although the most guilty, as having in a fool and base manner murdered his king, he was the most consistent, and also the least culpable; for, if he could not be said to have been absolutely insane at the

time he committed this important murder, yet his was so filled with the subject of his wrongs, and the wrong of his country, that he was become a misanthrope and fanatic. The fidelity he evinced towards his comrades was as eminently conspicuous as the inflexibility of his mind. He did not affect to believe that the Almighty inspired him with the idea; but that if he sincerely repented the crime, and unresistingly submitted to undergo all the sufferings allotted by human laws, he firmly believed he should find in heaven that mercy which is so emphatically promised to every repentant sinner.

No matter how sophistical or erroneous were the arguments by which Ankarstrom stilled the upbraidings of conscience, they had the effect he wished, and enabled him to contemplate, without horror or remorse, as foul an act of assassination as ever was committed. Ankarstrom appeared, by every outward sign, a devout and a sincere Christian, and yet he flew in the face of God's own commandment which forbids murder, and he trampled upon that divine sentiment of the new law, whereby Jesus Christ so emphatically told his disciples to love their neighbours as themselves, and not to do unto another that which they would not wish should be done unto themselves. Ankarstrom appeared incomparably more solicitous to save his soul than his body; he trembled at the prospect of divine justice whilst he mocked the utmost effort of human vengeance. He even bewailed the torture he had inflicted upon Gustavus, his king, but the deed he never once appeared to regret by which that torture was occasioned. It was clearly his intention to kill Gustavus on the spot, and he believed, in common with every one who was equally well acquainted with the innate depravity and incredibly wicked life of that monarch, that no mortal being could by possibility be in a state less fit to die, yet in that he shot him; and the half-reasoning fanatic could be sure, if he had spared that monarch, wicked and

less as he was, he might not repent of his sins and 'save his soul alive.' By Ankarstrom's own creed he stands condemned : but it is useless to reason upon the ebullitions of a distempered mind. The editor does not mean to affirm that Ankarstrom was absolutely insane, but that his feelings were so powerfully excited, and his prejudices so strong, and his judgment so warped, that he could neither feel nor see any thing which militated against the absurd and monstrous delusion with which his mind was entirely filled. Not having the same prejudices to contend against on other topics, his opinions were neither wild nor irrational. Wherever political matters interfered in which Gustavus III. was concerned, there the mental disease by which he was afflicted had its full scope ; and as he felt differently on those topics from other men, so he came to conclusions at variance with the dictates of sound sense and eternal justice.

Those who most intimately knew that unhappy gentleman, Colonel Marcus Despard, were the least likely to believe him capable of devising the strange conspiracy in which he was so positively sworn to have engaged himself ; for his heart was benevolent, his manners gentle, dignified, and polished. In his private conversation he spoke of his sovereign (George III.) with respect, and imputed all his Despard's wrongs and sufferings to ministerial influence. His most intimate friends, men of unblemished reputation, affirm they never heard him utter a word indicative of personal antipathy towards his sovereign. Where the heart is almost bursting with grievous wrongs, either the lips will overflow, or the mind become diseased.

To drop this digression : After the miserable death of Ankarstrom, his lady and children retired to Wisby in Gothland, where they took another name. But so strong was the odium which attached to the crime committed by Ankarstrom, that the family, though wholly innocent, were shunned, and the unhappy widow had a difficulty

to find tutors to instruct her sons. The few who had any intercourse with her did it by stealth; and if, by chance, they met her in the streets, passed by her as whom they knew not. A surgeon and apothecary, possessed more courage and liberality than his neighbours, exerted his best endeavours to counteract an exclusion cruel and unmerited; in producing which, it is natural to infer, pusillanimity and the most abject servility had a greater share than any high wrought feelings of honour and delicacy. Ankarstrom had been a kind protector to his wife and children, and it was the height of cruelty in them to suffer an unnatural thirst of vengeance to involve him in so horrid an enterprise. As to his widow, probable she never experienced one happy day after her husband had engaged in the conspiracy against Gust III. And she had the grief and mortification to find the gentleman, who had endeavoured to raise her and her family from the oppressive exclusion and proscription under which they suffered, greatly injured his personal and professional interests, and had to share, as a fellow-sufferer, the unmerited ignominy he generously and disinterestedly strove to remove.

CAROLINE MATILDA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF CHRISTIAN VII. KING OF DENMARK:

Adultery and High Treason.

FREDERICK COUNT VON STRUENSEE,

PRIME MINISTER OF DENMARK:

Adultery and High Treason.

JENS ENEVOLDT COUNT VON BRANDT,

CHIEF STEWARD AND LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF THE ROYAL DANISH
HOUSEHOLD:

High Treason.

Ye fair! who o'er MATILDA's sorrows mourn,
Who shed the tear of pity o'er her urn,
Or, fir'd by generous indignation, burn---
Beware! lest soft compassion warp your mind,
And suff'ring beauty render reason blind.
Hard is the task to curb the bursting heart,
And harder still to bear the poison'd dart
Wing'd by a husband's hand,---and not complain,
Nor suffer vengeance to commence its reign.---
Yet, had the youthful queen been wise as fair,
And had her honour claim'd her utmost care,
Then had she scap'd those rocks that wreck'd her fame---
Divorce! dethronement! a dishonour'd name!

EDITOR.

A DESTINY more than commonly severe brought this unhappy princess within the range of this Gallery of Portraits. Caroline Matilda was the posthumous child of Frederick Prince of Wales, youngest sister of his late Majesty George III., aunt to George IV., and Queen Consort to Christian VII., late King of Denmark. She was

born on the 22nd July, 1751, four months and eight days after her father's death. Thus her sorrows began ere she drew her first breath, and pursued her to an early tomb.

John Frederick Struensee, eldest son of the Reverend Doctor Adam Struensee, a dignitary of the established church of Denmark, was born at Halle, August 5th, 1760.

Enevoldt von Brandt, a Danish nobleman by birth, about the same age as his friend Struensee, educated at the same university, rose with his fortunes, and perished in his fall.

These distinguished characters were tried before the highest tribunal known in Denmark, not together, each individual separately; and a rigid adherence to precedents might enjoin a separate narrative: to avoid, however, the repetitions and tautology entwined with the process, the editor determined to blend the chief facts of each case into one portraiture; and, availing himself of the privilege which belongs to the poet, the sculptor and the painter, it will be seen that he has thrown the details somewhat into the back ground to give greater prominence to his chief figure—the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Matilda. And although the portraiture of the licentious and worthless husband might have been very much curtailed, without material injury to the narrative yet, as the fall of this injured woman was wholly and exclusively imputable to *his depravity*, there is no way so honourable or so effective of doing justice to the memory of his wife, without violating historical truth, as delineating in appropriate colours the wretched character and conduct of that wild, thoughtless, dissipated monarch.

Caroline Matilda was reared and educated under the care of her mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, who resided principally in the old palace at Kew, and occasionally at Clifden. Her court residence was the same when her husband died, namely, Leicester house, in Leicester Square, London.

As the disgrace and calamity in which Matilda became involved have, by illiberal party writers, been attributed to the vicious example set before her by her own mother; and as Horace Walpole himself, in his *Reminiscences*, has given currency to the degrading imputation of incontinency, it is due to the memory of both the mother and the daughter to state that the editor, about two years since, (1820) made inquiries of some ancient men, who had in their youth belonged to the establishment of Frederick, Prince of Wales; and these persons, one of whom was then nearly sixty years of age, and the youngest past four-score, assured him, that though they were in the frequent habit of seeing Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager of Wales together, and were also intimately acquainted with the upper domestics of Lord Bute's household, that they never saw any thing which in the least degree countenanced the popular rumour. That none of Lord Bute's servants, during a course of twenty years, whether discharged or not, ever appeared to believe the slanderous tales. And one of these men, (*John Lowe*) who was a favourite, as a gardener, with Frederick, Prince of Wales, and afterwards with his son, George III. declared, he had very often seen Lady Bute and the princess dowager together, and that the most perfect harmony always appeared to prevail between them. The individuals are sober, respectable, and honest men, and being unpensioned, are wholly disinterested witnesses. And notwithstanding the inveteracy with which the princess dowager was, by the popular voice, arraigned when living, and by an ungrateful and unprincipled courtier calumniated when dead, the editor feels it his duty to oppose testimony thus sound and unimpeachable, to what in his conscience he believes to have been foul slanders and malicious inventions, the offspring of personal pique and political animosity.

As to the Princess Matilda, she was reared in that secluded, domesticated way that it might be supposed

the daughter of an opulent and educated country gentleman would be reared, except that she had a great number of preceptors. Her mother, as appears by I dington's diary, took the utmost care to have none respectable persons in attendance on her children. It therefore the very height of cruelty to impute the fortunes of Matilda to the want of good example and matronly discretion. In her infancy she was a healthy, sprightly, beautiful child. As she improved in years and understanding, she became the darling, not of her mother alone, but of all her attendants and domestics; as she approached maturity, that peculiar cast of beauty developed itself which attaches to those females of robust frame who grow corpulent as they advance in years. She was emphatically called 'the flower of the flock,' and possessed the finest face and form of any of the royal family. Her manners were as fascinating as her form and face were. So rapid was her growth, that at fourteen years of age her appearance was more than commonly womanly. *fifteen*, this half-blown rose bud, at the dictum of cold-blooded, unfeeling statesmen, was torn from her mother's arms, and hurried away to a distant land, to be married to a giddy, dissolute, debilitated youth, her first cousin. No wonder was a marriage less auspicious! Never was an innocent and a lovely virgin more injudiciously disposed of! Rare marriages are proverbially unhappy, but of all that are on record in modern times, this of Matilda was pre-eminent wretched. There was not a domestic belonging to the English embassy at the Danish court but knew of the unbounded licentiousness of the youthful king, or who could not have predicted the misery, if not the ruin, to which she was likely to stand exposed in a court where the Queen Dowager Juliana, a severe and ambitious princess, had been used to rule with undivided sway.

Were the editor to adopt a generous and almost a general illusion, he would follow the example of his predecessor

ners who have treated of the fall of this unfortunate queen,—throw a veil over her frailty, and panegyrisé her character, as that of a woman of unsullied virtue—as the innocent victim of foul conspiracy and unrelenting hatred. But this would be deception, and form an essential violation of historical truth, neither so odious nor so mischievous as the wilful and corrupt denunciator of female honour, it is true, but equally fatal to veracity. It was during the travels of the editor in the North of Europe that he came into the possession of a part of the secret history of Queen Matilda; and subsequently, at different periods, at home and abroad, he gleaned the new, original, and authentic matter developed in these pages; matter which, in comparison with other works, will be found to differ widely, particularly from the pleasing fictions published by Latrobe, by Wrazall, and Sir John Carr. There is not a well-educated Dane in Great Britain, who is well versed in Danish history, but knows how lamentably the English nation have been deceived and misled by false and fabricated narratives relative to Queen Matilda, and how greatly the Danish nation has been traduced. And what is not a little amusing, it will be shown, in an appendix, made up of extracts from an elegant and costly work, written by Jens Wollfe, Esq. late Consul-General for Denmark, resident in London, that even that gentleman was himself in error, and guilty, though not intentionally, of scattering illusions, whilst he censured his predecessors. These pages will develop Matilda's character as it stood, marked by fine qualities and great errors, and unfold all the secret sources of her ruin and disgrace. To bear with *such* indignities—to suffer such wrongs as those to which Queen Matilda stood exposed, presented an almost impracticable duty to a high-spirited and experienced young woman. She was deficient in experience, that invaluable sort of knowledge, which is no more taught so well as in the school of adversity. She possessed a warm heart, and an ardent constitution. She

was haughty, ingenuous, impetuous. A stranger to guile, she had no mistrust of the profound perfidy of her pretended friends and partisans, male and female, belonging to the Danish court. Matilda could not be ignorant of her own personal attractions, inclined to underrate their value, nor forego the homage that was to be expected from a youth but two years her senior. She was a disappointed bride, a neglected and an injured wife. She saw her youthful charms slighted and contemned by her recreant lord, who, in the company of common prostitutes, revealed the secrets of the marriage bed, and spoke of his blooming bride in terms alike indelicate and untrue. Nor did it end here—for it will be seen that he tainted her wholesome blood with a loathsome disease; and also, that by a fatal error, she was so lost to prudence, as to admit the athletic and polished voluptuary, Struensee, to approach her person in the character of a medical adviser!—Let any man—let any woman, of common sense, dispassionately reflect on these facts and circumstances—let them, as they read, pause on the blandishments and the perils by which this fair and insulated being was surrounded, and so far from wondering at her fall, they will feel convinced nothing less than a miracle—nothing short of a special interposition of providence in her behalf, could have snatched her from destruction! Impelled by the fiercest indignation, misled by high-wrought illusions, Matilda forsook the narrow path prescribed by duty; she yielded, where it was scarcely possible for a frail mortal to withstand temptation, and suddenly she became involved in an awful, a terrific, an irremediable ruin. If, however, frailty in a female is *ever* to be forgiven—if penitence and a thorough reformation are *ever* to be allowed on earth that redeeming power which a beneficent deity has promised the repentant sinner in heaven, the intensity of her humiliations and sufferings, and the blameless tenor of her remaining days, her early death in a foreign land, far distant from her children, her parent, and

her dearest
 errors into which she was
 torrents of penitential tears, in
 have more than obliterated the stains which
 upon her honour.

Such are the opinions and sentiments of the editor as
 respects the illustrious fate of so awful destiny fur-
 nishes the most commanding and attractive features of the
 evening portraiture.

Frederick V. King of Denmark, died in the year 1766,
 and was succeeded by his son, Christian VII. On the 1st
 of October following, his youthful successor was married
 by proxy, at the royal chapel of St. James's, to the de-
 voted princess, whose fate has been enviable in comparison
 with her subsequent sufferings, if she had been sacrificed
 on the altar before which she was forced to promise to
 love, honour, and obey, a stranger to her person and
 affections.

The lovely virgin seemed, even then, to cherish a strong
 presentiment of the misery which awaited her. And whilst
 she received, as the future Queen of Denmark, the homage of
 all the foreign ambassadors, and her brother's court, was seen
 unable to suppress the gloom which weighed down her spirits.
 Amidst all the pageantry and festivity occasioned by her
 marriage, Matilda appeared cheerless and desponding, and
 the bursting tear was seen to glisten in her eye. The
 Honourable Mrs. Selwyn, who knew, from authentic
 sources, the character of the prince to whom Matilda was
 betrothed, represented to the Princess Dowager, her mo-
 ther, all her apprehensions, but in vain! State policy was
 thought to demand the completion of the union, and the
 peace, happiness, and honour of Matilda, and probably
 her life, paid the price of the sacrifice. Her maternal appre-
 hensions having been awakened by Mrs. Selwyn, the Prin-
 cess Dowager took an early opportunity of asking her son,
 the celebrated George Selwyn, what he really and sincerely

thought of the husband the king had provided for Matilda? He replied in a tone remarkably solemn and impressive, 'If I may give a candid opinion, madam, I fear the sweet girl will never gain a *husband* by going to Denmark, to marry that giddy boy, her cousin Christian. His health, and his morals are irreparably destroyed. Pardon me, my princess,' continued George Selwyn, 'that loving your Matilda as I do with a father's affection, I cannot help regarding her as the victim of an illusive and futile piece of state craft, nor help anticipating a disastrous result.'

When the hour came that the fair Matilda, attended by a gorgeous suite, took her last farewell of her mother, her family and friends, her frame was shook by the violence of her grief. When she walked to the carriage which waited to convey her to Harwich, the paleness of her cheeks, and her eyes swoln with weeping, which she endeavoured in vain to conceal under forced smiles, were so palpable, that it checked the joyous ebullitions of the spectators who stood nearest to her person. Nor did this despondency wear quickly off. When Matilda arrived at Harwich, the same observations were made. Before, however, she reached the Danish shore, where she was to be received by the lord of her future destiny, it is to be supposed her mind had recovered its composure, and that before her first interview with her mad-brained cousin, she had so far regained her usual vivacity as not to appear a mourning bride.

In her person, Matilda, though she had not yet obtained maturity of stature, was above middle height, inclining to what the French call *en bon point*; her complexion was the finest imaginable, the lily and the rose blending their loveliest tints; her face, a regular oval; her eyes, deep blue, large, brilliant, and full of expression. Her tresses were lighter than auburn; her mouth exquisitely formed; her lips rivalled the cherry and the rose in the brightness of their vermilion; and her small, white, even teeth, set

sublimed pearls in the delicacy of their enamel. Her voice was by nature melodious; she danced gracefully, had a good ear for music, and was well instructed in that fascinating science. The more solid and useful branches of learning were also attended to. Matilda had been instructed in the Latin tongue, and spoke the German and French languages with fluency. Her demeanour and her aspect bespoke a person born to high command, but also accustomed to use power with discretion. The gentleness of her manners towards her inferiors; showed she aimed at being beloved rather than feared. In short, the *tout ensemble* of this royal maid, presented a most fascinating and prepossessing physiognomy.

Christian the VII. her royal husband, was rather diminutive in person, and effeminate, if not insignificant, in his features. This was particularly visible at first sight; but his limbs were well proportioned, light and compact, and possessing more strength than his very slight frame seemed to indicate. His complexion was remarkably fair; his features more regular than handsome; his hair a very light flaxen; his eyes a light blue, lively and expressive; his forehead was bold and open, his nose aquiline; he had a handsome mouth, fine set of teeth, and a remarkably small and elegantly formed hand. In his dress he was tasteful and gay rather than gorgeous; in his disposition, good-natured to a fault, being profuse rather than generous; his temper, warm and irascible; liable to sudden bursts of passion, but his anger soon subsided, and those of his minions who were most exposed to its short-lived violence, found so rich a reward in his remorse, that they almost courted injustice, in the selfish hope of subsequent advantage. In his manner he was generally courteous, and sometimes elegant, and even dignified. Had not his constitution been shattered by precocious and destructive indulgencies, he might have been an amorous man; as it was, Matilda found him lascivious and imbecile.—This is

all that decency permits being said, the rest must be imagined.

Such was the physical character of Christian VII. It is said by the old courtiers who yet survive, and remember him in his earliest days of youth, that he then possessed very respectable intellectual powers, a ready and lively wit, and as large a stock of learning as could be expected. In the nocturnal rambles and revels in which, often disguised as a seaman, he delighted to indulge, he sometimes got entangled in a way that put his courage to a severe test, and he always evinced a degree of intrepidity worthy of his lineage. He seemed to inherit all the urbanity of his noble-hearted father, but for whose second marriage, and *second family*, and the conflicting feelings and interests to which those events gave rise, this prince might have formed as good a sovereign, and as worthy a gentleman, as ever sat upon the Danish throne.

But Frederick V., soon after the melancholy death of Queen Louisa, daughter of George II. of England, married the Princess Juliana Maria, of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttele, a woman eminently gifted by high qualities, but which were allayed by ambition, dissimulation, and a restless spirit of political intrigue. She bore her husband a son, and it was her constant study to prepare his path to the throne. It might not be rational or just to accredit all the harsh things that are recorded of this princess, the most odious of which are, two attempts to destroy the life of Christian whilst yet an infant, once by drowning, and once by poison; and her accelerating his initiation into every sensual habit by which his physical powers could be exhausted, and his mental faculties destroyed!

Juliana Maria, Queen Dowager of Denmark, was, when Matilda arrived in Copenhagen, yet in the prime of life, and the ascendancy of her talents, no less than her exalted rank, had enabled her to form a strong party amongst the Danish nobles and clergy; and still further to fortify her

she threw herself into the arms of Russia and
 in opposition to British politics. Such was the
 of the court of Denmark, when Christian VII. led
 a gorgeous bride, attended by all that was gay or splen-
 did in his kingdom, into his metropolis, and introduced her
 as the head of the females of Denmark. It is almost super-
 fluous to say that the fair stranger was every where greeted
 with the most flattering reception, and the loudest plaudits.
 The sneers and sneers of the envious few were lost in the
 helming torrent of festivity and joy which seemed to
 fill the wide-spread realms of the monarchy, the poorest
 appearing to participate of the universal gladness.
 It was not, however, the powerful connexions, the high
 rank, nor the ample dowry, of this young and interest-
 ing princess, that commanded universal admiration and
 respect, on her first arrival on Danish ground, but her
 purity, her innocence, her beauty, and her modest, retiring,
 and calm demeanour, which fascinated all who saw her.
 The venerable mother of Frederick the Fifth (*d*) could not
 but see emotions tainted by envy on beholding the lovely

The enmity of Sophia Magdalena was, however,
 less, compared to the intense malice which glowed
 in the bosom of Juliana, whose heart was torn by hatred,
 envy, and disappointed ambition at the moment when,
 with well dissembled smiles, and flattering blandishments,
 she aided Matilda as the Queen Consort of Christian the
 sixth. This task, however painful, she performed in
 great style, and if her malice had not been as much a
 source of notoriety as her ambition, Matilda might have
 found she should find in her an affectionate friend, a
 and mother. This ambitious step-mother artfully
 used her own eager desire of reigning, under the
 able pretext of regard to the welfare of her son. But

Sophia Magdalena, consort to Christian the Sixth, was then 66 years
 of age; Juliana Maria was in her 38th year.

Juliana's known qualities forbid the belief that it was for *his* sake she meditated and committed so many crimes.

Matilda, perhaps, *never* felt real affection towards her husband. It is more certain that he had little regard for her; for he continued secretly to visit the same impure haunts of loose women to which he had resort prior to his marriage. And here again the malice of her implacable enemy was too successfully played off; for the licentious courtiers whom she purposely placed in his way used all their efforts to detach him from his young bride, finding fault with her person or her manners,—omitting no opportunity of exciting indifference, in the hope of soon becoming confirmed disgust.

On her first arrival at Denmark, the conduct of Matilda was such as left no room but for approbation. Possessed much of that hauteur by which her family are distinguished, she certainly forgot not the dignity of *her* station. When the king, descending from *his* rank, made companions with his gay young courtiers, his consort exacted all the homage from the ladies of her court to which her exalted station entitled her. She seemed more attached to the show and pageantry of royalty than desirous of political influence. Notwithstanding all the vices of her husband, as he had a large fund of good-nature and generosity, she might have avoided the calamity that too soon overtook her, had it not been for the intrigues of conflicting nobles, and the ceaseless enmity of Juliana Maria. The acclamations which sounded wherever Matilda appeared in public, smote the jealous heart of Juliana as the knell of her ambitious hopes of attaining the crown of Denmark for prince Frederick, who was then in his 13th year. Still, she did not relinquish her immoral project. Her malice, ever fertile,—her hope ever buoyant, impelled her incessantly to pursue her destined victims. Even amidst the enthusiastic popularity of Matilda's first reception in the gorgeous and colorful palace of Christiansborg, the wicked step-mother

ly preparing plots whereby she hoped to effect the
 cession of the hated pair, on whose youth, levity, and
 inexperience, her impious designs were founded. She was
 belated by secret grief, when the marriage between
 Christian and Matilda was consummated. One
 source of hope still remained in the ravages which
 excessive indulgence in illicit pleasures had made on his
 constitution. Indescribable was the mental torture she un-
 derwent, when the pregnancy of the young bride was offi-
 cially announced. Her hopes were blasted by the glad-
 tidings that filled Denmark with exultation. As if to com-
 plete her dismay, on the 28th of January, 1768, the thunder
 of a hundred pieces of ordnance, from the forts and fleets
 of the island, proclaimed the safe delivery of Queen Matilda
 of a male child, the reigning sovereign of Denmark.
 Her grief might perhaps have expired of chagrin amidst
 the blaze of illuminations and the shouts of applauding
 multitudes, had it not been communicated to her that
 Christian was weary of his bride—that his constitution had
 so deeply impaired by his debaucheries, as left but
 room for her to fear he would ever beget another child.
 The infant just born, it was of a slight frame, and
 feeble and sickly than robust; and therefore the
 liable to fall a prey to some of the many serious mala-
 dies to which infants are subject. On such contingencies
 supported an existence that was scarcely tolerable:
 such fuel she strove to feed the expiring embers of
 hopes of ruling Denmark in the name of her son.
 The imbecility of the worn-out monarch, his corrupted
 mind, and aversion to his wife, were the real sources of
 the expensive tour which, a few months after the birth of
 her son, he made through Holland, Great Britain, France,
 and Germany. The motive assigned was to acquire
 wisdom—perfect himself in the art of governing—and
 to return, from a personal review of foreign institutions,
 with ideas for the improvement of those established in Den-

mark, or suggestions for new ones. He visited Wil-
 the Fifth, then recently married to the Princess Wi-
 mina, a haughty princess of Prussia, whose pride
 insolence, in a few years time, involved her weak g-
 natured husband in a contest with the burgers of Am-
 dam and other cities, events which led to the invasion of
 land by a Prussian army in 1787, and ultimately, the ex-
 sion of the princes of the House of Orange. The tin-
 passed there was consumed by a succession of sple-
 feasts, and delightful excursions by land and w-
 Whilst the royal Dane was at Amsterdam, he gave C-
 Bernstorff, and all his suite, the slip ; and, disguise
 an English sailor, went with Count Holckt to the I-
 deel, a temple consecrated to cyprian traffic, wher-
 supported his assumed character with great spirit.
 content with this frolic, they bent their steps to the
 (arrow) a noted brothel in the Pyl Steeg, where a be-
 mercenary beauties crowded round the strangers ; or
 whom, deceived by the fair complexion of the king
 his effeminate appearance, accused him of being a
 come in disguise to witness their mysteries, and she
 proceeding to disrobe her temporary lover, when she
 ceived a rich silken vest, and a star and blue rib-
 beneath his sailor's jacket, and at the same instant
 flaxen locks fell about his shoulders. In a moment he
 recognised as Count De Travendahl, the youthful kin-
 Denmark ! Perceiving he was detected past retrieval, he
 a handful of ducats on the floor, and whilst the girls
 scrambling for the golden prize, he ran with Count H-
 down stairs, leaped over the hatch door, and making
 cellent use of his heels, outran all pursuers.

From Holland, the gay and giddy youth proceeded
 Antwerp and Brussels to Calais, where a royal y-
 the Mary, Captain Cambell, awaited his arrival, to co-
 the brother-in-law of George the Third to Dover.
 of his chamberlains proceeded as an avant courier t

James's, to announce the arrival of the Royal Dane, and see that the accommodations were suited to his master's taste. (c) A train of royal carriages and domestics were sent to Dover, to convey the king and his numerous suite to London; but such was his impatience to see the famed metropolis of Britain, that he declined those sumptuous vehicles, and travelled in an hired post-chaise. Having heard that the clergy and corporation of Canterbury and Rochester intended to receive him with all possible pomp, the royal Dane was almost thrown in a passion, not being at all partial to formalities of any kind; and as to the clergy, as a body, he held them in the highest contempt, and spoke of them with derision. He said to Count Bernstorff, 'The last king of Denmark who entered Canterbury, laid the city in ashes, and massacred the inhabitants. Would to God they had recollected this, and would let me pass quietly through their venerable town where our ancestors have committed so many crimes. Is it conformable to etiquette that I should appear by proxy?' The count told his majesty, that the good citizens of Canterbury would find less difficulty in forgetting all the outrages suffered by their ancestors, than in being deprived of the honour of making him a speech, and kissing his royal hand. Finding there was no escape, he entreated the count to intimate beforehand that he had a mortal antipathy to *long speeches*.

In disposition, person, manners, and habits, Christian the Seventh was the reverse of his cousin and brother-in-

CHRISTIAN the Seventh was lodged in those apartments in the Stable-yard that are now occupied by the Duke of Clarence, and where the king of Prussia was lodged when he visited London in the summer of 1814. Count Holck, a gay, extravagant, dissipated young nobleman, first on the exterior of the place, he exclaimed, 'By God this will never do: it cannot lodge a CHRISTIAN in!' When he saw the interior, the count was disappointed: an impression not to be wondered at; the extreme splendour of Christianborg palace being fresh in his memory, compared with what St James's appeared mean and insignificant.

law, George the Third, whose regularity and dignified demeanour were objects of ridicule to this wild and giddy king, and his dissolute associates. Instead of his example reclaiming Christian from vicious habits, the latter laughed at him as a domestic quiz—alike void of elegance or spirit.

The dazzling whirl of dissipation in which his hours were passed, was enough to turn the brain of a wiser head than ever belonged to Christian VII. So rapid a succession of splendid spectacles was calculated to pall the senses, enervate the frame, and exhaust the animal spirits of him who was the idol of the day, the object of all those scenes of dissipation. Of every twenty-four hours, eighteen at least were thus employed! Where then was the leisure for the voluptuous youth to glean lessons of wisdom, and store his mind with knowledge? Unlike Telemachus, the royal wanderer had no Mentor but his own unbridled passions,—no pilots, but servile, corrupt, and depraved courtiers, who, to gratify their sovereign, flattered every folly, and sought, with lamentable avidity, even in the paths of infamy and vice, the means of making themselves useful or agreeable.

Whilst Christian was in London, he acted as he used to do in Copenhagen, and visited in disguise the haunts of courtesans of every class; from splendid brothels in the purlieus of St. James's, to the lanes in Wapping, and the cellars of St. Giles's. His youthful bride, his child, his rank, his health, were all forgotten! These nocturnal rambles in search of adventures were generally commenced after midnight; and generally after the king had been exhausted by twelve or fourteen hours spent in paying or receiving visits of ceremony; in promenades, drives, or dances. He opened the magnificent ball given at Sion House by the Duke of Northumberland, with his sister-in-law, the Queen of Great Britain; he stopt a minuet with the Princesses of Saxe Gotha, and the Duchess of Ancaster;

and within an hour after quitting those scenes of regal grandeur, throwing off his gorgeous habiliments, disguising his rank by the dress of a sailor, and making the best of his way to St Giles's, he joined in the rude dance of Irish labourers and their lasses, with as much glee as if he had never moved in a higher sphere: a performance for which, indeed, his former rambles amongst the sailors of Copenhagen had well qualified him. In the same disguise as the king, and passing for his brother, Count Holck, accompanied Christian VII. to these vulgar revels, and, on emergencies, protected him; though, to give the young king his due, he was by no means deficient in personal courage. On such occasions, Christian sometimes met with adventures that put his courage and forbearance to a severe test. It happened in St. Giles's, as he was going through a dance with a very fine healthy looking girl who had been crying cherries all day behind a wheelbarrow, that a gigantic Irishman, her lover, gave him a slight blow for pre-suming too much, calling him a foreign puppy, and bidding him keep his hands from the bosom of a girl that had an Irishman for her protector!—In a moment the king returned the compliment. Stepping between the combatants, Holck told the assailant he must turn his rage on him, as his brother was no match for a man of his strength. ‘By J—,’ exclaimed the Irishman, ‘your brother is a hero; and I am sorry I gave him the pat. Here’s my hand and my heart.’ ‘I,’ said Paddy to the disguised monarch, ‘am ashamed of having hit you, and if you will but *forgive* me, you shall *bate* me afterwards till you are tired?’ Instantly the king and his magnanimous enemy shook hands; gin was called for; Christian drank his glass to the girl whom he had offended; and whom, by the lover, he was invited to kiss as the pledge of peace. The blow the king had received called the blood into his fair and delicate cheeks; the girl was a fine healthy looking brunette, though a good deal tanned; the wild youth kissed her cherry lips, and

sliding his purse full of gold into her half exposed bosom rapidly made good his retreat, followed by his associate Count Holck, and laughing heartily at the adventure. Such was the manner in which Christian VII. passed his time in London, by which, as it may be well supposed, his health was more deeply impaired : as to his morals, they were in so bad a state before he left Denmark, it was scarcely possible they could be more contaminated. If this monarch had adopted this disguise for the purpose of enabling him the better to observe the manners and morals of the middle and lower orders of British society, he might have reaped much useful knowledge of mankind, of which princes in general are lamentably deficient. But his motives had their source in those lascivious images which continually floated in his mind, exciting his passions whilst every day he became less capable of enjoying the frail beauties whose society he sought, promiscuously, in Cleveland Row, or St. Catherine's. Like Tantalus, he was continually tormented ; and his desire after women increased in proportion as his strength decayed. Stimulants and restoratives were in constant requisition ; and the too celebrated Struensee, who attended Christian during this regal tour, marked the certain misery he was drawing upon himself by practices alike ruinous to body and soul for the king, without restraint, abandoned himself to destructive habits, whose rapid progress, within a couple of years, left him nothing but a shattered and debilitated hulk afflicted in the morning of life with all the imbecility of body and mind incidental to extreme old age !—The condition of the king soon became known. His mother-in-law, the Princess Dowager of Wales, was amusing herself one day with a lady of her court,—to whom, as it was conjectured for certain gratifications, Christian had presented a superb set of jewels,—with telling fortunes by cards. Christian said to her, ‘ My dear mother, I do you designate my majesty in your paper court ? ’—‘ I do —’ said

The princess, with an arch smile, 'calls you *the King of Diamonds*.' 'And what do you call Holck?' rejoined the conscious youth, colouring as he spoke. 'Oh' by a title far more flattering: that rake, who is so formidable to careful fathers and jealous husbands, is called, the *King of Hearts*.' 'Then pray, my dear mamma,' said Christian, piqued by her ironical allusions, 'under which of the suits do you designate Lord Bute?'—This reparation, as severe as it was unexpected, crimsoned the face of the princess; who soon after retired, evidently offended by her incorrigible son-in-law.

The Danish monarch hired his horses of a man named Baber, a master coachman, then living in Bond-street, who died about the year 1797. This person drove the king's carriage in his peregrinations about the metropolis. He used to take a pride in showing himself to those females who seemed most desirous to see his royal person: from one of these, who supposed he could not understand her, he occasionally met with coarse compliments, such as 'What a little Jack-a-dandy!' 'What a squinny thing 'tis, &c.' all which he took in perfect good humour. One day, as his coach drove to the door of his residence, a fine looking girl burst through the double line of attendants, caught the king of Denmark in her arms as he leaped from his carriage, and kissing him heartily, said, '*Now kill me if you please, I can die contented since I have kissed the prettiest fellow in the world.*' The king, far from being offended, gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and was laughing and skipping up stairs. He used to carry gold coins in one pocket, and silver in another, which he gave away, often by handfuls, to those who attracted his notice.

Christian VII. and Count Holck went to a well-known public-house, not far from the Bank, which was much frequented by Danish and Swedish ship-masters. Here they joined to the conversation of the company, which, as

might be expected, was full of wonder and admiration at the splendid festivities daily given in honour of Christian the Seventh. Count Holck asked an old Danish skipper what he thought of his king; and if he were not proud of the honours paid to him by the English. 'I think,' said he, drily, 'that with such counsellors as *Count Holck*, 'if he escapes destruction it will be a miracle.' 'Do you know Count Holck, my friend?' said the incognita, 'as you speak of him thus familiarly?' 'Only by report,' said the Dane; 'but every body in Copenhagen pities the young queen, attributing the coolness which the king showed towards her, ere he set out on this voyage, to the malice of Count Holck!' The confusion of the minion may be easier conceived than described. Giving the skipper a handful of ducats, the king bade him speak the truth, and '*shame the devil*.' The moment the king spoke in Danish, the skipper recognised his sovereign, and looking at him with love and reverence, said in a low, subdued tone, 'Forgive me, Sire, but I cannot forbear my tears, to see you exposed to the temptations of this vast and wicked metropolis, under the pilotage of the most dissolute nobleman of Denmark.' Saying this, he retired, bowing profoundly to the king, and casting at Count Holck a look full of defiance and reproach. Holck was a good deal confused, and not a little hurt, seeing the king in a manner countenanced this rudeness of the skipper.

When the king returned to St. James's, he told Struensee what the blunt skipper had said respecting Count Holck, whose reply was so ambiguous, it might be construed or explained more ways than one; yet, so obviously reflecting on the count as a person dangerous to the king that the latter said, 'I thank you very sincerely, Mr Physician, for these hints: I think I must transfer your talents from the path you are now in, and make you a *Conferentje Raad*;' (f) at the same time he extended his

(f) Counsellor of State.

to Struensee. The latter bending his knee to the ground, gracefully touched the royal hand with his lips, saying, 'Ah, my king! seeing as I do every day the vanity of courtiers, and the slippery ground on which mortals stand, wisdom warns me to shun the allurement of ambition.' Such was the first step towards the fall of him, ventured upon by Doctor Struensee; and the advancement of the latter followed, but not immediately. Struensee saw with secret rapture the brilliant path opening in view, that rapidly led him to the highest pitch of power, and suddenly precipitated him to the lowest depth of human debasement and misery!

For the better supply of his wants, the king had caused unlimited credit to be opened with a very rich, but penurious merchant in the city; under the assumed name of Mr. Fredericksen. Dressed as private gentlemen, the king and Count Holck went to the merchant's counting-house and took up five thousand pounds. The merchant was very desirous of knowing more of Mr. Fredericksen: he had employed a lad to watch him. In spite of his dexterity, the strangers got off unperceived. It happened, as the same clerk was passing through St. James's palace, he saw the same gentlemen, by a private door, enter the building where the king resided; and upon asking a sentry on duty if he knew who they were, he was told they belonged to the Danish king, as no persons but his majesty's favorites were allowed to pass or repass at that door. Displeased with this discovery, the lad, as soon as he was home, communicated it to his master; by whom it was told to his spouse, a female taken from the kitchen, and whose pride and arrogance were only surpassed by her ignorance. The wife urged her husband, when next those messengers called, to invite them to tea, she being much inclined to ask them to show her the king and his apartments. To this the husband the more readily agreed, as he conjectured, that this Mr. Fredericksen might take up the

money to lend to the king, and he might derive profit from royal extravagance. Thus, though from very different causes, the merchant and his wife were alike desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of the mysterious stranger.

Mr. Fredericksen, the next time he called, again demanded a very large sum, for which the merchant gave him a check on his banker. The man of business had barely time to ask them to take a cup of tea with his wife some afternoon, before the king and Holckt hastened away, telling him they would talk of that next time they came. The lad who had before tried to watch them home, saw them go into the banker's, and thence to the bank, where a carriage was standing, the door of which was opened the moment the gentlemen appeared, and drove off with such rapidity, the boy was obliged to give up a fruitless chase. Nor was it long before the strangers called again, when Mr. Fredericksen drew a further and more considerable sum of money. The merchant had by this time made up his mind the cash was for the use of the king, and that Mr. Fredericksen made an enormous profit by those advances. To obtain a share of that gain was the constant object of his study ; the ambition of his spouse was of a more exalted kind, aspiring to no less an honour than that of being presented to the king of Denmark !

Leaving Count Holckt engaged in conversation with his wife, the merchant took the king by the lappel of his coat, and led him a little distance from his companion ; and after a long and tedious detail of the courses of exchange being much against him, and the great risk of going too deep on one speculation, he ventured to ask the surprised Mr. Fredericksen, in direct terms, if the money was not taken up for the use of Christian the Seventh ? The king thought at first he was detected ; but finding that not to be the case, and that the merchant only wanted to get a share of a good thing, allowed him to proceed, in hopes of deriving amusement by the adventure ; thence, he answered in

the affirmative. The merchant's eyes sparkled with joy at his confession. 'I am told,' said he, 'that Christian VII. is the most extravagant and thoughtless monarch living; and cares no more about money than if it could be raked out of the kennels. Of course you make him pay handsomely?—Eh! you understand me?' It was with difficulty the king could restrain from laughter; as gravely as he could, he told the man of traffic that he had drawn a correct picture of the king's character. 'And pray, sir,' said he significantly, 'what is the nature of your employment?' 'My chief employment,' said Christian, 'consists in dressing the king, and looking out for amusements.' 'Just the thing!' said the merchant; 'then you are the more likely to have influence.' 'No man has more influence with him than I have: of that be assured.' 'Then, of course, you make a handsome thing of these advances?' 'Upon my word of honour, I never made the least profit by any pecuniary transaction in my life.' The merchant's face fell, considerably lengthened, as he turned his small eyes obliquely towards the stranger. After a pause, he began on another tack, and said he supposed he knew nothing of money-dealing, nor how to make the best of his capital? 'Nothing whatever!' 'How does the king dispose of these sums?' 'Gives them away: sometimes in coin or bank-notes, oftener in presents of jewelry or other precious toys.' 'Harkee, sir,' said the merchant, delighted by these confessions; 'would you not wish to make the best of your influence with the king?' 'Certainly.' 'Then, if you will suffer me to instruct you, I will teach you how to make fifty per cent on the capital. Let me buy the jewels and presents.'—At that critical moment, one of the Danish king's pages arrived, and desired the clerk to call his master, who was however less disposed to be interrupted. 'Pray sir,' said the messenger, 'is not the king of Denmark in your house?' 'The king of Denmark!!! No, Sir; there is no king of Denmark; only a Mr. Fredericksen.' 'That is the king!

‘ the son of Frederick the Fifth : the gentleman with him is
‘ Count Holckt, master of his majesty’s wardrobe ; and I
‘ am sent by the Princess Dowager of Wales, and am
‘ ordered to deliver this letter into his majesty’s own hands.’
It would have baffled the skill of an Hogarth to delineate
the stiffening horror that seized on the humbled and mor-
tified son of traffic ; his very complexion changed to a
sickly yellow ; the big drops of sweat poured down his face,
and every limb shook. The page, alarmed at his agitation,
pressed for an explanation ; which, in the best manner he
could, was given. The former laughed heartily, and told
the projector not to fear that any bad result would follow
his proposal to the king to help to cheat himself. It was,
however, impossible to induce the man of business to re-
appear. As soon as the page (with all the reverence usual
on such occasions) presented the letter to the king, the
merchant’s wife, who had been urging the count to intro-
duce her, was taken in a way somewhat similar to her hus-
band. But the count, who had been very attentive to her,
in the most gentle and soothing manner, bade her be com-
forted ; and taking her by the hand, introduced her to the
king ; saying to her, ‘ I have thus, madam, unexpectedly
‘ the happiness of fulfilling your flattering wish.’ The
speech was lost upon the woman, whose stupid stare
showed the complete confusion of her mind ; and who
might have changed colour, if the paint that covered her
cheeks had not prevented it. Pitying her confusion, the
king drew from his own finger a valuable ring, which he
would, had not her fingers been too large, have placed on
one of her’s. Desiring her to tell her husband, that the king
would never feel offended at what he had said *confidentially*
to Mr. Fredericksen, skipped down stairs, laughing heartily
at the adventure.

From the sketches already given, it will be conceived
that Christian the Seventh rather scattered his treasures
than bestowed them. That acting on the impulse of the

moment, he gave without discrimination; and it is too probable, from the audacity of impostors, and the modesty of suffering merit, that the former class of applicants obtained far the greater part of his largesses.

The king of Denmark, on the 13th of October, 1768, after distributing many magnificent presents, and taking leave of the king, queen, and royal family, sat off for Dover, where he embarked for Calais, and proceeded to Paris. There he was received with all the eclat and magnificence, in the power of that voluptuous court to bestow on a prince, who had travelled so far to visit the most polished court in Europe. The treasures of France and of Denmark were poured forth in a mingled stream; and the Danish king plunged anew into dissipation. The then Duke of Orleans initiated the latter in Parisian voluptuities. It was, perhaps, mere caprice that induced Christian to travel in Holland, *incog.* as Prince of Travendahl,—in England as a king,—in France as the Count of Oldenburgh. After dining at Versailles, with the French king, queen, and court, a large curtain was withdrawn, and showed him a fine view of his great palace, Christianborg, at Copenhagen. The prince De Condo gave him a grand hunt by torch-light in an illuminated forest. Such splendid spectacles, even in France, were scarcely ever before witnessed. No wonder that the youthful king was completely entranced, and lost, as it were, in a flood of pleasure. Whilst he was in this capital, in defiance of Struensee's remonstrances, he abandoned himself with more fury to vicious habits, whilst his health more than ever suffered, not only by former taints, but still more severely by a recent infection, which rendered his case almost hopeless.

On the 8th of December, the king and his suite quitted Paris, on his return to the capital of Denmark, *via* Strasburg and Altona, which he reached on the beginning of January, 1769, after an absence of rather more than six

months, and the expenditure of nearly two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The fair, forlorn, neglected Matilda, during the absence of her giddy lord, resided principally at the palace Fredericksborg, in the vicinity of Copenhagen. Though courted by conflicting factions, she joined with none, and showed the least ambition for political power. She appeared to feel a truly maternal affection for her child, and in spite of remonstrances, had the infant and nurse to sleep in her own apartment. She sometimes visited, and was visited by, the queen dowager and prince Frederick, but generally she lived very retired. She was improved in stature, and appeared much more womanly than when she arrived in Denmark. The glow of robust health was on her cheeks; she often nursed her own child, and a more interesting object could scarcely be conceived than this healthy and lively young queen playing with her babe. During this state of retirement, Matilda visited the houses of farmers and peasants who resided near the palace; and though she could not converse fluently with those poor grateful people, she gained their warm hearts by her condescension in visiting their cottages, treating graciously their wives and daughters, and distributing useful presents. Thus innocently Queen Matilda passed her time during the travels of her wild and dissipated husband.

The different factions were, during this time, struggling for ascendancy. The chiefs of those domestic curses at home to Denmark such accounts of the conduct of the king and the overweening influence of Count Holck, as awakened the most serious apprehensions. Queen Matilda regarded Count Holck as her most formidable enemy, and had vainly strove to prevent his accompanying the king. A rich, dissipated, and polished old nobleman, Count Chastak Rantzau, governor of Gluckstadt, a general in the army, a knight of the order of the Elephant, the head of one of the most powerful families under the Danish crown,

g ambitious of recovering lost power at court, had d means to induce Count Holckt to favour the appointment of Doctor John Frederick Struensee as physician in ary to the king, and to accompany his majesty in the d tour that he meditated through Holland, England, ice, and Germany ; anticipating, by the talents and influence of Struensee, to ascertain and counteract the intentions of Count Holckt, and once more obtain a of consequence in the Danish court.

Struensee was a libertine and a freethinker : he possessed considerable talents, and became a favourite with this man, whose morals were of the same loose stamp. Struensee, his father, was born at New Rippon, near Brandenburg, and studied at Halle and Jena. In 1750, he was made chaplain to Count Wigenstein ; he married the daughter of the count's physician. Frederick Fifth advanced him to the high post of general superintendent to the two duchies ; a clerical rank, nearly equal to that of a bishop.

John Frederick, afterwards Count Struensee, was born at Halle, on the 5th of August, 1737 ; studied medicine ; appointed physician to the districts of Rantzau and Aschberg ; resided at Altena ; in April, 1768, was appointed physician to the king ;—in May, 1769, lecturer in medicine ;—on the 19th May, 1770, counsellor of conference, maître du requestes ;—in July, 1771, first minister of state, created a count, and invested, by the queen, with the order of Matilda. Count Rantzau—the generous dissipated patron of Doctor Struensee—married his cousin, the daughter of his father's brother, Count Oppendorff, of Kiel. It was rather a union of the two families of Rantzau Oppendorff and Rantzau Aschberg. The count and countess had not been long married before they retired from the count's residence, and they never lived together more.

When young, the count was a very fine man : he was of

a profuse disposition, caring so little about money, when he was colonel of a regiment, if no other paper within reach to light his pipe, he would make use of Da bank-notes ! His purse and his table were always open to his friends. He was munificent to the poor ; to his vassals a liberal lord,—a brave officer, accomplished courtier and a universal lover. He possessed that cool kind of courage which denotes the firmest nerves. He had been engaged in several duels, some of a political, but most of a *female* origin, if the expression may be allowed ; and more than once he laid an opponent dead at his feet. In one case, where he had debauched the daughter of a gentleman whom he could not avoid fighting, and who rushed on him with sword of his child's betrayer, the count was for a time inconsolable ; he threw himself at the feet of the widow and made every mark of penitence, imploring her forgiveness. He then married with the *left hand*(g) the unfortunate lady he had seduced, and settled an ample provision on the mother and her other children. Time and new amours soon effaced the melancholy inspired by this domestic tragedy, and the count became as gay and dissolute as ever.

In the spring of 1768, count Rantzau caused Struensee to be placed near the person of Christian VII. The intention of Rantzau was to gain early and correct intelligence of the conduct of counts Holck, Bernstorff, Moltke &c. particularly with the former, with the view of counteracting Holck, and ingratiating himself with Queen Juliane. Whether Struensee had secret instructions or not it is certain he omitted no opportunity of undermining Holck in the esteem of the king ; he was admirably calculated to perform a secondary part, though with

(g) An intermediate state, between that of wife and mistress, in vogue in Germany, and called '*left-hand marriages*;' mostly used where a great inequality exists as to birth and rank. It is said that George the First married the female, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, in that way. A most ridiculous sort of custom,—vicious in all its tendencies.

inextinguishable
storm.

the whirlwind and directing the

During the king's stay in Paris, count Holck fell under his serious displeasure; just then arrived the celebrated count—then chamberlain—von Brandt, a sort of dependent and partisan of Rantzau's, the bosom friend of Struensee; a man of polished manners, undaunted courage, a saint as to religion, a libertine as to love. From the period of Brandt's arrival in Paris, the influence of the giddy and voluptuous count Holck was shaken, and rapidly diminished; but the time of his dismissal, and of Brandt's elevation to his post, had not then arrived.

The counts Bernstorff and Moltke saw without alarm the king's fondness of the gay and dissipated count Holck, who, absorbed in voluptuous pursuits, those statesmen thought him perfectly incompetent to state affairs: he might dissipate the king's treasures, contaminate his morals, and destroy his constitution without censure, as long as he did not presume to interfere with the political government of the kingdom.

Count Rantzau took the best means in his power to convince Queen Matilda of these facts; and that the great object of each faction was to prevent her majesty from meddling with affairs of state. The partisans of Juliana have accused Struensee of transmitting anonymous letters to the queen, containing the most exaggerated pictures of the king's debaucheries; and they have even asserted that Struensee himself was the secret instigator of the king's most criminal excesses, on purpose that, on his return to Denmark, he might pollute his consort!

Count Rantzau felt all the esteem of an affectionate brother towards the late king, Frederick the Fifth. He was not ignorant of the base designs of Juliana Maria. He promised her dying husband upon his honour, that he would never desert his favourite boy, the crown prince, Christian. He now saw that son surrounded by dissolute minions,

who were urging him to destruction. It is therefore allowable to presume that count Rantzau had no dishonourable views in the part he acted, as it were behind the scenes; and that in seeking to obtain power, he *might* intend to use it for the public good.

The king's irregularities led to more frequent personal interviews and consultations between him and Struensee, who knew so well how to use those precious opportunities, that, insensibly, he acquired, not merely an influence, but such kind of *authority* over the king, as a man might be supposed to possess who is the keeper of another's honour, a witness of his secret vices. And though the giddy young monarch took no pains to improve his mind by that intercourse with distinguished foreigners which his recent tour had afforded, Struensee was not so remiss. Whilst he revelled in voluptuous pleasures, he dedicated a considerable part of his time to the acquirement of scientific knowledge. During this tour, his manners, always insinuating and pleasing, acquired a polish and dignity before unknown. Even by the vain and dissolute count Holck it was perceived. Struensee, when a mere boy at Halle, was a deist; and of course, his intercourse with London and Parisian philosophers and wits, did not increase his reverence for revealed religion. In short, Struensee returned to Denmark a corrupted atheist, a systematical sensualist, and a finished courtier!—

It was a gross mistake that led Mr. B. H. Latrobe and so many writers to believe that Matilda once cherished a strong degree of antipathy towards Struensee.^(A) It was a master-stroke of dissimulation, intended to blind and deceive counts Molckte and Bernstorff; for, if the young queen had shown any tokens of preference or solicitude, ere Struensee had intrenched himself as it were in the good

(A) Authentic elucidation of the history of counts Struensee and Brandt, p. 40.

graces of his imbecile sovereign, the suspicions of Holck might have been awakened, and means found to remove the intruder before he had taken too deep root at court.

Such was the situation of the Danish court, on the return to Denmark of Christian VII. and his suite, at the beginning of 1769.

In proportion as the king's physical and intellectual powers decayed, Matilda had made more than commensurate advances. Her person was much increased in height and breadth; her air and appearance, more womanly, dignified, and imposing; her mind seemed to have acquired firmness; and, on their first interview, her enfeebled husband was almost alarmed at the beautiful and commanding aspect of his queen: reflecting on his own imbecility, he seemed half reluctant, half ashamed to meet her.

Unfortunate victim of the crimes of an unprincipled step-mother, and a vicious train of courtiers,—at that moment his whole system was tainted! and he should not have approached Matilda, to tantalize her imagination, and pollute her wholesome blood! Like the snail that crawls over the blushing nectarine, he defiled his youthful bride. The poison, spreading through her veins, soon displayed its destructive influence. For medical assistance she was obliged to apply—but, of all the physicians in Denmark, Serensee was the last of whom Matilda should have thought. At the same time that her memory cannot be held spotless, it is by no means improbable that the lamentable and disgraceful source of her lapse was the result of a diabolical plot, formed amongst conflicting courtiers, and intended to produce the sad results which ensued.

Amongst the Danish ladies with whom Matilda associated, her favourite was Madame Gahler, the beautiful, accomplished, fascinating, and wanton wife of the general of that name. She was at this time about 27 years of age: her figure, good; her complexion, remarkably clear and fair; features, small and regular, yet expressive; her eyes,

dark and piercing ; she was rather too much inclined to *bon point* ; her style of dress was greatly admired. Gene Gahler, her *fashionable husband*, was a good-looking man rather short and stout ; he commanded the artillery, and sided in the Storm Gadan. Philosophow, the Russian minister, and Struensee, were favoured rivals in this lady's graces, who made her charms subservient to her political views. She aimed at supplanting Count Holck, promoting the influence of the queen, and, through her favour, to advance herself to the rank of chief female favourite. Her Russian lover declared against the young queen's interest, and on that account Madame Gahler excluded him from her boudoir, and Struensee was preferred, much less from personal preference than the political power she hoped to obtain by making him her instrument. The courts of Russia and France each supported their favourite agents ; those were the statesmen, Bernstorff, Molckte, Schimmelman, Thun and Lauerig. Imputing his declining influence to Madame Gahler to the superior accomplishments of Struensee, and knowing that his rank as an ambassador forbade a *physician* lifting an arm against him, the Russian minister, like a cowardly ruffian, fell unawares upon his rival, and gave him a very severe castigation with a cane, a mode of discipline to which he had himself often submitted at Petersburg from the hand of Peter the Third, whose murder he was afterwards instrumental. His associate, *Salder*, was born in Holstein, and dismissed on charge of fraud and embezzlement from his post as bailiwick over Trittau ; he then retired to Petersburg to seek protection, and was added to the Russian embassy at Copenhagen ; an appointment that marked the contempt felt by Catherine and her ministers towards the Danish court.

Madame Gahler made love subservient to ambition : she dismissed the Russian boyard the moment her interest required it : and instead of monopolizing the attentions of Struensee, she did all she could to advance his interest.

in queen ; to whom she spoke of him as a man worthy esteem and confidence, and earnestly advised Matilda to allow her to state her majesty's case to the general, & might make it known to Struensee. Such was the first artifice by which the first false step was produced, and but the precursor of others that rapidly followed, which soon precipitated the amiable and injured Matilda from the pageantry of an absolute crown, to the lowest of human degradation !

The interview that decided the fate of Matilda and her mother took place, under the mediation of lady Gubler, the king's hunting lodge at Travendahl. On this occasion Struensee adorned his person with more than common splendour, and he certainly formed a striking contrast to the timid and effeminate king his master. Struensee was five feet ten inches high, and very robust ; his complexion fair ; his eye blue ; his luxuriant hair was flaxen, or inclined to yellow ; a high forehead, prominent nose, formed mouth, a good set of teeth : (i) his personal defects consisted in his appearance being too heavy to be useful—his neck was short, and he was a little in-kneed : from these particulars it will readily be conceived that he was a better figure on horseback than on foot. Struensee took particular pride in dressing with elegance ; he fenced and danced well ; and whilst he was in England, he took lessons from Astley, and greatly improved his horsemanship.

He wore his hair dressed like the queen, namely, curled on each side, a high toupee, the hair behind pulled up, and made fast with a comb. He was then dressed in a coat of blue cloth with gilt buttons ; a black silk waistcoat, small clothes and stockings ; the suit having

In the '*Conversion of Struensee*,' the portrait is rather a caricature of the man. In Mr. Jens Wolff's *Northern Tour*, p. 80, there is a better drawing, but the eye and nostril are very incorrect,—the chest too large, the attitude bad, the aspect effeminate. The likeness given of him in these portraits is more to be depended upon.

been made for him by the first tailor in London. Struensee was then just in the flower of his days ; the glow of health tinged his florid cheeks, and sparkled his fine blue eyes ; and if he were not an Adonis, he was at least a noble looking fellow, whose physiognomy and manners were calculated to make too deep an impression on an amorous, neglected, insulted, and injured woman.

It cannot be believed that Matilda attended this assignation without experiencing emotions extremely painful and humiliating. She inherited her full share of family hauteur. Struensee was, of course, all deference ; he said but little, nor had he occasion to say much, for Lady Gahler had beforehand apprized the queen of all the vices of her degenerate husband,—polluting her ear by the description of forbidden habits, the very knowledge of which was heretofore hidden from her, and which cannot be repeated by a woman of real modesty. Matilda did not possess that extreme delicacy that leads some females to prefer perishing by inches, rather than reveal their sexual infirmities to any man : on the contrary, she discoursed relative to her health with tolerable composure. But her bosom swelled with scorn and indignation, and tears of anger, rather than sorrow, fell in profusion from her eyes, as Madame Gahler recited those disgusting articles of impeachment against Christian the Seventh, that are too indelicate to be inserted. This fatal, this improper interview, so insidiously brought about by lady Gahler to promote her own personal views, formed the first important error committed by this young and inexperienced queen. Whilst grief and indignation thus shook her beautiful frame, Madame Gahler appeared affected by the sorrow of Matilda almost as powerfully as the fair sufferer herself. Struensee stood in a studied attitude, as if bowed down with intense grief : his left-hand pressed his bosom—with his right he covered his face, as it were to conceal the tears which, whether they were real or suborned, trickled down

ly cheeks. Matilda was secretly pleased by the
 rtful homage paid by the accomplished Struensee.
 'Spare me, Sir,' said the young, impassioned queen ;
 ne Gabler has convinced me how truly you are my
 : be then my counsellor, as well as my physician,
 if you cannot restore my peace of mind, as well
 as !' Struensee could scarcely conceal his tran-
 Madame Gabler was in secret raptures at the com-
 plexion that appeared to attend her diabolical scheme.
 slowly, in an attitude classically correct, the exult-
 er said, ' It would ill become me, revered queen,
 any other than professional advice ; and were I to
 do thus far, and offer my humble opinion, I could not
 do upon your own noble and just intention of appeal-
 the protection of your august family : yet there is
 not that probably your majesty may not have maturely
 considered : your infant, madam, is the heir apparent to
 crown of Denmark, and should you resolve to quit
 shores, your child must be left behind ; left perhaps
 risk under their cruelty who were the first great cause
 of his royal father's misfortunes.'—Struensee never
 better, or spoke more gracefully or impressively.
 He was overcome ; she almost screamed, when by a
 touch Struensee thus alluded to her separation from
 husband, and return to England, as necessarily occa-
 sioning a separation from her beloved child ! All the fears
 which rushed in a flood to her agitated bosom. With
 hoarse voice she exclaimed, ' Never, never will Iaban-
 don my child !' When Matilda appeared more calm,
 Count, in a distant and delicate manner, advised the
 queen to assume her proper station ; banish Count
 himself, and gradually take the reins of government into
 her hands, which, he said, her debilitated husband
 could no more be in a condition to exercise.
 Madame Gabler then, with earnest humility, supplicated
 her not to quit a court of which she was at once the

pride and ornament, and leave her child and friends to the mercy of Juliana. This name, as if by magic, roused a pride and resentment. ‘No!’ exclaimed Matilda with great energy, ‘I will not retire! I will face my foes, conquer them, or perish!’ This was the precise point which Madame Gahler and Struensee wished to work upon her feelings. ‘Thanks be to God! for this resolve,’ exclaimed the former, as she dropped on her knee, profane promise, in the name of her Creator, eternal fidelity to her royal mistress and her child. Struensee, whose heart was really touched, sobbed audibly. Soothed by the proofs of attachment and sensibility, Matilda extending her hand, exclaimed, ‘*Henceforth be you my knight!*’ Dropping on his knee opposite to Madame Gahler, Struensee dewed her hand with tears, as he breathed a solemn vow which he violated when the awful storm burst on the head of the young and hapless Matilda, to whom he so rashly sworn eternal fidelity!—It is foreign to the object of these portraitures to go profoundly into political subjects: the editor therefore states that Queen Matilda, adopting the advice and opinions of lady Gahler and Struensee, identified herself with these courtiers who sought her powerful aid; and Struensee, calling his academic friend, Enevold Brandt, to court, became prime minister and indeed, supreme ruler of Denmark. From this moment the intercourse between Matilda and Struensee grew more frequent, and the queen’s health was restored. Matilda was young, her passions were at the top flood, her feelings violent, her judgment weak, as is ever the case where human passions are strong enough to subdue reason. And if ever a woman merited punishment for a frailty, it was Matilda: let any one look at such a female, and such a husband! let them consider her tainted by a loathsome disease, and artfully led to unbosom herself to a man of high endowments, and in the flower of youth.

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 ry to Struensee ; and if the latter brought his deistical
 nciples into play ; if he were able, as it was reported, to
 ulicate from her mind all belief in revealed religion and a
 ne of future punishment or reward, then indeed the for-
 ms was dismantled, and, when betrayed by the traitor
 sions within, incapable of resistance !—It is difficult to
 side where the preponderating weight of blame rested.
 he first impulse of Matilda's feelings, in the eventful
 interview at Travendahl, took a proper direction ; which
 Madame Gahler and Struensee's insidious counsel turned
 side. Even at this period, the disposition of Matilda had
 nt much of that gentleness and good-nature which had
 distinguished her on her first arrival in Denmark. Her
 visage had become more bold and confident ; her temper
 me quick, severe, and imperious. It is consistent with
 he decided character of Matilda to imagine, when she
 had her blood tainted with a loathsome disease by an
 feeble and depraved husband, that every vestige of

respect vanished, and hatred, scorn, and the fiercest thirst of vengeance, took its place in her bosom. The enemies of Struensee accused him of having, through Count Charles Schak Rantzau, basely betrayed his unsuspecting master, and treacherously communicated to the queen all the follies and vices that disgraced her husband during his travels the preceding year. These accusations, like a multitude more with which the memory of the guilty favourite has been loaded, had perhaps no other foundation than the malice of his enemies, who literally carried their enmity beyond the grave. But to return to the balance of error between Matilda and Struensee.

The queen must have made unequivocal advances to Struensee: but let not her memory be unfairly stigmatised by this remark; for if she resolved to transfer to him the heart that her husband had relinquished, it was then his *duty*—a dishonourable duty it was! to save the man to whose affections she aspired, the guilt and peril of seducing her. These considerations, however, offer no apology for her lover. What insult, wrong, or provocation, had *he* to plead? With all his faults, Christian VII. had been to him a kind and generous master, and he ought to have warned the young and irritated queen of the fearful precipice she was approaching. Struensee was clearly guilty of the most heinous breach of faith that can be conceived; and *he* had neither the levity of youth, nor the want of a thorough knowledge of the world, to plead as an excuse for *his* delinquency. Struensee was as great a sensualist as his royal master; but he had husbanded his stock of health with more discretion. This superior judgment blackens the turpitude of Struensee's conduct. It was impossible for him to stifle the voice of honour in his conscience, even if he were ever so firmly resolved to disregard its dictates; nor could he blind himself to the dangers that beset him on every side; dangers that were so formidable and so palpable, that when his principles proved too much

relaxed to rest, and his violent passions, common sense, which in many cases supply the place of honesty, should have warned him to desist from so perilous an enterprise.

In his defence, Struensee : med, and probably with justice, that during his att : lance on the king on his travels, he strove by every m : is in his power to wean him from his vicious propen : warning him of that swift and sure destruction in : ir continuance would involve both body and mind. Happy had it been for himself and for Matilda if he co : e curbed his own passion, and taught the young and i : queen also to curb her vindictive feelings, and avoid c : honour. If he had pursued this direct, straight : d : rable course ; if, with all the pathos and eloqu : e of which he was master, he had told the queen that hi : e she might command, but his fidelity he must preserve ; a : that, although as an humble friend he might serve her, as a lover he should entail eternal ruin and disgrace on her head and on his own, it is highly probable that the awakened pride of the haughty Matilda might have averted the calamity and disgrace that followed ; and Struensee, faithful to his sovereign, and respected by the woman whom he had saved from dishonour, might still have gratified the utmost scope of laudable ambition, and lived and died honoured and respected. Instead of which, he rushed, with his eyes open, upon infamy and destruction, cruelly dragging his unfortunate queen with him to perdition.

Quitting these topics for a while, to delineate the condition of Christian VII. at this period of his reign, it is exceedingly difficult to comprehend the real state of the king's intellects; his senses were so far unimpaired that he recognised every body with whom he was acquainted; and occasionally he conversed, sometimes rationally, on common-place subjects: he had acquired the most fixed abhorrence of public business, and signed his name without investigation to every thing proposed by his ministers

During his recent tour, sensual excesses of every kind were multiplied, and those secret vices to which in early youth he was addicted, grew so strong upon him, that even the presence of his attendants was no restraint upon their indulgence; and, as though nature intended a two-fold punishment for those who so scandalously violate her laws, the effect of these vices smite the understanding, and paralyze the intellectual, as well as the physical faculties. During the seven months that Christian the Seventh spent in his travels, his mind was kept in a state of intense exertion by the fascinating objects that every hour assailed his senses, and he declined rapidly from that period; and the marked change was, by the enemies of Matilda and Struensee, imputed to drugs administered by their orders, and also to the brutal coercion to which he was said to be subjected. He certainly was reduced to a state of incapacity to govern Denmark before Matilda and Struensee seized the helm: but he was not in a condition that required the vigilance of a keeper. From being quick and sensitive, Christian VII. grew dull, lethargic, sullen, and dreadfully furious if greatly irritated.

Whilst Struensee was lord of the ascendant, the king was committed to the custody of Enevoldt Brandt, who, as well as Struensee, was created a count, the highest title of honour used in Denmark; and the wretched monarch was held in a state of liberal confinement, debarred from the intercourse and society of every one save those who were placed about his person by the queen and her favourites: yet, during all that period, he dined in public with the queen; accompanied her in the field sports to which she became so much addicted; appeared at the French and Italian operas, danced at the royal balls, and took part in Matilda's card parties: but little if any attention was paid to what he said, except as far as his physical wants were concerned. All the subaltern attendants and domestic servants were strictly forbidden to speak to the king! One

ly, coming from the royal chapel, the nominal monarch turned the wrong way, and lost himself in the vastness of his enormous palace. Seeing Struensee's page, he asked him, in a mild and melancholy tone, to show the way to his apartment. This person, a young, nice, gay Norwegian, and a favourite and confidant of the master, respectfully, but in profound silence, complied with the monarch's request, and conducted him to his silent prison.

Long after the wasteful and impolitic tour of Christian VII. the Danish court went on a journey through Holstein and Schleiswick; during which, the king and queen visited Count Rantzau, at Aschberg, (k) his princely country residence. The mansion was neither very large nor magnificent. The old edifice was much in the style of gentlemen's houses in England of the seventeenth century: the new house, as it was called, was connected with the ancient structure, and consisted of a suite of four large rooms on the ground floor, and as many above: the middle building was appropriated to the king and queen, and the principal courtiers, as Struensee, Brandt, &c. Next to the Danish females was the lady of General

The family of Rantzau was one of the most celebrated in Holstein, for antiquity and extent of their possessions, but more for the number of warriors, statesmen, and scholars it produced. The gardens at Aschberg were as much celebrated in that country as those of Stow in England. In the centre was a conical hill—perhaps an ancient tumulus—round which a spiral walk led to the summit. This mount was planted with ash-trees, which signifies a mountain, and the name of this county either gave its name to, or was derived from this mount. On the top was a rural seat, from which there was a fine view over a lake of eight miles breadth, studded by woody islands and picturesque shores. From the post road, a row of venerable elms formed a noble avenue leading to the princely residence. At a small distance was a tolerably good inn, where the king and his nobles lodged, and which, in summer time, was generally full of company from Hamburgh, Lobec, &c. who were attracted by the rural beauties of Aschberg.

Gahler, and the wife of Counsellor Fabricius, (1) a beautiful gay, intriguing woman, whose husband was one of Struensee's confidential friends. Count Rantzau himself was one of the most finished libertines of the age. That experienced courtier saw with surprise the bold and altered manners of the young queen, and the licentiousness that reigned amongst her female train. It was the opportunity that this Holstein journey, and the residence of the court at his house, afforded the count of observing the conduct of Struensee and the queen, that convinced him he had introduced an agent who had already towered high above himself, and probably would soon kick down the ladder by which he had been raised. His suspicions once awakened he narrowly watched the demeanour of the queen and Struensee, the result of which, confirming his jealous fears to their utmost extent, eradicated every feeling of friendship towards Struensee, and in its place implanted those deadly feelings of hatred which, at no very distant day, led to the destruction of the incautious minion of the youthful queen.

During the residence of the court at the count's mansion he found means, in spite of the vigilance of Brandt and Struensee, to obtain private conversation with the king. Count Rantzau knew the imbecility of his unhappy sovereign too well to commit himself: all he wished was to ascertain the real state of the king's mind, who, pleased with the puerile amusements that were provided, seemed perfectly indifferent to every thing else. Rantzau gazed on the emasculated being with looks fraught with more meaning than his words conveyed, and tears, genuine and suborned, trickled copiously down his furrowed cheeks. The king seemed suddenly affected; for a moment, the former sensibility and vivacity of his character illumined

(1) This gentleman was possessed of very superior talents; he was Struensee's confidential adviser, whose fall involved him in ruin.

dimmed eye and pallid cheek. He seized the count by hand, and said, ' You were a true friend to my father, and will never be an enemy to me ?' — ' Never, sire ! never till I hesitate to sacrifice my life in your defence !' Rantzau then falling on one knee, drew an antique ring from his finger, and putting it on the king's, in a solemn manner said, ' This ring, sire, was given me by your royal father when I returned from Russia, and when, by fortunate portions there, I was the humble means of averting a great calamity that threatened his throne : deign to wear it for my sake, and for your father's ; and if ever your majesty thinks yourself in danger, and you want the assistance of Rantzau, send this ring to me, and I will flee to the wings of affection and loyalty to your aid.' Rantzau had scarcely wiped the falling tear away, ere the king, seeing footsteps approach, fell off at once into his idiotic state, and running to a canine friend of his that was basking in the sun, took him round the neck, hugging him with rapture, called him *his faithful guard*, by which metaphor Rantzau perfectly understood the king's approbation of his conduct, and acceptance of his proffered aid. This uncommon dog was of the creole blood-hound kind, liver-colored, of prodigious height and size ; his broad chest equaled all the strength of the English mastiff ; his form, though colossal, approached the elegance of the Italian greyhound. He was called *Gourmand*. Gourmand (*m*) had a carriage for his sole use when the king travelled, and a page to attend him ! He was served with food from the king's table, and was often fed by his royal master's hand. In the midst of regal etiquette, Gourmand alone acted

Gourmand, on account of his beauty and gigantic size, was presented to the king by a nobleman who resided at or near Lubek. After the fall of Christian VII. was deprived of his favourite dog, which was given to the person by whom it had been presented. It is said that this dog helped on and seized an assassin, who, at a masquerade in 1772, was sent with a view to kill the king.

without restraint, though generally with distinguished decency: he would, when he pleased, stretch his finely formed limbs on the same sofa where his master reclined and then no one dared approach till the king awoke. He was playsome, docile, and *incorruptibly* faithful to his master: the only one of all the king's attendants of whom so much might be said with any regard to historical truth.

The partisans of Bernstorff, of Moltke, and of Juliane in derision of Struensee's new-born honour, named the four-legged favourite of their sovereign, Monsieur Gourmand, *Conferentje Raad*; i. e. *Mr. Gourmand, privy counsellor to the king!* Such was the animal, and such the honours paid to him by Christian VII. to whom he hastened almost before Rantzau had done speaking; a circumstance that led the count to think that the king was apprehensive of personal danger, and fully comprehended the meaning of the count's gift. It might be difficult to conceive a more distressing spectacle, than that presented to a contemplative mind in the wreck of this once elegant and accomplished young monarch, now become an object of fixed aversion to his wife, and of secret scorn even to his own courtiers and menials. Enfeebled as he was in mind and body, Christian VII. had yet sufficient consciousness to feel at intervals all the misery of his degraded condition, though he wanted resolution to quit those abhorrent vices by which it was produced. From this period, till the fatal 17th of January, 1772, the king took no particular notice of the count, but the ring kept its place on his finger. During the stay of the court at Aschberg, Count Rantzau spared neither pains nor expence to render his abode agreeable to the young queen. Each day had its peculiar festivities and amusements; music, hunting, fishing, sailing on the lake, and rustic sports, which more than any pastime, pleased the imbecile king. The queen pleased with the magnificence and respect with which Count Rantzau had entertained her,—little dreaming

the share that Rantzan, a lively host, had to have in her ap-
proaching fall,—gave him a superb box, richly set
with brilliants, that had cost him more than a thousand
guineas in London. Count Rantzan followed the court in
its further progress, anticipating in his mind all the sad
results that flowed from the imprudence of Struensee and
Matilda : but, keeping these thoughts close, and his coun-
tenance open, he eluded the vigilance of Struensee, Brandt,
and even the lynx-eyed penetration of Lady Gahler. All
the party, Rantzan excepted, were young and in the prime
of life : they were all the willing slaves of voluptuousness ;
all engaged in amatory pursuits ; and hence it is no wonder
that an old experienced courtier, who felt himself thrown
out of the chase by the instrument he had chosen to forward
his own ambitious views, his malice sharpened by jealousy
and desire of revenge, should be able to out-general the
giddy, gay, and wanton train, who filled the groves of
Holslein with music, revelry, and songs of love.

From the time that Madame Gahler, Fabricius, and
other ladies of their gay cast, became the associates of Queen
Matilda ; and after the influence of Struensee had attained
that marked preponderance that was sufficiently potent to
banish Bernstorff and Molckte, and monopolize the exercise
of sovereign power, the person, temper, manners, and prin-
ciples of Matilda, all seemed to undergo a disadvantageous
change. Notwithstanding the daily exercise she took,
either hunting or riding on horseback, Matilda grew ex-
ceedingly corpulent, and was become so much taller and
larger than when she arrived in Denmark in 1766, that a
person who had not seen her during the last five years
could scarcely have been able to recognise her. In her
attire, Matilda was always gay and tasteful ; and on state
occasions, truly magnificent, adopting a medium between
the fashions of London and of Paris. Her complexion
was exquisitely fair ; and it was a disadvantage to her
beauty, that the fashions of the day obliged her to hide

her fine silver tresses under a load of powder and pomatum. Matilda looked handsome in any proper dress, and truly noble in her gala robes. In her common evening costume, she adopted the fashions of the court of Versailles. Matilda had a bosom such as few men could look on without emotion, or women, without envy; and she displayed more of its naked charms than *strict* modesty could approve; and far more than the Danes had ever witnessed in the preceding queens. Making no allowance for the progress of luxury and consequent change of manners, the grave and illiberal severely censured the fair young queen for that which delighted the young and the gay. Matilda was a resolute and fearless horsewoman. It is believed that Struensee first led her to sit across her horse, like a man; and though this masculine habit, which was confined to the wives and daughters of illiterate vassals, was adopted for security's sake, it gave great and general offence to the middle and higher classes of female society. Perhaps her masculine and indelicate appearance, dressed in *leathern small-clothes*, booted and spurred, riding across a horse, disgraced Matilda in the estimation of the elegant and cultivated of her own sex, more than her undue preference of Struensee: a proof that, in an age of artificial delicacy and false refinement, the want of good morals may sooner hope for pardon than of correct manners.

The queen grew excessively fond of hunting; and the court, in every thing magnificent, kept up three hunting-establishments; and for each of those, there was a separate uniform on a very costly scale: the livery of which was as follows, *viz.*

The uniform for the king's stag hunt was a buff coat, light blue collar and cuffs, trimmed all round with silver lace, scalloped with blue; blue waistcoat, laced with silver; leathern breeches; cocked hat, laced; black cockade.

The uniform for the hare hunt was a green velvet coat

and waistc ; bern breeches, brown top-boots, cocked hat, green sash.

The falcon, or hawk hunt uniform, was the most magnificent, being crimson velvet, with green cuffs and collar, trimmed with gold lace; leathern breeches; gold-laced cocked hat; green cockade.

When Matilda rode out hunting, she was dressed at all points as a man! Her hair was dressed with less powder, and pinned up closer, than when in her usual habit, but in the same style, i. e. side curls, toupee, and turned up behind. She usually wore a dove-colour beaver hat, with a broad gold band and large tassels; a long scarlet coat, faced with gold all round, with lapels, and several collars, falling low behind; a gold-laced buff waistcoat; frilled shirt, and man's neckerchief; buckskin small-clothes, hose and spurs. That she made a noble figure when mounted on her majestic steed, and dashing through the woods after the chase, her cheeks flushed with ruddy health and violent exercise, may readily be conceded: but when she walked, the charm was dissolved: her abdominal rotundity, and knees that turned, for a male attire, too much inward, spoiled her figure, and gave her an awkward gait. The calves of her legs were of surprising circumference; her ankles large, her foot short and chubby. The king's dress was also a scarlet coat, buff waistcoat, and buckskin breeches: but so diminutive was his appearance, compared with his wife, that he looked like a stripling, Struensee, dressed in the uniform of the hunts that he attended, was the inseparable companion of the queen, and whose person his robust figure harmonised far better than that of her husband.

Although Struensee asserted, in his defence, that his only object had been to promote union and affection between the king and queen, it was notorious that the king was utterly disregarded; and that, even at table, the only place where they regularly met, seldom a word passed

between them ; and if they met in the galleries of the palace or elsewhere, they generally passed without speaking, merely moving to each other. In fact, the youthful queen grew very despotical in her manner and disposition, after the elevation of Struensee. Not only were all the attendants forbidden to speak to the king on pain of arbitrary imprisonment, but also to Matilda's son, the crown prince Frederick. To the former, lest some intrigue might be the easier carried on—and the latter, to prevent his being spoiled by adulation. It happened one day at Fredericksborg palace, that the boy fell down, and cried out lustily. Struensee's favourite page, Erasmus, chanced to see the accident, and set the little fellow on his feet. Matilda and Struensee also saw the transaction from the windows of the palace ; and an officer was ordered by the queen to send the page to the *Blue Tower*, a civic prison near the old bridge, Copenhagen, where disorderly persons were confined. Thither he was sent, and there he found one of the English postillions, named William Smith, who, forgetful of the royal orders, had gone across a passage in the rear of the queen's apartments leading to the stables. The queen and Struensee were there, walking arm in arm, and in deep conversation. For this inadvertent offence Smith was sent to the Blue Tower, and kept there on *bread and water* diet, which not suiting Smith's palate, he wrote on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, the following couplet, *i. e.*

‘ The Queen, Brandt, and Struensee,
‘ May the devil take all the three.’

Smith having broke prison, ran away. Matilda then ordered a prison-room to be fitted up at Hirschholm palace for the confinement of her menial servants. It happened once that a lacquey entered a state room on some occasion when the queen was there impatiently *expecting* Struensee. Enraged at the disappointment and exposure, she caused the poor menial to be imprisoned and fed on bread and

water; a distant view of the city, the harbor, and the sea, were to be seen from the palace. In spite of the terrors excited by the various scandalous reports that had got into the heads of the people, and the prejudice of the queen, a great number of persons, both of the nobility and the people, went to see the palace.

There are plenty of views of this great palace of Christiansburg to be found; by any of which, the plan of this huge and magnificent structure may be understood. It consisted of a hollow square, or quadrangle, each six stories high above the vaults: three of those were extremely large and lofty, and dedicated to state-purposes: three smaller stories ran between them, not more than eight feet high, called the *Messenin stories*; where the state ministers and royal attendants had suites of rooms. The queen's apartments were in the grand (or east) front, on the second story: the king's were on the same floor, but farther to the south: the royal chapel formed another division of this vast palace: a lower structure, or wing, under which was one of the entrances to this huge structure, formed a continuation of the Messenin story: Struensee's apartment was in the second Messenin story, opening into the grand passage leading to the royal chapel, and next to the queen's apartments: Count Brandt's apartments were on the same story, adjoining Struensee's, but next the chapel: from Struensee's bed-room there was a concealed staircase that led to the queen's chamber, by means of which, if Struensee had not been surprised in his sleep, he might have escaped.

It was not true that Struensee was appointed tutor to the young prince, the child being only four years old when that favorite fell: but, young as he was, he had an aversion to Struensee that could not be subdued. In defiance of all representations, the attendants had told him that Struensee was a bad man: nor could his mother make him call her favorite either Count, or Excellency, but always '*the Doctor*,' and that with a tone of marked contempt.

Under Struensee's directions, the young prince was treated in a very hardy manner : a companion was assigned him, a soldier's child, whose name was *Edward*. This boy was called a prince ; he was dressed in the same plain uniform as the crown prince, eat of the same food, and out of the same dish with him, and slept on the same mattress. This experiment was made with a view to repress, in his earliest years, those exalted notions of self-importance, that had proved so fatal to his unhappy father : and it seems to have answered its intended object ; for the present king is universally acknowledged as the least haughty or assuming of sovereigns. These pair of little men, Frederick and Edward, (n) frequently contended for mastery. One day when they had fought with greater fury than usual, Frederick asked Edward how he dared raise his hand against *his* prince ?—‘ A prince !’ replied the other, ‘ I am a prince as well as you !’ ‘ Yes, but I am crown prince,’ rejoined Frederick, and fell upon him again. Matilda, hearing of this sally, had the little urchin sent for to her apartment as well as his companion, insisting that he should beg pardon of Edward : Frederick refused to submit to be awarded, and the queen, provoked by his stubbornness, began

(n) A singular story was, a few months since, circulated in the Dutch and German papers, stating that some individual had started up pretending to be a legitimate son of Christian VII. and Queen Matilda. Can this claimant be this same *Edward*? Connected with this rumour was another, stating that some individuals had been arrested for proposing the abolition of the existent despotism, and a return to the freedom enjoyed by their rude but unshackled forefathers. At the present hour, May, 1822, there is another rumour afloat, namely, that an *exchange* is likely to take place between Frederick V. of Denmark, and his first cousin, George IV. of Great Britain, of the insular territories of Denmark in return for Hanover and its dependencies, with the professed view to have the command of the Baltic sea and to *shut up the Czar*!—After having broken down the strongest barrier that opposed the march of Russian ambition in that direction, ceding Finland to Russia ;—after having *opened* the way for the armies of Russia to gain possession of *North Bergen* and the ports of Norway—it is worse than attempting to drown a live eel, to talk of *shutting up the Czar*!—EDITOR.

severely with her own hand: he was conquered, but subdued. As he withdrew, he turned his eyes resolutely towards Struensee, and said, 'I'll go to the king, my father, and tell him of this, who shall send that *nasty star* away from you.' By means of these severities, Edda, in his days of infancy, lost his affections; so that so, that if he were very unruly, his attendants, perhaps as much from malignant feelings as ignorance, used *brocken* to take him to the queen! The probability is, that to the system thus introduced, this prince is indebted for the comparative strength he afterwards acquired; for *basely* he was a weakly, puny child; very cross and *pursoome*, almost continually crying; would not walk, *cried* till he was carried; and even at two years old, attendants, to make him quiet, used to tell him, '*Your father shall come to you.*' (o) To get over these *hindrances* to sound health and intellects, Struensee, with the sanction of the queen, made a total change in the child's *care*—his food thenceforth was of the most plain and *ple* description, such as bread, rice, fruits, milk, vegetables, all cold—he was bathed in cold water two or three times each week, till at last he would go of himself to the bath. The boys were very thin clad; and the last winter *He* had neither shoes nor stockings, nor any fire in the room. Every thing was permitted them that they could prepare or produce by their own powers. If they

Whatever might have been the case in his days of infancy, and he was *five* years old when his unhappy mother was dethroned, imprisoned, *starved*—when he grew older, and after he had assumed the reins of *government*, this prince appeared to venerate the memory of his mother, to cherish the most absolute belief of her innocence. Yet, he never *bid* her ashes to re-enter the sacred remains in Danish earth,—he never *passed* the sentence pronounced upon her, nor punished in any way any of the *nobles* and nobles that had been concerned in her arrest. These *acts* seem to indicate, that although as a son he might lament his *father's* hard fate, yet, as a sovereign, he could not conscientiously avow *doubt* of her innocence.

cried for any thing they desired, it was not given them nor were they corrected, menaced, or coaxed : if they fell there they laid till they got up by their own help ; no one was to show any concern, or say any thing to them about it : the crown prince and his comrade played together ; dressing and in eating they assisted each other : the apartment being free from any thing whereby they could injure themselves, they were not disturbed whatever noise they made ; and their solitary life soon reconciled them after their petty quarrels : both were called by their christian names only : they were accustomed to see strangers by which means confidence and ease were acquired : his education was to commence in his sixth year ; prior to which he was left to the effects of his own experience : temperate diet, and exercise : they were left by themselves day and night, by which means the fear of darkness was removed ; and the attendants were, as it is already stated, strictly forbidden to play or converse with them. After the introduction of this system, the crown prince was seldom ill ; and with the exception of one or two slight indispositions, his health was uninterrupted : he had the small-pox from inoculation, extremely light, and also the measles. He had acquired as much knowledge,' said Struensee to his accusers, 'as could be expected from a child of tender years ; he could dress and undress himself without assistance ; and go up and down the great staircase of the palace in a steady and careful manner ; and was capable of every thing that could be expected from a child of his years. His health was improved, his temper and bad habits corrected ; and the utmost care taken that his infant mind should not be inflated with vanity by adulation and high-sounding titles, through which the morals of princes are so frequently vitiated in their infancy.' It redounds to the honour of Struensee, that his enemies, by paying their court to the prejudices of the most illiterate and ignorant of the people, actually made this system

imposed a capital charge against him, falsely and absurdly affirming that it endangered not only the health, but the life and understanding of the prince.

During the residence at Hirschholm palace, of Matilda and her demoralised court, in 1771, a *black* boy, introduced by Count Brandt, was constantly with the king. The presence of this youth, and its occasion, gave rise to many strange conjectures. After the fall of Brandt and Struensee, the young black was heard of no more. It was remarked that the boy never looked happy, and always seemed anxious to keep as far from the king as possible. The dog Gourmand, and this young negro, were the king's chief associates.

The Empress Catherine sent a beautiful young Circassian princess, whom Potemkin captured with the grand Emir's tent at ———, as a present to Queen Matilda. The Circassian was placed in the queen's apartments, with the title of her chamber; after the fall of Matilda, she was introduced to the Russian court: she was very vivacious and gay, and then about fifteen years of age.

At Hirschholm, Struensee generally breakfasted in the queen's apartment. the table was spread with a profusion of dried meats, eggs, and other substantial food; as well as tea, coffee, and chocolate. The queen generally made a very hearty breakfast, and, at this period of her life, indulged her appetites too freely. If her career had not been shorted, she was in a fair way to become notorious for all that was ungraceful and unfeminine.

The royal palace of Hirschholm—i. e. the Isle of Harts—what English travellers termed the Hampton Court of Denmark, was, during the ascendancy of the queen and Struensee, the scene of high-wrought sensuality in every thing. Every thing was there to inflame the passions, and afford immediate gratification! Night and day were alike devoted to revelry, it was usually two or three o'clock in the morning ere the queen retired to her bed, and *eleven*

before she appeared in her boudoir. Before the queen and her nymphs set out hunting, a hot *luncheon* was served up in the apartment called the Rose, where the great officers of state, and foreigners of distinction, dined. This consisted of substantial dishes of meat, game, soups, fish, and pasties.

Struensee, even in Christianborg palace, generally took his breakfast and luncheon in the queen's apartments: sometimes a dish of chocolate or coffee in his own room, but not frequently. The solitary king was served in his own apartment, and was considered of little more importance than his dog Gourmand, or his poor negro-boy.

A few of the ladies of the Danish court followed the injudicious example of the queen, dressed in the same uniform as the gentlemen, and rode across their palfries as they did: others, under a riding habit, wore small-clothes and top boots, and sat sideways on their horses. Nothing could be more licentious than the court of Matilda in 1770 and 1771: her palace was a temple of pleasure, of which she was the high priestess. A modest woman, or a decent man, would have been laughed out of countenance. The queen was not then, as heretofore, generally beloved. She had grown harsh and imperious, even towards her women, who were mostly young voluptuaries, with whom Struensee and Brandt had filled the court; and, indeed, no respectable lady would be seen there. With those young blooming, wanton females, the pampered domestics belonging to Queen Matilda, and to Counts Struensee and Brandt, used to associate. They too had their balls, masquerades, concerts, and *conversations*, wherein decency or restraint were alike disregarded. The vices of the voluptuous superiors were implicitly adopted, their manners aped, their infirmities ridiculed, and their most secret transactions exposed. (p) Within three days of Matilda's

(p) 'The poor queen of Denmark was certainly very imprudent. I think she would even appear in full court in breeches, and : northern nations are rigid in the *bienséance*.'—*Walpoliana*, vol. ii. p.

g put to bed of the princess Louisa, (q) namely, on the July, 1771, she rode out on horseback: the horse aged and kicked, till he backed into a deep but dry h. Matilda, sitting firm and undismayed, flogged and trod the restive animal till she had conquered, and rode in triumph and unhurt. She was delivered of a daughter at this palace; to which the queen dowager Anna and Prince Frederick stood sponsors: an act of policy intended to lull the suspicions of their intended times. The indiscretions of Matilda were all reported to the Queen Dowager, perhaps with exaggerations; for this early period, means were in contemplation suddenly to destroy Struensee, Brandt, and the rank and power of Queen Matilda.

There was, perhaps no court in Europe, where more respect was shown to foreign ministers, or their convenience more studied, than in Denmark. At Hirschholm, two or three times in the week, they dined at the king's, or rather *the queen's* table. On their return from the drawing-room to their respective apartments, they found a ticket on their dressing-table, specifying where they were to dine; some at the king's table; others at the lord chamberlain's, in the room called the Rose.

The usual number that sat down to dinner (r) at the king's table was twelve; alternately five ladies and seven gentlemen, or seven ladies and five gentlemen. The king was a wretched figure on these occasions: not so the queen, who dressing very superbly, made a noble and splendid appearance. The king and queen were served on gold plates, by noble pages; the marshal of the palace sat at the

(q) Louisa Augusta, who was married to the late Prince of Augustenborg, and Crown Prince of Sweden in 1806. Mr. Jens Wolffe, in his Northern Travels, has given her a very amiable character. Her husband was certainly banished from Sweden, to prevent a *Dane* from succeeding Gustavus IV.—the exiled king.

(r) The dinner hour was seven o'clock.

foot of the latter; the chief lady of the household, at the head; the company, a lady and gentleman alternately, opposite to the king and queen.

A table of eighty covers was provided every day in the Rose for the great officers of state, who were served on silver plate: at this table, Struensee, Brandt, their friends and favourites, male and female, used to dine. When Struensee bestrode the zenith of his fortune, the pliant and venal courtiers paid him as much homage as they used to pay to the king. Like the guilty young queen, to whose debasement he contributed so largely, his person and demeanour was greatly changed for the worse: he grew haughty and imperious; more and more voluptuous and magnificent in dress and equipage: but was that to be wondered at? Where is the man who could endure such a flood of sudden prosperity unchanged? A common mind may bear adversity with firmness; but the man that could conduct himself with humility and forbearance under a long course of the highest possible prosperity, must be truly great!

Long before the fatal catastrophe occurred, in which Count Rantzau bore so conspicuous a part, that nobleman strove to regulate the conduct of Struensee. Of the nature of the connexion subsisting between the latter and the queen he was at no loss to guess; and he was perfectly informed relative to the treatment of the king, for whose life he entertained serious apprehensions. The attendants, by their shrugs, and occasional shaking of their heads, spread reports more unfavourable than if they had openly told all they knew. It was reported in the palace that Count Brandt intended to murder the king, in order that the queen, during the minority of her son, might be regent. Struensee had already committed the next greatest crime to murder; and he was in possession of the *sovereign power*; of course he wished to retain it, and he knew, as long as the king lived, he should be continually exposed to

ishment: it is therefore consistent with the usual course of law, and the frailty of human nature, to suppose, that would rather put a period to the animal existence of a dead being who was politically and physically dead, see Queen Matilda hurled from the throne, and him-
 self consigned to the scaffold.

Letters written by Count Rantzau to Brandt sufficiently demonstrated the reality of the suspicions of the king, respecting the designs of the latter against the queen's life. Of this intention the party accused were proved guilty; but of legal proof there was none. The law was shamefully strained; and if Brandt cannot be esteemed an innocent man, in the moral acceptation of the term, he certainly was judicially murdered.

As far as he judged it was prudent, Count Rantzau exulted with Struensee: if he had gone further, he might have been ordered to retire to his estate, and of course been too far off the king to render him any assistance in the hour of peril. Rantzau was never friendly to the views of Juliana Maria; he would far rather have seen Matilda at the head of the government, had she not, in an awkward moment, thrown herself and the sovereignty into the hands of Struensee. Count Rantzau would hardly have served the queen, if he had seen the least prospect of doing so effectually; but he was too cautious a man to engage in a conspiracy he should not be allowed to over-
 turn, or to venture his life and character in support of a man of so little prudence as Struensee possessed; and his conduct, in the case of the mutiny of the Norwegian army, in October, 1771, confirmed the suspicions entertained respecting his total want of personal courage. Struensee was then so vehemently alarmed, that his pusillanimity made Matilda blush, as she contemplated the pusillanimity of her sworn knight! Afraid of the approaching storm, he implored the fearless queen to allow him to quit the kingdom, as the only means of saving his life or

hers. She looked at him with ineffable scorn, and told him to fly from her whom he had deprived of character and friends, and abandon her to the *mercy* of her foes ! The bitterness with which she reproached Struensee on this occasion, and her constant opposition to his wishes of withdrawing from Denmark, are supposed to have had considerable weight in producing the ignominious confessions made after his arrest, which criminated the unfortunate queen. The haughty, violent temper of Matilda, whose mind was constantly perturbed, rendered her far less amiable in Struensee's eyes, than she appeared at Travendahl, on their first private interview. The want of courage in Struensee made Matilda, who was a heroine, look upon him with contempt : so true it is that there can be no true, no steady friendship, that has its foundation laid in vice !

The queen dowager, Juliana Maria, now began once more to show herself ; her hopes again revived ! She saw with secret delight, the embers of discontent glowing in every quarter of the kingdom ; and if she could not procure the crown for her son Frederick, now in his nineteenth year, she hoped, by the aid of the discontented nobles, and the military, during the life of Christian the Seventh, to attain the sole exercise of sovereign power.

The Queen Dowager affected to feel the utmost commiseration for the king, and anxious fear for his safety ! Her agents industriously spread alarming reports as to the horrid designs of '*the doctor's cabal*,' as Struensee's partisans were ironically called. She bore the most deadly hatred towards Count Rantzau : but finding he was as violently enraged against Struensee and Brandt as herself, Juliana employed her Secretary and able confidant, Guldberg, to sound him ; giving the strictest charge to impress on the count, that it was not for political power she was seeking, but simply to save the life of the king ; and that she should advise the establishment of a council, consisting of *Count Rantzau*, and the principal old nobility, to govern

the state. Artfully concealing the intense hatred that filled her whole soul, and the irreparable blow she was directing at the rank, station, honour, and life of her thoughtless rival, Juliana never hinted one word as to any intention of proceeding criminally against Matilda. Juliana was an adept in dissimulation; and in this delicate and difficult negotiation, she exceeded all former transactions of a similar nature. Whilst this tremendous mine was preparing, neither Matilda nor her guilty favourite felt tranquil. It was impossible but innumerable occurrences must have reminded them of their danger, and filled their conscious bosoms with the most gloomy apprehensions.

When she travelled, or went out in the woods, Matilda was constantly attended by running footmen.^(s) One of these gaudy appendages of royal state detected Matilda and Struensee in a situation that admitted of no misconception. Soon afterwards Juliana Maria paid an evening visit to Queen Matilda at Hirschholm. She travelled by torch light, and was attended by Chamberlain Blucher.^(t) This was the last visit Juliana ever paid to Matilda, and its insidious object, during the bustle occasioned by her arrival, was to afford Blucher an opportunity of gathering all the information he could from the young queen's trea-

^s They were usually apprenticed seven years; and performed astonishing feats of activity and strength, and would commonly leap a six-barred gate without touching. Queen Matilda often suffered them to run before her carriage all the way to Hirschholm, a distance of fifteen English miles, without rest. She they performed in two hours! Sometimes she would let them get up behind her coach, but not frequently. Their livery was very costly, and they wore plaids of gold in their caps. they had pensions when they grew old. Struensee had two, and ten other servants; he changed his liveries two times, as he was advanced in dignity; the last was green velvet: his running footmen wore buff jackets, sea-green scarf, green velvet caps, with a space of solid gold, with his crest embossed on the front.

^t A blood relation to Marshal Blucher. The then chamberlain is, or formerly was, living at Altena. An elderly gentleman of this name, and the, probably the same individual, is mentioned in the Northern Tour,

cherous attendants, relative to the proceedings of ‘*doctor’s cabal.*’ She stopped only a short time; and her behaviour to the reigning queen was more than ever flattering and kind; yet, not four hours before, with well-sembléd sorrow, she had, at a secret council, expressed abhorrence of the depravity of Matilda, whom she affected to consider as a woman lost to every sense of honour and decency!

The court lingered at Fredericksborg, apparently willing to venture into Copenhagen until the regiment Falkenskjold (u) should have arrived, which was intended to have relieved the Norwegian foot guards. Queen Matilda, and her minion, Struensee, saw themselves on every side beset with the most pressing dangers. Their frequent consultations usually terminated in the hope of some favourable contingency arising, and removing the source of their apprehensions, but without being able to adopt any specific remedy.

Whilst dismay reigned in the boudoir of Matilda, confidence and hope enlivened the countenance of Juliana and her faction at Fredensborg, for Count Rantzau had joined her faction. The high rank, talent, and courage of this nobleman, rendered the acquisition invaluable. They returned to Copenhagen Juliana; having, to favour her own machinations, entered the city before Matilda. After their first compliments were over, Juliana said to Rantzau, ‘Struensee dabbles in half measures, and he will inevitably fail; he should have ordered me to reside at Fredensborg, and have sent your excellency to Aschberg.’ Nothing could be more correct than this fancy sketch; and if Struensee dared to execute the projects of his aspiring queen, those, and other obnoxious individuals, had been reduced to a pow-

(u) General Falkenskjold, colonel of the regiment of Zealand, was a man of very arbitrary disposition, haughty, and over-bearing manners; was about 45 years of age, tall, and well made; full six feet high; he lived in lodgings in Copenhagen.

his state. But he trembled at the mere mention of so daring an enterprise, and thereby accelerated his own destruction.

At the interview between the Queen Dowager and Count Rantzau, the minions, Struensee and Brandt, were destined to destruction. The queen dowager, however, pledged her word of honour not to attempt any thing against the personal safety of the reigning queen. As soon as Rantzau was gone, Prince Frederick, who had been very reserved during the interview, asked his mother, how she could behave so friendly to a man towards whom her heart was filled with so much enmity? 'Because I wish the more certainly to ruin him,' was her laconic reply. Such are the morals of courts!—

That which accelerated the blow which levelled Struensee with the dust, was the ring that Count Rantzau had given to Christian the Seventh at Aschberg. It was sent to the count by Colonel Kohler Banner. 'The king has sent you this,' said he, 'and claims the performance of your promise.' Rantzau seized the token, and laying his hand upon his sword, said to the colonel, 'Inform my king, if in your power, that my life and my fortune are equally at his service.' Count Rantzau was, in his heart, true and loyal to his king; Colonel Banner, merely a partisan of Juliana.

As the decisive moment approached, new rumours of the boldest kind were circulated every hour, directed against Queen Matilda and her ministers. The life of the king was said to be in jeopardy, and Count Brandt was accused of beating and horse-whipping his sovereign. Christian VII was once the darling of the people: the licentious conduct of Matilda and her voluptuous court, had lost her the respect of the best class of people, and rendered the commonalty furious in their hatred of her, and her devoted nation. She was called 'the great w———,' and Christiansborg 'the great brothel.' All their former affection

for their king returned, when they heard of his being lected, insulted, and beaten, by Struensee and Brandt and even Juliana became in some measure popular cause in her they recognised the irreconcilable enemies Matilda, Struensee, and Brandt. How changed was the scene within six short years, when Juliana was almost generally execrated, and driven into retirement; and young and fair Matilda the object of love and reverence and greeted with acclamation wherever she appeared! perhaps Juliana was incomparably more guilty than the reigning queen, since to her deadly malice the frailties and the vices of Christian VII. were imputable; and if Matilda had had a man for her husband, possessed of common sense, and a sound body, in all probability she would have gone through life without reproach or disgrace.

Although the accounts published in Germany and England are in many important particulars radically erroneous yet the statement that the French and Swedish ministers warned Struensee of his danger from the machinations of Rantzau and Kobler Banner, are perfectly correct. But so well was Struensee aware of the deep-rooted enmity which Rantzau cherished in his bosom towards Juliana, he could not persuade himself that any possible circumstance could induce him to support the Queen against the king's party. Without Rantzau's help, and as long as the Queen Consort remained master of the king's person, Struensee flattered himself his power could not be overthrown. The work so ably translated by Mr. Latrobe is extremely unjust to the memory of Count Rantzau, whose motives and character the author was evidently acquainted, or determined to traduce: he even acknowledges that Rantzau, not long before the catastrophe took place, waited upon Struensee, and remonstrated with him on the state of affairs, and that 'Struensee met his arguments with objections; his protestations of candour with threats.'

'and his mornings with the usual *smile of contempt* of a 'short-sighted mind.' Yet, the same writer accuses Rantzau of a want of sincerity, and to complete his own blunders, stigmatises him—as a coward! A charge more at variance with truth it would be difficult to conceive.

Count Rantzau's character for courage and generosity was as well established as that of any soldier in Europe, and the splendour of his illustrious name, and influence over the soldiery, far more than the example of either Colonel Kohler Banner, or General Eichstedt, determined the subaltern officers and troops to support an attempt that they were taught to believe was called for by their captive monarch. Early in the morning of the 17th January, 1772, Rantzau showed them the ring that Kohler Banner had brought to him, and told them, with powerful emotion, *when and where* he had placed that ring on the finger of their king. It was this incident that determined their conduct. Seeing that their feelings were powerfully moved, Rantzau sent a trusty messenger to Juliana to tell her to be prepared at two o'clock: and having posted the troops as he thought most prudent, he led a detachment into the interior of the palace to arrest Queen Matilda, and the Counts Struensee and Brandt; whilst measures were taken to secure the brothers of Struensee, and all their principal adherents who resided in the city.

An enterprise more hazardous than this could scarcely be conceived; and nothing but the consummate prudence, courage, and address, which Count Rantzau displayed on the trying occasion, could have carried it into execution. The count had pledged his word of honour to the king to hasten to his aid at the hour of peril; and his king certainly had claimed the performance of that engagement: but his intellects were so feeble, and he was known to be completely awed by the restraint and discipline to which he had long been subjected, that it was not at all improbable the king should either totally forget, or wholly dis-

own, what he had done! In case of failure, an ignominious death awaited Rantzau; and if successful, he was aware it was too probable that the *sovereignty* would be transferred to Juliana, that he was about to pass for ever from the unsteady hand of the voluptuous Stenbock. Count Rantzau did not risk himself by any communication with the troops till the moment of action had arrived. The Queen Dowager, Juliana, was waiting in breathless anxiety the eventful moment: Kohler Banner and von Steddt were employed in receiving the reports brought by Guldberg, and other principal agents, and watching the residences of the rest of the destined victims. Meanwhile Matilda, Struensee, and Brandt, exhausted by pleasure, had sunk into profound repose, from which they were suddenly to be awakened to behold the frightful abyss yawning to receive them.

On the night of the 16th of January, a night for ever memorable in the annals of Denmark—a grand ball masquerade was given by the court. Queen Matilda, magnificently dressed, and full of spirits, danced with Count Struensee, also with Prince Frederick, and conversed with his treacherous, black-hearted mother, who seemed more than usually good-humoured, polite, and attentive. As soon as Count Rantzau appeared, the queen dowager and her son watched with intent gaze every glance of his eye, and every step he took. As he passed the king, the count bowed, but did not offer to approach. The king laughed, began jumping about, and ran to his friend Gourmand, that lay stretched on a magnificent sofa. Patting him on the head, the king said aloud, '*fortrorligste ven,*' i. e. '*My most trusty of friends.*' Rantzau fully understood the meaning of this signal, and felt his confidence re-assured: but again and again his heart ready to burst as he looked at the queen, Struensee, at Brandt, and reflected on the horrors in which a few short hours would involve them all. There

however, no room for compromise or parley ; the die must be cast, and he must abide the issue ! The ball was closed by Queen Matilda and Prince Frederick ; when the former, attended by Struensee, retired to her apartments for the last time ! Struensee must have gone to the queen's room ; for there his white bear-skin cloak was found a few hours afterwards ; and Matilda must have descended by means of the secret staircase to Struensee's apartment, where the guilty pair had their last tête à tête, and separated never to meet again—at least in this world !

The young Norwegian page, whom Matilda had imprisoned in the Blue Tower, for helping the crown prince to get up when he tumbled down, slept in an ante-room adjoining his master's, Count Struensee : he was laid down on a sofa, waiting the signal to go and undress his master. It must be supposed that at such a crisis this intelligent young man saw and heard quite enough to convince him, whether from secret conspiracy, or open insurrection, that his master was in imminent danger ; to which causes the very remarkable dream he had at that critical moment, was probably owing ; for whilst the queen and Struensee were enjoying the last few moments that fate allotted those victims of an unhallowed passion should pass together, he dreamt that he saw Godsckau, the state executioner, embracing Struensee, whose features bespoke the utmost horror and agony : presently he beheld Queen Matilda seated most magnificently, with Struensee by her side, seated under a canopy of state : then his wandering imagination carried him to the custom-house stairs, and he thought he saw the queen, Struensee, Brandt, Lady Gabler, and the principal persons attached to the court, approaching in a magnificent barge on the water, which in a moment went to pieces, and the persons in it seemed lost, struggling with the waves ; amongst them he saw Queen Matilda, who screamed aloud, ' Save me ! save me ! ' Struensee drags me down ! ' The young page, full of

horror, stretched out his arm to reach the queen from amongst the wreck, when the bell above his head was rung. He suddenly awoke, his cheeks wet with the tears he had shed; his limbs still shook, and he trembled as he obeyed the call. Just as he entered Struensee's room, he heard the queen's private door shut, and also the retiring step of Matilda, who had just left the room. Surprised at the affright and dismay so visible on his face, Struensee said, 'Erasmus! what ails you? what has alarmed you?' The young fellow could scarcely speak till a flood of tears came to his relief. Apprehensive he might faint, the count humanely took his hand and felt his pulse, which was high and throbbing, and gave the page some drops in a glass of water, which presently revived him. The count was still in the masquerade dress in which he had returned from the French theatre, where it had been held, which was within the walls of Christianborg palace. He looked remarkably well,—his face flushed with health and pleasure, and his fine hair appeared rather dishevelled. As the page undressed him, he asked the particulars of the dream that had frightened him so much? Erasmus remained silent: the count repeated his command, when, omitting the executioner, and the queen's exclamation, he mournfully told the rest. Struensee appeared thoughtful; but presently he said, 'You must go, Erasmus, and see Mademoiselle — in the morning, and her handsome face will soon be all to rights again.'^(y) As was his custom, after he had lain down, Struensee took a book in his hand to read himself asleep.^(z) Having a master-key, his page locked the door on the outside, and retired to his own bed. His sleep was, however, perturbed and unsound; he thought and he thought truly, that he heard strange voices, and th

(y) This was a gay young lady, belonging to Matilda's train, whose hand the young page had dressed previous to her appearing at court; and with whom he was supposed to stand in high favour.

(z) Pope's Abclard and Eloisa, in English.

footsteps of many persons passing and re-passing within the palace. At last he distinctly heard some one endeavouring to open, with a bayonet, or some other iron instrument, the outer door of his room. His fears then became realities: he leaped out of bed and approached the door to listen to those without; but softly as he moved, his steps were heard, and in a low voice he was commanded in the king's name, to open the door instantly and silently, on pain of death! It was not wonderful that the young man, instead of alarming his master, quietly obeyed this formidable summons, and gave admittance to his enemies. In an instant, but yet without noise or tumult, colonel Kohler Banner,^(a) dressed in full uniform, being red turned up with black, with two other officers, and captain Discontin, of the Norwegian regiment of guards, stepped within; two private soldiers holding each a cocked pistol to his head, and another pointed a second to his breast; whilst the colonel, bearing a wax taper in his hand, anxiously, yet softly exclaimed, '*Have you awoke the count?*' 'I have not.' 'You are sure of that? remember, you are a state prisoner; and your life pays the forfeit of a single falsehood.' The colonel then went to the door of Struensee's room: (b) finding it fast, he said

(a) Colonel Kohler Banner used to pay the utmost homage to Count Struensee, and frequently assisted at his ministerial dinners. He was, at that time, the secret agent of Juliana and Guldberg. In his person he was about five feet ten inches high; middle aged; dark complexion. It is difficult, in such transactions, to estimate characters truly. At all events, Colonel Banner was alike distinguished by a pliable conscience, and a stern exterior.

(b) Count Struensee's apartment was furnished in a style of regal magnificence: the mirrors were large and of the purest glass; the most common utensils, of silver, or silver gilt. The royal suite of rooms above the *Mes-
sage story* (i. e. *entré sal*) were of extraordinary height, by which means the *Mes-
sage story* (middle stories) were necessarily very low: thus Count Struensee's and Brandt's rooms were only eight feet high. Count Struensee's bed-room was hung with rich figured damask; the furniture of his bed, and of the windows, were purple velvet, richly trimmed with deep gold

to the page, 'Have you a key?' 'Yes, your excellency, I have a master-key.' 'Then open the door as softly as possible.' Erasmus obeyed: Colonel Banner was the first who entered, the terrified page by his side. There were three inferior officers, each with a drawn sword in his right, and a wax light in his left hand. The count slept so soundly he did not awake with all this noise and blaze of tapers; though his chamber was filled with mortal foes. He was lying upon his right side, his head resting upon his arm. The book he had been reading lay on the floor. After a moment's pause, during which Kohler Banner stood gazing sternly on the unconscious sleeper, he approached, and rudely seizing Struensee by the shoulder, awoke him at once to all the horrors of sudden and unexpected perdition! (c)

fringe: the canopy was formed in the shape of a royal crown. Between a magnificent dressing-table and the foot of his superb bed, covered by costly hangings, was a concealed door that opened to a staircase leading to the queen's apartment; by which means, unknown to their attendants, they could visit each other. Struensee was particularly nice in his person and dress, and used the most costly perfumes profusely. His page slept in an ante-room, through which lay the way to the count's bed-chamber; the bed furniture was magnificent, being sky-blue silk trimmed with silver fringe: it was concealed by a superb screen. A bell was hung over this bed, the pull to which was in the count's room. There was a secret closet in this room, also concealed by the hangings, in which Erasmus had the presence of mind to throw *some papers* and other articles before he opened the door to Colonel Kohler Banner. After the execution of the unfortunate Struensee, the faithful page found means to get into the room he had formerly occupied, where he found the papers safe; which, had they been discovered by his enemies, would have at once criminated more than a captive.

(c) The queen and Struensee returned to Christianborg palace, where Juliana and all the royal family had apartments; and where, in case of insurrection, they were likely to be taken or massacred. To save appearances, they waited for Falkenskjold's regiment, when general Eichstedt's dragoons, and Colonel Kohler Banner's infantry regiment, could have been removed; and then the devoted pair intended to have set out on a journey through the duchies of Sleiswick and Holstein: the delay was fatal: if their intentions been executed, it might have proved so to the unfortunate Christian the Seventh.

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described. Suddenly he r lf in wi
terror, said, 'What's all God's m v
all this about?'—Colonel Koh r, a
stern voice, answered him, 'You. |
ener: behold the royal warrant for y
me yourself without delay, and come. v . ' 6.]
allow me time to find clothes to di P..|
moe. Banner permitted the page to to nas s
robe, who hastily snatched a light b f |
manchester velvet, with round ci t d |
in London, and a waistcoat of t si ; (e) | | r
his confusion, he could not find : -cloth |
sant was forced to put on the ir of colli m
reeches (f) which he had worn at the sc .
as a cold wintry morning, and his , w b
for his master than for himself, as col to
him to go with a guard to the queen's room for

The account translated by Latrobe is radically false in many particulars respecting the arrest of Struensee; which errors have been merely copied into almost every work published since that time. Kohler Banner positively did not seize the count by the throat, nor him; and he had in his hand the king's warrant for Struensee's

The unfortunate count went to the place of execution dressed in those clothes.

Mr. Wolffe, Esq. consul-general in London, was the chief of an opulent long-established commercial firm; which was ultimately overthrown by national misfortunes that could neither be foreseen by their owner nor prevented. He was deservedly respected for benevolence of public spirit, and high endowments. The editor regrets having to state the errors that through inadvertence have crept into the pages of the writer. Mr. Wolffe collected his materials relative to the catastrophe, full forty years subsequent to its occurrence. To that circumstance, and to the want of better information in his informants, the string of errors that appear in pages 84 and 85 are imputable. The story of Count Struensee reproaching his page relative to a pelisse, and the crissche rok, a light coat, are totally groundless. If Mr. Wolffe were to make a diligent inquiry, he would be convinced of having been deceived.

count's fur cloak: (g) Captain Dissentin accompanied Erasmus, bearing a torch in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. Count Rantzau (h) and General Eichstedt (i) were at that moment in her bed-chamber, with several inferior military officers, bearing swords and tapers in their hands. Rantzau, and all the officers, were uncovered. His appearance denoted excessive agitation. Probably his mental sufferings were intense as those of his royal victim. The queen, who appeared almost as tall and robust as the count, was then standing with her back towards him; and one of her women was lacing her stays. When the queen heard the well-known voice of the page, she turned towards him, and said, 'Tell your master to emulate his queen, and repel insult with scorn and defiance.' Her face was greatly flushed; her features distorted by rage and grief; and her fine tresses, all in disorder, floated round her bosom, reaching below her waist. Her female attendants looked like pale mute pictures of despair:—the page gazed mournfully; and he was about to reply, when Count Rantzau fiercely exclaimed,

(g) In Latrobe's translation it is implied that Struensee had been arrested and sent to prison before the queen was arrested: but this fact proves the contrary; and that the queen was first taken into custody.

(h) At this period (1772) Count Rantzau was about sixty years of age; his features were good; complexion florid; and when young, was probably handsome: he had a slight cast in his eyes; was near six feet high; his hair was become gray through age; but to hide that *unyouthful* token, the old beau used black pomatum, i. e. pomatum thickened with hair-powder burnt black. His manners were highly polished. When he arrested the young queen, he had on a scarlet surtout lined and trimmed with fur; a commander-in-chief's regimental coat beneath, red turned up with buff; his under dress was silk.

(i) General Eichstedt was merely a creature of Juliana's: he had not one bright or amiable trait in his character; but was coarse in his manner; and speaking comparatively, illiterate. In his person he was rather short and stout; about forty years of age; arbitrary towards all beneath him; towards the queen dowager, her son, and Count Rantzau, fawning and servile. He lived in 1772 in the Kol Torvet. He commanded the regiment of dragoons, a company of which escorted the unfortunate Matilda to Cronenberg Castle.

“Dance! if you speak, you die!” The young man, distressed and confounded, bowed profoundly to the queen, and was hurried back to his master, whom he found bed, and greatly agitated. Perceiving that his page had nothing on but his shirt and small-clothes,^(k) he went to Colonel Kohler Banner, “Why is the poor fellow thus kept naked? In God’s name let him have his clothes:” upon which Erasmus was permitted to dress; whilst Colonel Banner and his officers were hurrying Struensee away to the guard-room, where Brandt had just arrived, the page contrived to take up his master’s English repeater; his ring and brooch, both of diamonds of great value, the gifts of the queen; ^(l) and also a purse that the count had laid on the table near his bed, containing about eighty gold ducats: those he secured, as he thought for the benefit of his master. In a few minutes he was called below: there he saw the royal guard-room blazing with tapers; and the two principal prisoners, who were kept separate. Presently two heavy-coaches drove up to the door: Struensee, accompanied by officers armed with loaded pistols and drawn swords, was put into the first coach, and Brandt into the second. Escorted by a strong party of dragoons, the parade proceeded from Christianborg palace, over the Ny Bro, (High Bridge) along the Stora Stradet, Konungs Nye Torv, and Norgen Gaden, to the citadel. Here the two counts were confined in separate rooms belonging

^(k) The anxiety shown by Count Struensee relative to his page, was occasioned by seeing him stand nearly undressed in a cold winter’s morning. Perhaps it was this circumstance, imperfectly remembered, that led to the errors that are mentioned in a preceding note. It was a striking feature in the anecdote, that a page half dressed went to the chamber of the queen, and saw her in the same state; her room full of military officers!

^(l) The repeater was of the most superb and costly kind, set round with twelve rows of brilliants: with the chains and seals, it was worth three thousand pounds. The diamond ring and brooch cost fifteen hundred guineas!

to the officers; and two officers, who were relieved two hours, were constantly in the room, and two sent outside the door. During their progress to the castle through the principal parts of the city, Struensee wrung his hands, and showed the utmost grief and despondency; whilst the companion of his misfortune, though not the witness of his weakness, Count Brandt displayed that high spirit which never forsook him, even when Godsckau, the executioner, laid his hands on him, to mutilate his body and take his life.

To return from this digression.—In the arrest of the queen consort, Count Rantzau had occasion for a fortitude and presence of mind. Difficulties beset every step he moved. When he reached the king's room, the glare of the tapers, alarming him as he seemed to have driven all recollection of Rantzau from his mind; whilst the sight of the queen dowager and her son called to the king's remembrance that inbred dread and hatred which he had ever felt towards them. With an air of fierce resentment and strong aversion, he turned to that insidious woman, then kneeling by his bed-side. Count Rantzau saw all the peril he was in: the alliance of the queen dowager and her son was such that they were petrified with horror. The count motioned them to rise from the bed-side; and then approaching, he told them that he had obeyed his orders, and rushed to his chamber.

(m) Count Enevold Brandt was descended from a noble, though not titled family. He was a far superior character to Struensee, and if he had been the favoured lover, in all probability he might have avoided that befel his friend Struensee, whose greatest misfortune was his being a *foreigner*. Count Brandt, in person, was moderately tall, light and of a fine military figure; he was greatly marked by the small-pox; his hair, and complexion dark; lively and gay to an extreme; he dressed with great elegance; was munificent and generous; a general lover, and the favourite of the ladies of Matilda's giddy court. The portrait, given in the edition of Struensee, is a wretched performance, not at all resembling the animated and voluptuous original.

“My death, sire,” said he, “which will be the sure result of your indecision, concerns me less than the fate which may befall your majesty after I am gone.” Weak and irresolute, the feeble king kept saying, “What can I do? what can I do?” “To save your life, sire, you must order Struensee and Brandt into arrest.” After a few minutes more, during which he repeated the same ejaculations as before, the king signed those instruments that Guldberg had prepared. The destiny of the reigning queen had occasioned long discussions between Juliana Maria and the king; the former being now eager to proceed against her with every possible severity; whilst Count Rantzau assiduously refused to have any thing to do with the business if the queen dowager acted as though personal aggrandisement, and the gratification of vengeful feelings, were the objects she had in view. Finding Count Rantzau obstinate, the queen dowager assented to every thing that he proposed, being secretly determined to humble him as soon as he should have put it in her power. Guldberg, Eichmann, Kohler Banner, like zealous partisans, supported the wishes of the queen dowager; and they urged Count Rantzau to consider the destruction that Queen Matilda might bring upon them all if she were left at

M. Guldberg, then about forty years of age, was to Juliana, perhaps, what Struensee was to Matilda; but Juliana was an able dissembler, and Guldberg was steady and discreet. Like Struensee, he was of plebeian birth, the son of a Norwegian clergyman: he had served in the church for some time. He possessed many good, and some amiable qualities; which, added to his learning and talents, had procured him the appointment of secretary to Prince Frederick, son to the queen dowager Juliana; a step that procured him the confidence he afterwards enjoyed. He was equally devoted to study and business. During Struensee’s short-lived greatness, M. Guldberg was a frequent visitor, perhaps a treacherous guest. After the fall of Struensee, he rose upon his ruins, and became a minister of state. It was not long after that he married two sisters, the daughters of a miller at Altona. After his dismissal, on the 28th March, 1784, by the son of Matilda, he was allowed a pension of 4,500 crowns per annum, and remained high steward to his patron, Prince Frederick.

liberty; nor did they forget to urge the probability was of Matilda herself falling a victim to popular fury soon as Struensee and Brandt, with their cabal, (as conspirators called the partisans of Matilda,) should be overthrown. Rantzau gave these arguments due consideration; and, partly to prevent Matilda from assisting her favourites, and no less to secure her personal safety during the hurricane that was approaching, he at last agreed to her arrest, and also her temporary confinement in Cronenborg castle.

To bring the king to this point was necessary to his safety, but also very likely to be refused. As the exalted king bore so strong an antipathy to the queen dowager and her son, it was not probable their presence would incline him to be tractable. Juliana would willingly have remained excused from partaking the *peril* of this project in the enterprise. Count Rantzau, however, insisted she should accompany him to the king's apartment. What was done to prevent that guileful woman from sacrificing him to her safety in case of failure; and her hatred and presence had the effect already described. It was precisely what Christian VII. never loved Matilda; and quite certain that he feared her more than any human being besides, more than his step-mother. When, therefore, Rantzau presented the warrant for her arrest, he took every possible pains to convince the wavering and irresolute king that a temporary restraint was as requisite for her majesty's safety as for the safety of the state. At first, Christian threw the paper from him with considerable emotion; but if at that critical moment Matilda had appeared in his presence, there is scarcely a doubt but the guards would have led the queen dowager and her son, with Count Rantzau, Guldberg, Eichstedt, and Kohler Banner, to the dungeons intended for their foes: but she was absent at whose sight the puerile king would have drooped, and the soldiers laid down their arms! After long hesitation, and after his

been awakened of her being torn in pieces by the infuriated populace, the arguments of Rantzau prevailed, the fate of the unhappy Matilda was sealed. These were the real causes of the arrest of Queen Matilda; whose noble conduct under the dreadful reverse that awaited her, suited a lofty and daring soul; and had Struensee been here, she would have lived and died Queen of Denmark.

To the Cherokee chief, the queen, though overpowered, was not subdued. The king had kept them dallying so long, that Rantzau was afraid day-light would appear before he should be able to get the queen removed. Matilda said to the count, 'We must make haste; it will soon be day.' Turning suddenly upon him in a firm, emphatic, disdainful manner, she exclaimed, 'Miserable man, well may you dread the light! the deed of this night will for ever blacken your life. Your fall will quickly follow mine. My errors will be obliterated by my sufferings: the fair and brave, the mild and the virtuous, will shed a tear at my sad destiny; whilst thou shalt perish unpitied, and be followed to thy tomb with execration. March! Astarte, hoary-headed traitor! lead me to my dungeon: lead me any where, so that mine eyes are spared thy hated glare!'

The count heard her with profound silence, and laying his hand on his bosom, said aloud, 'Madam, your reproaches I do not feel, because I know I do not deserve them. I was summoned by my king to his aid; and so may God judge and deal with me, as I speak truth when I say my bosom is wholly free from perfidy or revenge, and filled with ardent wishes for your majesty's present safety and future happiness.' Scarcely half dressed, and standing up in a large roquelaire, looking with a stern intrepidity on the surrounding officers, Matilda descended the gate; where a coach and four, surrounded by a

strong body of dragoons, were waiting to escort her to Cronenborg castle. Count Rantzau, bare-headed, attended her to the coach. Just as she set her foot on the steps, the enraged queen, as her last benediction, suddenly turned about, and struck the count a violent slap with her open hand on his cheek, exclaiming, 'Take this, thou 'accursed old traitor; and remember, this treason shall 'cost thee thy life!'^(o) The count, who must have felt very uncomfortable, made her a profound bow as the door was closed; and said, loud enough to be heard by all around, 'I am no traitor, madam; I fear God, I love and honour the king, and wish your majesty a safe journey.' The word of command being given, the escort set off. An officer with a drawn sword sat opposite to the queen, who looked round her with a smile of contempt, mingled with despair. The light of numerous torches, the glare of brandished swords, the prancing of the steeds, the rattle of the coach, above all, the spectacle of a young queen thus treated, formed a fine study for the painter or the poet, and never to be forgotten by those by whom it was beheld. When this high-spirited woman first entered the vast portals of that stupendous structure that now, partly shrouded in darkness, frowned on her fallen fortunes, how brilliant was her reception, and how little did she dream of this terrible reverse! As the escort passed the portals of Copenhagen, her heart, that heretofore had been sustained in that terrible scene by pride and indignation, began to sink. When she passed Hirschholm palace, she was observed to wrap her face in her large veil and roquelaire; her bosom heaved, and in spite of her efforts, she sobbed audibly, and clasped her hands together. The only mitigation her misery received was the presence of her infant.

(o) This prediction was verified to the very letter. Count Rantzau, being driven into exile, was followed to Avignon by a British officer, attached to the fortunes of this unhappy queen, by whom he was challenged, and by whose hand he fell in single combat.

daughter, for which she was indebted to the firmness of Count Rantzau, whose sufferings and mortifications endured this day were, as he emphatically declared, scarcely to have been indemnified, even by the crown of Denmark. (p) The count felt much dissatisfied with himself: the bitterness of the queen's taunts, as well as her prophecies of his speedy fall, sunk deep into his mind. The wretched imbe-

(p) The following account of the queen's demeanour on this awful occasion, is taken from the translation of the work of an anonymous German author, before alluded to.—viz.

Count Rantzau and Colonel Eichstedt went with some officers to the apartment of the queen, who, alarmed by the noise in her ante-chamber, called her women, and in the paleness of their countenances read their fear. He inquired what had happened, and was at length told that Count Rantzau, in her ante-chamber, demanded to speak with her on the part of the king. She expressed in the most affecting manner her grief, her apprehension that she was betrayed and ruined, and her resignation. Then, acquiring fortitude, she went, half dressed, to Rantzau, who read the order of the king, which she heard with firmness, and without interrupting him. Being unable to give credit to it, she read it herself without betraying any mark of fear, and Rantzau entreated her obedience to the order. 'An order,' said she, 'of which, perhaps, the king himself knows nothing, or which has been obtained from his weakness by the most horrid perfidy. No to such orders a queen gives no obedience.' Rantzau, with a severe air, replied, that his commission would permit of no delay. 'No such order,' said she, 'shall be executed against my person before I have spoken to the king, let me go—I must, I will speak to him.' At these words she advanced towards the door, but was withheld by Rantzau, who changed his entreaties into menaces. 'Wretch,' said she, 'is this the manner of a subject to his queen?' The fierce and irritated Rantzau gave a significant look to his officers, one of whom, more daring than the rest, advanced towards the queen. She tore herself from his hands, and called loudly for help, but no person came. At length, being alone and defenceless, in the midst of armed men, this unhappy princess, transported with rage, ran to a window, and would have precipitated herself from it, but she was withheld. They endeavored to carry her away, and she defended herself till her strength and resolution failed. When she recovered, and perceived no means of escape, she yielded, and was allowed time for dressing; after which she was conducted to the carriage which took her to the castle of Cronenborg. —By comparing this with the preceding narrative, the reader will be able to form a correct judgment of the conduct of Queen Matilda and of Count Rantzau.

cility of the king ; the fawning demeanour of the crafty and selfish Juliana ; the vague and uncertain prospect of any good, either to his king or country, arising from the fall of Struensee ; and the horrid doom which awaited the captives, all tended to shake his mind, and depress his spirits with gloomy presentiments.

Scarcely was the first act of this Danish tragedy over, before schism began to show itself amongst the principal actors ! The queen dowager—now queen *de facto*—was for making a puppet of the nominal king, and drawing him through the streets, that he might serve as a foil to her son, Prince Frederick.

To the king showing himself from the balcony of his palace to the burghers of Copenhagen, Count Rantzau had no objection ; but to see him parade the city, accompanied by Juliana and Prince Frederick ; to hear a hired rabble shout in honour of that woman and her son, filled his mind with disgust. As soon as the danger was over, the queen dowager let Count Rantzau know there were individuals whose opinions had much more influence with her than his. This was particularly exemplified by her persisting in exhibiting the impotent king in gala dress, decking him with the richest jewels, accompanied in his state coach by her son. The king was thus exposed during several hours, bowing, as he moved slowly along, to the shouting mob on either side, in whose clamorous shouts the name of Prince Frederick was insidiously blended with the public homage shown to the king. Against this act of malignant indecency Count Rantzau in vain protested ; and six hours had not elapsed ere that nobleman *felt* that all his forebodings were likely to be realized. In his heart he regretted the too ardent zeal with which he had devoted himself to save a king who was not worthy of esteem or respect.

Whilst this political farce was acting, Guldberg and Juliana had prepared another bitter source of humiliation

to the fallen queen, and of gratification of that fell spirit of hatred and vengeance that would perhaps have led Julius, if opportunity had served, to have washed her hands in the heart's blood of Matilda. Whilst it cannot with justice be denied that Matilda's court was dissolute to an extreme degree,—it is equally certain that the foul and shame exaggerations of the young queen's indiscretions, which represented her as emulating the lewdness of Mariamne, arose from the machinations of the queen dowager and her party. Scarcely was the hapless Matilda safe lodged within the massive portals of Cronenborg castle, before the dregs and lees of the populace of Copenhagen were set in motion, filled with mistaken zeal and fiery frenzy,—pouring forth from their venal throats the most furious and horrible execrations. And what, in a particular manner, indicated the source of these sudden ex-cesses, with some of those drunken groups who paraded the city—the king's name was loaded with opprobrium, as well as that of Matilda. 'The scarlet whore'—'the whore of Babylon'—'the English Jezabel'—and a copious selection of other degrading epithets, chiefly taken from the scriptures, were vociferated by a thousand throats at once. Whilst, as the mob grew faint, or appeared to flag, new supplies of brandy were furnished, to revive their zeal, and excite to new excesses!

Such were the vile expedients to which the political enemies of Queen Matilda had recourse, to render her name forever odious, and preclude the possibility of her restoration! The character of the Danish populace is, when deeply agitated, and greatly provoked, fierce and fearless. Of these, the most ferocious were the sailors and their wives, and other suburbians, inhabiting St. Anne's quarter, near the Oster Port. Almost before the tardy dawn of a northern winter's day had revealed the transactions of the preceding night, those ignorant zealots were admonished to be ready to indulge in excesses, for which, at another

time, they would have been put to death by crowds, or condemned to perpetual slavery in irons! They assembled, to the amount of many thousands, near the royal residence.—They seemed in a manner organised, and led by persons whose motions they regularly obeyed. ‘Now the great b——y house is purified,’ said the ringleaders, ‘let us proceed to the purification of the city.’ Lists of names and situations of brothels were immediately handed about. The mob divided itself into masses, and attacked and gutted, not only every house of ill fame, but also the apartment of the poorest prostitute in the city; acting so methodically, that if there were only a single room inhabited by a courtesan, the brutal rabble seized her goods, and destroyed the doors and windows, without injuring the other rooms, or any other property. The leaders openly sold to the best bidder what they could of the plunder, and divided the proceeds; the rest they burnt in heaps in the different open spaces of the city. When they had completed this mischief—of which the queen dowager Juliana was the authoress—being full of drink and courage, they took it in their heads to march towards the citadel to demand the state prisoners; and but for the firmness of Count Rantzau, under the vile pretext of fear and incompetent power to resist them, their vengeance might have been saturated with blood, and the most unpopular prisoners given up to their fury. The count rode boldly amongst the fiercest of the maddened rabble; told them that strict justice should be done; but that the cannon of the citadel should be turned on them if they dared to approach nearer. The popularity of the count had perhaps greater weight than the menace he uttered; and giving him repeated cheers, they desisted.—Had they persevered in their first design of attacking the citadel, such was the strength and the fury that animated the savage, prejudiced multitude against Queen Matilda, that her safety would have been very precarious, if she had not been sent from Copen-

it!—Whilst such was the tempest which raged in the
it is time to notice the manners and feeling of the
pal state prisoners.

Struensee, during the first day of his imprisonment,
stupidified; he did not eat; he drank only a little
and water; he wept, but not excessively, till he saw
his faithful page enter, whose captivity called a flood of
to the relief of his master's bosom. The count, to
no one was permitted to speak, was so overcome by
most grief depicted in the face of his young page, that
he took him by the hand, kissed his cheek, and said,
"fellow! I intended to have provided for thee: I de-
lit too long, not wishing to lose thy services, and now
art the companion of my prison! Canst thou for-
this neglect?" Affected to a degree of intense sym-
sobbing and crying like a child, Erasmus threw
himself at his master's feet, and, embracing his knees,
"Oh God! Oh God! if I had not opened the door,
beloved master might have escaped!" (q) The officers
were present could scarcely refrain from shedding

At last, Struensee, a little relieved, raised his hum-
bled, his page no longer—from his suppliant posture;
ask, at his persuasion, a cup of coffee. The officers
understanding German, Erasmus told the count,—whilst
he lay his head on his knees,—that he had secured his
repeater, diamond pin, and brooch; and also his
key, which he slipped into his hand;—that Count Brandt
was in the next room; the queen at Cronenborg; and
others and friends all in arrest. (r) That his papers,

the secret staircase led to the queen's rooms, the count would inevi-
tably have been seized there: if it led to a gallery or passage communi-
cating with the grand suite of rooms, and terminating in some buildings in-
dependent of the crown, he might indeed have escaped from the

General Falkenskjold was thrown, in the depth of a northern winter,
snow and damp dungeons, where mutinous or disorderly seamen

as also all his property, were seized ;—and lastly, he mentioned the riots of which he had just been informed. The count was dreadfully agitated at this news ; and you could not expect better. The purse he contrived to hide under the bed. The watch and jewels he bade his page keep. Being fearful Erasmus had no money, Struensee took the purse to give him some ducats ; when, owing to his slipping, he was detected. This fact the officers did not conceal. The commandant, a lame short old man, soon came, and very unceremoniously searched the count's person, and took away the money. He then rummaged the page, and thus obtained the valuable gold watch which the count purchased when in England ; the diamond brooch, a present from Matilda, that cost five hundred guineas ; and a ring, which had cost one thousand : this was the magnificent spoil that, thus casually, fell into the hands of the colonel commandant Von Hoben, a cold unfeeling man, and an obsequious creature of General

were usually confined. Some friend presented a petition to Prince Frederick, praying that the colonel might be removed to a prison less damp and unwholesome. The author whence these particulars have been borrowed (Latrobe, p. 208.) attributed to Prince Frederick the following sarcastic and inhuman reply : namely, ‘ A man who has fought against the Turks ought to be sufficiently hardened to bear any situation.’ There was a sting in this reply ; Falkenskjold having served in the recent expedition against Algiers, which had totally failed, and thereby greatly exasperated the public mind against him and all the principal officers concerned. The malice of Juliana and her partisans was particularly bitter against this officer who was firmly attached to Struensee, and who would have prevented the catastrophe, if his regiment had arrived in time in Copenhagen.

Lady Gohler, with the general, her husband, was taken to the citadel and guarded by officers placed in their room : she was shortly afterwards removed from the citadel, and kept close prisoner in her own house.

(s) When Count Struensee was delivered as a state criminal to the commandant, the former said in a mournful tone of voice, ‘ I suppose this is totally unexpected by you.’ ‘ Not at all,’ replied the uncourteous commandant ; ‘ I have been for a long time past constantly expecting your excellency.’

Whether to insult, or gratify the count, a gilt chamber-pot and wash-hand basin, richly embellished, were brought from his stately apartments, forming a sharp contrast with the humble furniture of his present prison; and still more so with that to which he was immediately removed.

Addressing the count, the commandant told him that he was given to allow him four shillings sterling per week and two for his attendant; and that an orderly servant was in attendance to fetch what he wanted: then, turning to the page, he said, 'You have told the count of his situation, as well as handed him a purse of ducats: now, do what I say;—if, during your confinement and absence, you tell the count any thing whatever, even a word, you shall be sent to Gluckstadt, condemned to perpetual slavery and chains. As the count is ignorant of every other tongue, and you can speak German, you are to speak that language, and always to speak loud enough to be heard by the sentinels outside; and care will be taken that the soldiers on guard shall also know German.' It was owing to Struensee's interference that the chief servants of the two despotic counts were confined in the same prisons with their masters, with liberty to wait on them. He was afraid that otherwise he might be exposed to continual indignities, and private torture: to prevent which he obtained this privilege; a privilege which ceased when judicial proceedings were begun, and when those priests were obtruded upon him who were the abject tools of Juliana and Count Guldberg. Those carried to their employers the confessions extorted from the state prisoners; and, operating on the frightened imagination of Struensee, led him to condemn and criminate the queen. To complete their treacherous design, they published, in their accounts of his conversations, monstrous confessions, that if they could be proved, they prove Struensee to have been the most wicked, dastardly, and base of recorded villains.

Under the new regulations, discourse became irksome but the presence of Erasmus during the day time, who was lodged in a room below the count, was still a great relief. The second night, about midnight, the latter heard heavy steps ascending the stairs; and a clank, as of a heap of chains or fetters thrown down on the floor above his head. This disturbance filled him with terror; his fears foreboded that those irons were for the count; and he awaited, with fear and trembling, the same treatment. Presently he heard the sound of hammers, as if a smith were rivetting on the manacles and fetters! In about half an hour, the noise ceased, the persons descended, who passed his door without stopping: this was some relief; but the thought of his master's fate kept Erasmus awake and in tears till towards the morning, when his slumbers were disturbed by dreams, horrible and disgusting, of the count being beheaded and quartered.

When he was permitted to leave his own room, Erasmus went with a heavy heart to the count. The altered looks of the sentinels, who silently and sorrowfully shook their heads, confirmed his worst apprehensions. Struensee strove to conceal his disgrace, covering his face with his bed-clothes; but this expedient could not last long; and when the eyes of the master and man met, they seemed equally affected; both looked pale and haggard, and their eyes were swollen by crying. The page saw with horror and dismay that the count was fastened to a massive iron staple driven into the wall, by a chain of about six feet long, which passed through a swivel, fixed to a thick ring that encircled his right ankle and his left wrist, barely admitting him to reach a night-chair that stood at the foot of his bed, or to sit on the bed's side; the staple being fixed opposite the centre of the bedstead. From excess of grief Erasmus could scarcely speak:—seizing Struensee's hand he kissed it with respectful affection; and bathed with

bears the iron ring that encircled his master's
 wt. (f)

The most docile of all animals is man! He accommodates himself to all situations, and to the most painful situations!—Horror-struck as was this unhappy voluptuary when first he saw his limbs enchained, in the course of a couple of days his grief subsided, and he strove to relieve himself as much as possible by adapting his position to the weight of his chain. He even began to take his meals with something like an appetite, breakfasting about nine, coffee, rolls, tops and bottoms, and biscuits: at one, he took a glass of light wine, and lastly a cup of tea: drank tea about five or six o'clock, and perhaps a biscuit or two: he took no supper, but drank a glass of port wine and water. He was always very abstemious in wines and spirits; at least, after he was placed about the king. His meat was cut by his page, so that he might eat with a silver fork or spoon; not being permitted to take a knife, lest he should commit suicide.

The count was supplied with provisions by a French caterer named *Mareschal*, who lived on Reverentz garden, Konungs Nye Torve: every thing was most carefully examined before it was served up; even the bread was cut open; and the napkins shook, and held up to the light.

For the more secure confinement of the count, or—more exactly defining its object,—for his greater punishment, he was soon removed from the officers' barrack, to a room in the vallum, behind the church; a small, low, square room, with one small window in the corner, and scarcely three feet square; (g) the walls were bare; a stump bed-

(f) The count, many years before, had injured the wrist of his right hand, falling from a horse, and always afterwards wore a black ribbon round it. From that account the ring was fastened round his left wrist. Count M was chained from his left foot to his right wrist.

(g) It was in this chamber Sir John Carr saw a captive, whose fate he

stead, a bed of the meanest kind, a paltry table, close-stool, a stool, and two chairs for the officers, formed the miserable furniture of this gloomy place: but even here, as if to tantalize his memory, the silver-gilt chamber-pot and washing-bason were allowed him. He was now chained more closely than before; so much so, that it was with difficulty he could reach the night-chair, or sit upright on the side of his bed. This was the act of Juliana, who more than once, after the page was dismissed, gratified her malice by viewing in disguise the wretched victim of his own folly, and her treachery!

Without a moment's notice, Erasmus was dismissed; nor was he allowed to speak to, or take leave of his master! The count was so much affected by his loss, that he was at first quite inconsolable; and it was currently reported that he tried to destroy himself by forcing the silver fork down his throat. Immediately after this, the priests and lawyers commenced their operations, working alternately on the hopes and fears of the unhappy man; who was partly persuaded by his treacherous spiritual visitors, and no less impelled by the horrid tortures with which he was threatened, to accuse the queen of having first seduced him, and acknowledging himself the father of the infant daughter which Queen Matilda had then recently borne!—This act of cowardice, that did not save himself, gave the finishing blow to the slender hopes of the captive queen. The triumph of Juliana was now complete. Her exultation knew no bounds; and had not fear restrained her, she would have brought both the queen and the count to an open trial for adultery and high-treason. The trial of Count Struensee sufficiently proves how greatly the law was strained to reach him: as to Count Brandt, whatever criminality attached to his *motives*, no act of high-treason

bemoaned, and, perhaps, not unreasonably; but Sir John was assuredly ignorant the unfortunate had committed forgery—an offence for which, in England, he would have been hung.

was proved e remains an indelible stain and
 disgrace to the jurisprudence of Denmark. (x)

Too late, Count Struensee w and deplored the weak-
 ness into which he had fallen, making unreserved confes-
 sions to priests, who were dictated and sent to him by his
 mortal enemies. He saw that the hopes of mercy insidi-
 ously held out were all false and illusive, and intended only
 to entangle him deeper and deeper in their snares. Many
 times he filled with horror the officers who guarded him,
 when, furiously clanking his chains, and grinding his
 teeth, he cursed his own baseness, the perfidy of his
 remorseless enemies. At last, seeing nothing but an igno-
 minious death before his eyes, he sought means of avoid-
 ing it, he collected the exertions of his mind, and
 wrote, chained as he was, a limited quantity of paper,
 his defence, entitled '*Versand des Grafen Struens-
 ees, an die Königliche Commission,*' i. e. 'The reply of
 Count Struensee to the king's commissioners.' It con-
 tains thirty pages of close letter-press; and if it fails to
 justify the conduct of Struensee, it shows the weakness of
 the proofs that the commissioners had been able to assemble,
 and the gross absurdity of many of their charges. The
 efforts of the count to render the nobility honest, by de-
 priving them of the power to rob tradesmen with impunity,
 and to relieve the crown vassals from the accursed yoke
 called *feudal services*, were construed as an act of high
 treason (y) against the sovereignty; because, forsooth, by

(x) The history of every kingdom proves, that where the rulers entertain
 a wish to bring an obnoxious character to the scaffold, instruments are sel-
 dom wanting. The Reverend Mr. Lingard, in his reign of Henry VIII. has
 made some fine remarks on this important topic.

(y) Dass, im fall jemand sich unterstehen würde, etwas auszuwürken oder
 zu sich zu bringen, welches auf ein oder ander weise, der absolute herrschaft und
 souverainen macht des Königs zum nachtheil und Schmälerung gereichen, be-
 trachtet, und diejenigen, die dergleichen erworben oder erschlichen haben, als
 Beleidiger der Majestät, und als solche, welche die Königliche monarchische
 gewalt und hoheit gröblich angetastet, gestraft werden sollen.' Vide Urtheil in
 Sachen des Generalfiscals, wider den Grafen Struensee, p. 121.

relieving the oppressed and degraded farmers and labouring poor, the sovereign power must be diminished. By rash law that conferred the sovereign power on Frederick the Third, it was declared an act of high treason in one who should, by any means, direct or indirectly attempt to deprive that king or his successors of any part of sovereign power! Thence, according to this atrocious doctrine of the crown lawyers of Denmark, that glorious undertaking, the fulfilment of which has since immortalised the memory of the *great* Count Bernstorff, was an act of high treason in the greater Count Struensee!!!

When the confessions of Struensee,—every page signed with his well-known hand, and couched in the most offensive terms,—were laid before Queen Matilda, she was in manner annihilated! (z) His want of fortitude decided her fate. Count Rantzau was at first incredulous: w

By this formidable and *elastic* article of the capitulation made by the Burgers of Copenhagen with Frederick the Third, it is declared an **HIGH TREASON**, if at *any* future period, *any* person should, by *any* means attempt to diminish the despotic power of the crown!—Under the sanction of this vicious—this monstrous law, Struensee rendered himself liable to the death of a traitor by every act of political reformation that he introduced.—

M. Suhm,* in his letter addressed, in 1772, to Christian the Seventh after glancing his eye at the despotism of Denmark, thus defines the *British* freedom of us English; viz.—

‘ Thus will Denmark become the land of liberty; of unlimited power, peace, plenty, and security, beyond even that of England; where, although self-interested and servile ministers cannot prevent the voice of the people from being heard at the foot of the throne, yet by their influence they prevent its effects, and cause those who are the interpreters of public opinion, and who stand forward in so upright a cause, **TO BE THROWN INTO PRISON.**’

(z) The account published in Germany in 1788, and translated by Lessing the next year, (p. 242,) accuses the king's commissioners of having borrowed the name of Carolina Matilda to her confession: a charge altogether improbable, as they were possessed of superabundant evidence to establish every fact it contained. Sir John Carr copied this little embellishment into his ‘*Northern Summer.*’

* Counsellor of State.—Vide Wolfe's ‘*Northern Tour,*’ p. 80.

was handed to him, he saw at one glance that the esquire, if she were not put to death, would be divorced and dishonoured, and Juliana remain sole mistress of the field. Indeed, with equal bitterness, the pusillanimity of Struensee and his own folly and precipitancy; for it could not be denied to him, that the day must soon arrive that should terminate in disgrace and exile, if not in death—his own.

Struensee was a libertine on system, and had many women on his hands; and many a ruined female too lamented her fate. He had several illegitimate children; none of whom could he make the least provision, not a dollar of all his property being left him: for those on his brothers afterwards provided, principally in Denmark.

Struensee strove in vain to obtain an interview with his wife previous to his execution. In the wreck of Struensee's fortune, all the moveables belonging to the page were taken away, and lost to the owner. And he was in danger of being brought into a state of extreme indigence, when, being informed of his fidelity to Struensee, Count Rantzau took him into his service, treating him in a manner peculiarly generous.

As the fatal day approached, the young man appeared more and more seriously affected, which did not at all tend to cheer the spirits of his new master, who remained in his house on the 28th of April, when the dread sentence was fulfilled.

The scaffold that was to be the theatre of the last sad scene of this tragedy, was erected in a place near the east end of Copenhagen. The prisoners were not allowed, nor did they desire, the melancholy privilege of proceeding from the citadel to the scaffold in the same carriage. Kaevoldt Brandt proceeded in the first,—Struensee followed the second, followed by a vast assemblage of people, not alone from the city, but the adjacent towns of Helsingør, and escorted by a strong party of military.

At eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 28th of April, 1779 the prisoners arrived at the spot where the dreadful sentence of the law was to be executed. Count Brandt, with a firm step, and an undaunted mien, alighted from the carriage and ascended the scaffold. He gazed on the surrounding crowd with a calm collected countenance, and heard his sentence read, by which he was degraded and excluded from the order of nobility, and doomed to undergo a terrible and ignominious death ; and he saw his armorial shield broken by the hands of the executioner, without manifesting even the slightest emotion of terror. During a few minutes he appeared to pray. When the count began to prepare to receive the fatal stroke, the executioner approached to assist him in taking off his pelisse. The count could not endure those hands should touch him whilst living, when they were so soon to mangle, disembowel, and sever his body into quarters !. He startled back at his approach, and with a strong expression of abhorrence in his features and voice exclaimed, '*Stand off ! base karl, and do not presume to touch me.*' Unaided, he put off his pelisse, and bared his neck. As he knelt at the block, he admonished the executioner to strike with all his force, in the hope of dying by a single blow ; he stretched out his right hand and as a signal dropt a white handkerchief ; the fatal axe was uplifted, and in an instant his hand, severed at the wrist, fell upon the saw-dust ; without any unnecessary pause, the executioner struck a second blow at his neck, his head was completely separated from his body, and the blood gushed in a full torrent from the lifeless trunk. A awful silence prevailed, and no sign of triumph or of insult was manifested by the populace, for Brandt was generally considered as incomparably less guilty than Struensee, and was considered as the victim of offended power rather than as a just sentence.

Whilst this horrid and disgusting scene was passing upon the scaffold, Struensee sat in the coach at the foot, trem-

ed pale, as he dreaded the moment when he
 come to suffer, and yet wished it were past!
 At the moment of his arrest, the fallen minister
 had been confined in a small room, very ill ventila-
 ted, on no other occasion than to answer judicial ques-
 tions; and he had been permitted to remove; and he had been
 chained to the wall at his bed-side by a chain not more
 than six yards long. In such a state,—the only window
 was kept constantly shut, and one or two persons
 were in his chamber, the air was likely to become very
 stagnant. When he dressed for the last time, he
 found it hard to assume an appearance of cheerfulness and
 composure. As he ascended the steps of the coach, he
 exclaimed, '*Oh! what a luxury is this fresh breeze!*' Passing
 from the citadel to the scaffold, Struensee bowed to
 his former acquaintance, but few, if any, had
 the courage or courage enough to return the salutation.
 In three short months Struensee had occupied the
 throne of Denmark, and then, these same individuals
 readily have thrown themselves in the kennel for him
 and upon, to prevent the soles of his shoes being
 soiled; and now, loaded with chains, and covered with
 filth, they turned their heads aside, as if they were
 ashamed how so lost and debased a wretch should dare to
 look towards them!—In places, there were knots,
 and of the most ferocious of the populace, who hooted
 and mocked the fallen minion; amongst the middle classes
 indecorous behaviour was manifested, and many ap-
 parently affected by sorrow. As to Struensee himself,
 evident that he was a prey to the most abject fear, and
 a smile he occasionally attempted was the abortive
 effort of despair and affected composure. As he sat at
 the foot of the scaffold waiting his turn to suffer, he saw with
 an unutterable horror streams of blood pour down
 from the platform above, when the stroke of the axe terminat-
 ed the life of his friend and associate: and so lively were his

terrors, that he was unable, without support, to ascend the scaffold. And what a scene awaited him there ! It was indeed calculated to unbinge a much firmer mind than eve belonged to this finished voluptuary ! Around him la spread, in horrible disorder, the naked limbs, besmeared with blood, of a man once dearer to him than his ow brother !—In the dust there lay his head, the eyes an mouth distended, and the nerves and muscles yet quivering with expiring life. In a small tub were the bowels, heart lungs, &c.—and the block on which the wretched Struensee had to lay his head, was yet reeking with warm blood. And he saw, in that dreadful spectacle of a mangled and mutilated corse, the state to which his own body would be reduced in the space of a few minutes ! Were these heart rending sights not sufficient to appal the boldest heart, and shatter the firmest mind ? And what reasonable being can wonder if a spoilt child of sensuality was all but annihilated ? The clergyman kept on with his religious exhortations, but the wretched Struensee—his faculties petrified by terror, was unable to attend to his injunctions.—Unlike his brave friend, he was wholly incompetent to throw off his upper garments—the same as those which he put on when arrested—and the executioner rendered him the needful assistance. Both the prisoners mounted the scaffold in the same chains they had worn in their prison room, and Struensee rattled his with horrid force as he was led or rather dragged, by the executioner and his assistants towards the block. It was by force alone he could be made to kneel ; and such was the excess of terror, that his whole frame was thoroughly convulsed. As his mind seemed disposed to bend his head to the block, convulsive motions of the body seemed to draw it back ; nor was this surprising, for, by a refinement in cruelty, the clotted blood of his fellow sufferer filled up the cavities cut in the block which had been made to receive the head and hand, and into this gore he had to lay his face ! Such, at least, as

the assertions of one who shared on Struensee prosperity, and was crushed by his fall. Even when his robust frame was bent to the block,—when one person held his extended arm down by a firm grasp of the fingers, and another strove to keep his head also down by pulling his hair towards the floor,—every limb was in motion; and the executioner himself seemed either irritated, or nervous, for he struck so hard a blow, that, in severing the hand, the axe was inserted so deep in the block he could not readily disengage his weapon; he therefore seized another axe which was close at hand, and in severing the head chapt off part of the chin! Struensee being an athletic, phlethoric man, yielded so much blood, it surprised and shocked the spectators. It is probable he did not feel the blow, for Godschau, (a) the chief executioner, afterwards declared, he believed Struensee was wholly insensible ere the axe reached his body. According to the horrid ritual, the head was exhibited to the populace as the head of a traitor, as that of Brandt had previously been. The headless trunk was then handled by the officers of justice with about as much respect as butchers handle the body of a slaughtered ox; it was ript open, and the bowels were taken out, and thrown into a separate tub; the body was then cut up into four parts, and those, being exposed on a couple of carts, such as scavengers use, were paraded through the city of Copenhagen back to a field outside the western gate, where the scavengers commonly put filth of every kind. And

(a) This important personage, who was the aristocratic finisher of the law, never descended to put any *plebeian* to death. None but noble criminals had the privilege to die by his hand. Nor was he deemed infamous, like some inferior beings who hung or quartered the bodies of the *scinish* multitude! Godschau was of an ambitious spirit: to qualify him for the due discharge of his important duties, he studied *surgery*, and was articulated to his predecessor in office! He wore a silver-hilted sword, a cocked hat, went dressed in black, and was deemed company good enough for the most opulent tradesman. Yet Count Brandt shrunk back from his touch! Such is the difference made in Denmark between a high-born rogue, or a poor one.

there, for the four quarters of each body, four stout barks had, at equal distances, been inserted in the earth, with a taller pillar in the centre;—upon the central post the head was fixed, a large iron spike passing up the neck, to which it was made fast; the right hand, nailed to a piece of board, was fixed below the head; a common cart or wagon wheel was fixed horizontally on the top of each of the four outward barks, to the nave of which a quarter of the body was chained, and in this state left to be devoured by the fowls of the air. The entrails were interred at the foot of each of the two central barks.—In this manner were the mangled bodies of Counts Struensee and Brandt disposed of, and there they remained, objects fit only to harden the human heart, and excite horror and disgust. It was rumoured that the friends of the unhappy delinquents, when the recollection of the dreadful execution had a little subsided, and fewer persons went to visit the terrific spectacle, found means to disengage their remains, and gather each body once more together;—that the fragments were interred in consecrated earth, and that two dead bodies obtained by a surgeon, were divided in a similar way, and placed upon the wheels.—Another rumour was, but it rested on no better authority, that the Dowager Queen Juliana Maria was present incognita at the execution of the victims of her power and her enmity; and further that when the bodies had been disposed of as described that she visited the spot by moonlight; and as she gazed upon the ruins of men whom, living, she had so greatly hated and feared, Juliana Maria is said to have exclaimed ‘The SPECTACLE is not *quite* complete; the head of the ***** at Cronenborg is *wanting* to make it perfect.’—It is scarcely credible that a woman, who was so great a stickler for the maintenance of the most rigid decorum could thus grossly commit herself; and both the one and the other of these rumours are probably mere fabrications.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

CHARACTER OF QUEEN MATILDA.

Extracted from 'Sketches on a Tour to Norway,' in 1814.

BY JENS WOLFF, Esq.

THE late king, Christian VII. whose chief amusement consisted in frequenting the theatre, was a melancholy instance of the *nothingness* of man where intellect is wanting: in the state of mental derangement under which he had laboured for many years, he was only nominally king, the *prince royal* (b) governing the realm: the public acts were, for form's sake, signed by his majesty, who once ironically subscribed them '*Christian VII. and Co.*' p. 79.

On perusing the partial accounts given by most writers of the indignities to which Matilda is said to have been exposed, at the revolution of 1772, when during the imbecility of the king, the government was wrested from her hands, and of her intriguing and ambitious minister, Struensee, by the queen dowager and her party; I cannot but attribute such reflections in some measure to local or national prejudice, which would fain gloss over Matilda's errors, by lightening the culpability of her enemies.

In opposition to this want of candour, in which too many historians are apt to indulge, we need only take the testimony of living witnesses, who can vouch for her imbecile conduct and want of public decency on many

(b) The present king of Denmark—Frederick VI.]

occasions: a woman who could assume male attire, and ride *en culottes*, (in breeches) at the head of her guards, can certainly not be said to have many pretensions to female delicacy.

‘Of her intimate connexion with her favourite minister there seems not to be a shadow of a doubt. It was one of the chief articles in Struensee’s accusations, *not denied by him*, and partially confessed by herself.(c) I have heard one of her pages assert, that whilst playing in the king’s saloon at the palace, he accidentally fell against a concealed door in the wall,(d) which, leading to a long passage, discovered the queen and her paramour tête à tête, to their small surprise and mortification.(e) The unfortunate Struensee, however, paid dearly for his want of due precaution in the furtherance of his ambitious projects, of reform of public abuses: not satisfied with the pruning knife, he had recourse to the hatchet, by which his own existence was eventually terminated, and Matilda’s fate, power levelled to the ground. Her subsequent misfortunes, the result of her own weakness, and the inveterate

(c) The crown lawyers, Guldberg, the queen dowager’s confidential secretary, and the chiefs of that faction, strove to wring a confession of guilt by alternately using terrors and blandishments, but without success. When Struensee’s confessions were shown to Matilda, it was reported, and believed by her friends, she exclaimed, with a scream of horror and agony, *Traitor, is this possible!* So exclaimed a late ill-fated queen at the sight of the *only Majocchi*—but who, that possessed any knowledge of human nature, attributed that impassioned burst of horror and indignation to consciousness of guilt?

(d) There were in the palace of Christianborg, as there were in older times in English palaces, and grand mansions, a number of *private passages*, some mural, some subterranean, and intended, on sudden emergencies, for secure free egress. In royal palaces the keys were usually kept by the king or queen. On more than one occasion, when Matilda or her minion happened to forget to lock those doors, such disastrous results may have ensued.

(e) When the Empress Catherine and Zuboff were once thus distracted, the latter sprung from his couch, and seizing his sabre, killed the intruder dead at his feet.—No small satisfaction to the amours of Matilda.

of her own which have afforded ample scope for the writers of the day; but, like the historians of Mary of Scotland, they are too apt, when the unfortunate sufferer has any claim to personal beauty, or mental accomplishments, to screen her vices of the royal victim by ascribing to the malignity of her opponents. Amongst the various writers who have taken the trouble to give an account of the revolution of 1772, none has appeared to me so perfectly impartial as that published at Halle, (a university in Germany.) The accounts from which most travellers and writers in general appear to collect their ideas on this subject, seems to be a small French book, entitled 'An authentic and interesting memoir, or history of the Counts Struensee and Brandt. London, 1772.'—But as the German description is a mere statement of facts during the revolution, when Struensee and his party were arrested, it is evidently more to be relied upon than that of a party writer, who published his work seven years after the occurrence took place. (f) There are some interesting circumstances related in the former work, that do not seem to have been noticed by other authors. After reciting the events now pretty generally known, he proceeds to state, that amongst the correction of abuses or reformation, which took place at this period, and wherein the minister Struensee was principally instrumental, those that gave the most offence to the party in power, were—
The liberty of the press. (g)
The diminution of public tables, which were kept at

(f) That this conclusion is fallacious, the preceding portraiture of Queen Matilda offers decisive evidence. The moment of revolution may be the best for catching exterior and visible events; but the secret and guiding influence which led to those events is only to be traced in calmer times, often many years have rolled away, and oftener still it passes undiscovered into oblivion.

(g) It was no more to be wondered at that the hungry and needy nobility of Denmark should feel annoyed by the increasing power of the press, than

court for a vast number of attendants, or persons in office. (h)

The power of arresting the nobility for debt. (i)

The dismissal of the foot-guards, who were distributed amongst other regiments in the garrison, and which afterwards caused a revolt. (k)

Amongst the useful regulations, was the foundation of a charity school for 100 children, for the support of which every horse used for pleasure was annually taxed two dollars, hackney coaches one dollar, and horses belonging to strangers ten dollars each.

The title of governor of the city, held by Count von Ahlfeld, with a *considerable revenue*, (l) abolished.

that nocturnal robbers should object to constables, watchmen, prisons or other marks of a strict police. If the crimes of the vile aristocracy which enslaved and sold Poland had been exposed by a free press, that fine kingdom could never have been betrayed or conquered.

(h) The luxurious tables kept by the Danish court for foreign ministers and distinguished persons, foreign and native, was enough to make a province groan under the expenditure; but still it was princely hospitality. Struensee, knowing the poverty of the country, sought to relieve the poor vassals by lopping off those and other too costly superfluities.

(i) The indigent part of the Danish nobility, if debarred from feeding the public revenue, and if exposed to the same process as insolvent plebeians would have been reduced to the same state as that in which they are often seen in Russia—i. e. serving as *menials*; or, if too proud for menial servitude, as private soldiers. The RICH nobility had therefore a powerful reason for opposing a reformation, which would have compelled some of them to 'keep their own paupers!'

(k) The national debt of Denmark, and its heavy load of taxes, all sprung from a standing army kept up in time of peace. The pay of the privates was miserably small: the nobility held the chief commissions, and they absorbed the public revenue: hence they had a powerful motive to oppose this sort of reform!

(l) The Earl of Dundonald, who, as a philosopher, and man of science, has been pronounced by Baron Gray as *the pride and ornament of the Scottish peerage*, has often told the editor, the only parts of the privileges as a peer of the realm that he valued, were the profits he derived from the burghs of Glasgow, and the protection it afforded him from personal arrest! This was an honest confession. Count Ahlfeld might not have been so candid.

All petitions to the king were presented on stamped paper, and in the German to the king. Every soldier who married was to send his children to the Foundling hospital, who were afterwards to be bound apprentices to farmers and others till they attained the age of twenty-five years. (n)

Reversionary offices to be liable to (o)
Dispensations from marriage to be granted only in cases of necessity and except the usual tax of 100 rix-dollars. The tax had hitherto been 1000 rix-dollars, to be abolished. Punishment of death for robbery, to be limited to cases of perpetual slavery. (p)

No distinction to be made in christening natural children and those begotten in wedlock; nor were they to suffer indignity in consequence of their unfortunate birth or situation. (q)

That the governorship of Copenhagen, if it had not entailed on his excellency the excellent privilege of laying an arbitrary import on provisions or goods brought into Copenhagen by land!—STRUENSEE would have relieved the country from this burthen. Ergo, he was a traitor, and merited death.

(r) The German was the court language; there is in fact no national language in Denmark, so greatly do the dialects differ in the different provinces. Like all voluptuaries, Struensee was indolent,—as a German he was haughty; he held the demi-barbarous Gothic tongues in scorn; he would not take the trouble to study the tongues in use in Norway, Jutland, the Danish isles; he rather chose to order all memorials to be presented in his vernacular language. His artful and implacable enemies contrived to turn his culpable indolence and pride greatly to his disadvantage.

(s) A tolerable specimen of the state of a Danish soldier!—A state so wretched as not to allow the means of rearing their children.

(t) A very unpopular measure amongst the possessors of fine, fat, venerable reversions, of three or four thousand dollars yearly, granted to some great count or baron!—Struensee, the reformer, was therefore liable to imputation as a traitor, because he would have laid his sacrilegious hands on the prerogatives of the rapacious great!

(u) This commutation of punishment, and judicious amelioration of the sanguinary code of Danish laws, reflect an imperishable honour upon Struensee's name.

(v) By the old law of Denmark, an illegitimate child, and all its progeny,

In breaches of marriage contract, the suffering parties might seek redress; but if they did not choose to complicate no notice, either publicly or privately, to be taken of such breaches.

A regulation for the diminution of law-suits in the courts of justice. (r)

These reformatory measures, together with the appointment of new officers to the crown,—the dismissal of several courtiers, and men of rank,—the absolute sovereignty which Struensee reigned in the name of the king, and the total exclusion of the queen dowager Juliana and her son Prince Frederick, from participating in the existing government, created such a host of enemies, as to render his downfall inevitable. (s)

On the 9th (t) of January, after the memorable day when General Kohler Banner entered Count Struensee's apartment for the purpose of arresting him, the latter asked him if he knew to whom he was addressing himself? 'I replied the general, 'it is to a man who *was* a count, 'minister of the cabinet, but is *now* my prisoner.' Struensee

stood proscribed from all inheritance, and the right of serving in public offices, and they also stood excluded from serving in the priesthood! It redounds to the honour of Struensee that he broke up this old and iniquitous system. Whilst the natural children of the nobles were seen invested with titles and important offices in the state, the offspring of plebeians were wholly proscribed!

(r) There was no better expedient for rousing a nest of hornets, than to presume to introduce *reformation* amongst *lawyers*!—Poor Struensee! with so many *deadly crimes*, thou wert *sure* to be convicted!

(s) The simple fact is, that Struensee aimed at accomplishing too much too soon. If he had had the good sense to have kept terms with Count Reventlow—if he had introduced that able statesman as the warder of the crown, and ostensibly the prime minister of Denmark,—Struensee might have accomplished every great and patriotic object of his ambition. But at the interview at Travendahl, the meretricious blandishments of Lady G and the youth, the beauty, the too great susceptibility of Matilda, &c. the rocks upon which this bold politician was wrecked!

(t) A mistake, perhaps, of the transcriber.

as desired king's warrant for his arrest; (x) but as the general had on y received his instructions verbally, he artfully replied would answer with his head for the correctness of his instructions, and recommended Struensee to make haste, as he could not be responsible for his security from the indignation of the people. (x) When the count surrendered himself, (y) he was conducted to a hackney coach which was in waiting; but on stepping in, reprimanded his chamber lacquey (z) for not providing him with his pelisse, and in this irregular manner was conveyed to the citadel. The hackney coachman received a dollar for his fare, but exclaimed he would willingly have taken him there for nothing. (a) On his arrival at the citadel, Struensee was confined by a chain of three ells (b) only in length, and had a common friesrok, or rough great coat (c) without buttons, which surprised him much; and

(x) A string of fictions. The editor derived his knowledge of the events of that awful night from a person who made one of the group who first entered the count's bed-chamber, and who saw and spoke to the unhappy queen at the moment she was overpowered, and had submitted to have her clothes put on her, and just prior to her removal as a state captive to Cronenberg castle.

(x) The preceding narrative shows that this was not an artifice; but that the partisans of the queen dowager had so inflamed the most ferocious part of the populace of Copenhagen, there might have been a real difficulty to prevent her majesty being murdered, if she had remained.

(y) The count was seized in midst of a sound sleep, and therefore could not be said to 'surrender:' the conversation given by Mr. Wolff is mere common-place matter, and, at the same time, utterly fabulous.

(z) The chamber lacquey was Erasmus ——— he first served as a valet, when Struensee became a count, and prime minister; and when Erasmus became the confidential messenger between Struensee and the queen, he was promoted as a page.

(a) This coarse jest may have occurred.—Struensee's unpopularity arose from his too palpable ascendancy over the queen; and an almost general belief, that he entertained designs hostile to the life of the king.

(b) He was not chained on his first arrival at the citadel: a Danish ell is two feet in length.

(c) Struensee was dressed as described, where the only authentic account

he indignantly observed, that he was treated '*en canaille*.'

(d) An officer remained with him during the time of his confinement, and only half a dollar was allowed for his daily subsistence.

The queen endeavoured to make her escape through a secret passage, but on her arrival at the outward door, (e) found it guarded by sentinels.

A number of satirical pamphlets and publications appeared in consequence of this sudden change in the ministry, but there were none particularly worthy of notice except one, wherein the following distich, as punning on the name of the unfortunate minister, appeared:—

' Sic regi mala multo *Struen* se perdidit ipse,
' Jam vinctus claustris, qui modo victor erat.' i. e.

' *That he who intended much evil to the king, eventually was lost or ruined, and that the victor was himself in chains.*' p. 86.

of his dress and deportment is to be found. The story of the *friesrok*, his half dollar per day, &c. are assuredly mere fabrications.

(d) This might be true;—a minister of state, turned into so mean an apartment, and coming from the grandest, and the richest furnished place in Europe, might naturally enough break out into such an exclamation.

(e) Erasmus — heard, after his release from the citadel, Count Rastau say something of the Queen Matilda making such an attempt. But the passage from her bed-room led to Struensee's. If she had thought it worth while to have a secret road made to her husband's room, and she had made her appearance there just as Christian VII. was awoke out of his sleep, and shocked and irritated at the appearance of his step-mother and her son, there is some doubt but the queen dowager and all her chief partisans would have been made prisoners, and condemned to undergo the terrible fate to which Matilda and her coterie were subjected. The queen-consort was first seized as a captive. If she could have reached Struensee's chamber, there she would have found a secret passage leading into the vaults below, and thence to the outside the city walls; but so well were the measures taken by the foes, and so little were the unwary victims on their guard, that they fell suddenly and simultaneously into the power of their mortal foes; and fell to rise no more!

JAMES LORD GRANGE,

A SCOTCH JUDGE.

Traitor and Conspirator.

Of all base rulers who afflict mankind,
 The most terrific is a wicked judge.
 Whene'er offended pow'r, of right regardless,
 The sacrifice of innocence requires,
 His gudeful tongue, with holy maxims fraught,
 Labours to varnish lies and perjury,
 And crush the pris'ner by his fraudful arts.—

Like the fell crocodile the fiend can weep,
 And wail 'the stubborn, stern necessity,'
 Which to the halter or the axe consigns
 The accus'd!—And thus the monster wields
 The sword of justice as a bravo's blade,
 And makes the LAW an engine to destroy!—
 Such was Lord Grange!—Blacker than Erebus
 His private life, by lust, and cruelty,
 And rapine stain'd!—

LONGST these moral portraitures, there cannot appear one more truly vicious and depraved than this of **J. GRANGE**, a Scottish Judge of great eminence, who about the middle of the last century. He was not a noted felon, nor a penitent sinner; he lived to a good age, and died a natural death, after having deserved a speciminious exit on a hundred occasions. It is true the acts of his crime are not judicial, but still they are unquestionably genuine. And if he escaped the scaffold yet he lived, his memory tainted by such deadly crimes, as a beacon to warn others from following his courses.

There are few incidents which have a worse effect upon a sceptical mind than the spectacle of a virtuous man overwhelmed by unmerited calamity ; or a consummate villain, notoriously known as such, eminently prosperous in all his undertakings. To such minds, the first case appears incompatible with eternal wisdom and justice, the latter as amounting to constructive evidence and proof of the atheist's creed. But it is clearly consistent with divine wisdom to reserve for the highest degree of punishment, in a future world, such a monster of depravity as Lord Grange, and leave him untouched in this ; whilst his unhappy wife, who felt and expressed the utmost contrition for the follies and crimes of her youth, might be so far purified by the terrible penance she underwent, as to save her soul alive. If it should be objected by the zealous Protestant that these opinions favour the Catholic doctrine of a purgatory, it might be replied that the principle is consistent with the soundest morality, and from being highly reasonable, is equally probable.

The honourable James Erskine, afterwards Lord Grange brother to the Earl of Mar, was born about the year 1679.—He was, in his youth, remarkable for personal accomplishments and almost boundless libidinousness. He sought the most lovely young females, and under the guise of honourable love, led many to commit their honour to his keeping, and whom, amongst his depraved associates, he held up to scorn and derision.—At length, however, the insolent and profligate deceiver was humbled, and by a female whom he had basely wronged. He courted a beautiful and high-spirited daughter of a Scottish chieftain, Chicely of Dalry, a man celebrated alike for ferocity of manners, and impetuosity of temper ; of whose habits no better illustration can be given, than to state that James Lockhart, an eminent lawyer, when he filled the important office of president of the court of Session, having decided some cause that came before contrary to the

ashes and of that fierce partisan, with his own hand Chicely shed h blood! His daughter, whom young Erskine had courted and betrayed, inherited too large a portion of the fiery temper of her rough and vehement sire. She was esteemed as an accomplished as well as a lovely young woman; her heart was generous, and her character, till this period, untainted.

Of all the stages of courtship, the most critical to a young virgin is that which intervenes between a mutual pledge to marry, and the time of its fulfilment. This fair damsel deceived, as many a high-born maid has previously been, by the fascinating manners and false vows of a deliberate traitor, returned his caresses with a degree of blindness, remote indeed from wantonness, but yet so tender, as left her without the power to resist his blandishments. Amongst the less simple and candid, but more refined females of the present age, the frankness of this noble-hearted, unsuspecting girl, will find few apologists; for in a luxurious age of false refinement, the high-bred dames can much easier pardon a deficiency of chastity in the single, or of fidelity in the married female, than a want of delicacy in their personal demeanour. To her pride, no less than the ardour and sincerity of her love, her fall was owing; for the mistaken fair one vainly thought no man, capable of gaining her affections, *could* be so degenerate as to prove faithless to his vows.

It would require the pen of a great master of the female character to describe the emotions of this haughty young damsel, when she heard that her perfidious lover had exposed her artless love, and the no less genuine exclamations of shame and remorse when the base tempter had consummated his triumph. When she found herself slighted, she retired to lonely situations, and gave vent to her sorrow in sighs, and moans, and torrents of penitential tears; but those tears were dried up, her love converted into hate, and her strong feeling of shame into as intense an

indignation as ever fired a female . Its first effect changed her beauteous features, banishing the mild and gentle lineaments of budding beauty,—banishing the glowing tint of health and innocence,—and implanting in the stead a character less feminine, denoting to the scrutinizing eye the highest degree of mental suffering, combined with the most exalted and determined fortitude. She contemplated many direful expedients for the purpose of glutting her vengeance. One of these was to challenge Erskine to mortal combat ; but the fear of failure, and of producing an accession of disgrace and misery, deterred her. She dwelt with raptures on the idea of seizing him by the throat and after reproaching him for his perfidy, plunging a dagger into his heart ; but then she could scarcely hope to avoid being hung as a murderess, except by suicide ; and, admitting she escaped death, yet she considered that on all her remaining days would attach the odium of having assassinated a handsome and accomplished young nobleman, and nothing could be more unpalatable than the idea of creating sympathy for his fate. At length, after mature deliberation, she came to the more rational resolution of compelling him to marry her, giving him the alternative, or instant death by the hand he might refuse.

Erskine, not apprehending that his scandalous breach of confidence had reached her ears, readily consented to meet his injured mistress ; and he was so vain as to tell Frank of Lovat, a man equally licentious in his amours, that the more angry she felt at his absence, the greater pleasure the reconciliation would afford, adding, that the flowers of spring never looked so fresh, nor smelled so fragrant, as after a shower of rain ! In such terms of sportive raillery, though not quite so decent, did Erskine sport with the character of Miss Chicely. But Lovat, who knew his fiery spirit and unconquerable intrepidity, bade Erskine beware how he proceeded, lest he should find an armed Pallas ready to take his life, where he stated the want-

tresses of a blue-eyed daughter of Venus. Vain of
 personal attractions, impatient of advice, and intent
 living to the humiliations of an innocent and affection-
 ated, the proud and forsworn libertine, gaily dressed,
 at the summons. The maid of Dalry had arrived at
 assigned spot before him. For the first time in her
 life whilst her proud heart was all but bursting, she
 had to use dissimulation, and gently upbraided him
 palpable neglect; and at the same time, firmly repelling
 importunate advance, she asked him when he intended
 for her his bride. Erskine, flushed by his victory,
 panting after new dalliances, heeded not her altered
 face,—her death-pale face,—her agitated bosom; but
 to himself repulsed, and being irritated by her refusal
 of his wishes, and hurried beyond the bounds of dis-
 cret by the keen reproaches she had uttered, he scorn-
 fully replied, '*When you can come a virgin to my bed!*'
 Never did a virgin feel more agony from the bitter recol-
 lection arising from her loss of honour, than this young
 maid at that moment of bitterness, when she marked the
 cruel eye as well as reproachful tone of her cruel, per-
 jured lover. In a few moments, however, indignation,
 a determination to avenge her wrongs, subdued the
 fears of shame and remorse by which her bosom was
 agitated. Approaching with all the intrepidity of desperation,
 she said, 'Fool! idiot, villain, know you not that you
 stand on the verge of destruction, and that instant
 death awaits the double traitor who has dishonoured
 and betrayed the daughter of Chicely.'—At the same
 time, with her left hand she grasped the spruce cheva-
 lier firmly by the cravat, that she gave him a lively idea
 of strangulation; and in her right she held a dagger
 fixed at his bosom: on which two men, armed with dirks,
 fell upon the astonished lover; and whilst Helen, with
 unexpected muscular power, still held him fast by the cravat,
 presently pinioned Erskine, and bound his hands

together. These men were vassals, who had fought by his father's side, and they readily lent themselves to aid his daughter's daring resolve to humble, or to immolate his false lover. 'Kneel, and meet the death thy treason deserves,' said one of the men in masks. Erskine's throat being freed from the grasp of Helen's vindictive hand, and his wits a little restored, he resolved to make one essay to awaken something of her former love and tenderness, pleading the utmost contrition and submission, thinking better to live as the husband of her whom he had so grossly outraged, than die by her hand, as he saw plain would be the case in very few moments. Being thus impressed with the fear of death, or hope of life, inspiring him with eloquence, in a subdued and tender voice, the humble traitor said, 'Strike boldly, lovely Helen! I own my merit death at thy hands; and the severest agony that a dagger can inflict will pain me less than the just reproaches thou hast uttered. I ask not to live. I am, I own it with unfeigned contrition, unworthy of thy love and unworthy of life; but would it not, loveliest of women, suit thy purpose better first to call a priest, that I may make the last poor reparation in my power ere thy just and noble vengeance sheds my blood?'—This was a master-stroke of policy on the part of Erskine, from whose bosom nothing was more remote than that of dying, if it were possible, by *any sacrifice* whatever, to escape in his whole skin!

A flush, as of reviving fondness, for a moment overspread the pale face of Helen, and beamed in her full blue eyes; but presently the recollection of her lover's perjury and his horrid perfidy in exposing her errors to his vile associates, checked the rising tide of reviving affection; and looking fiercely at her captive lover, in a stern, determined voice she told him not to hope, *although so able a lawyer* that any new subterfuge should save him. Erskine seemed to be precisely of that opinion; and Helen, more prudent

upon her too early surrender, called to a confidential friend who was at hand in the expectation of such a contingency; the captive was instantly unbound, but the two masked men held him with an Herculean grasp, each pointing a dirk at his bosom, whilst Helen, bearing a dagger in her hand, trembling between hope and despair, told him, if he attempted again to deceive her, she should instantly die, and her heart's blood mingle with his. He saw at one glance the peril he was in, and the uselessness of resistance. He saw that he was inexorably caught, that he was foiled at his own weapons, and he was determined to make a merit of necessity. Being in a summer bower where he had beguiled the yielding Helen, the marriage, which in Scotland is held merely as a civil fact, was legally performed; and certificates were signed by the minister and the two masked assistants, attesting this new contract!

When this extraordinary marriage was completed, the countenance of Helen seemed to regain its native loveliness. She was simply and beautifully attired, the gorgeous and cumbrous dress of the age considered; and she wore the same robes as when the traitor first pressed her in arms.—Every thing fierce and vindictive fled her lovely features; and after thanking her friends for their assistance, and enjoining the most inviolable secrecy, the venerable Mrs. Erskine, with an air at once dignified, sweet, and graceful, bent her knee to her humbled lord, and presenting him with the dagger with which she had so lately menaced his life, and laying bare a bosom as fair as beautifully turned as ever that libertine had pressed, she said, ‘ You may now, if you please, take a life that I should have spurned as worthless till I had wiped off the stain you put upon me. If your heart thirsts for vengeance, strike; but remember, Erskine! it is not in your power ever to inflict another wound half so painful as the first.—If in your conscience you cannot disapprove the

‘spirit I have displayed in defending my character,—if you take me to your bosom, you shall find me ever dutiful, faithful, and affectionate.’ Erskine allowed her to kneel till she ended her speech, but his countenance bore the strongest expression of pity and admiration. Taking the dagger only to hand to her highlanders, he grasped her extended hand, and raising her from her lowly posture gave her the kiss of peace. With what sincerity, none but himself and his Creator knew; but, ostensibly at least his demeanour was becoming. He proposed, with an air of great sincerity, an act of mutual oblivion, and he expressed an honest desire to atone for past offences. Great indeed was the amazement of his bride. She could scarcely believe the scene was not wholly illusive. And after the specimen of his true character displayed to her husband, in consenting to marry her whom he had but a moment before so grossly and wantonly insulted and rejected, the probability could not escape her that he might meditate some terrible retaliation; but this consideration did not materially diminish the exultation that filled his heart. The real sentiments of the bridegroom can only be guessed at. He was a finished courtier, a consummate hypocrite, but withal a good political calculator; and feeling convinced that he had played his cards ill, and had lost the game, like a thorough-bred gambler, he bore his failure with fortitude. When his vicious associates expressed their amazement at his conduct, he told them he was testing the disposition of the woman he had determined to marry, and that she had acted so nobly he could not delay a moment longer to do justice to her beauty and her love. Some believed, others disbelieved, and all were confounded, by an event so little to have been expected.

As to Frazer of Lovat, the moment he saw Erskine, he exclaimed, ‘Caught! fairly caught, by G—! Well! you have a wife worth cherishing. Behave to her as you

ought, and be honest enough to admit she has justice on her side.'—Such were the sentiments and the language of peer of Lovat, at the time when his gay friend James Skine married by compulsion the high-spirited daughter Chicely of Dalry. But if he had then instigated her to lover to plunge a dagger in her heart, it might have been deemed an act of mercy compared with the dreadful one he was afterwards instrumental in inflicting upon that

It was not likely that a wedding thus singularly brought about, should prove remarkable for any thing save dishonour and misery. For a time, and while the bloom of youthful beauty yet beamed on the features of his bride, Skine treated her quite as well as his lady expected; but he paid homage at other shrines. In those aberrations he never more ventured to render 'the daughter of Chicely of Dalry' the subject of his mirthful sallies; and his lady, in her endeavours to act up to the character of wise and virtuous woman, would not listen to tale-bearers, nor appear to know of his vicious connexions. He sought to subdue resentment by humility and resignation. Lady Grange was too proud to complain. She felt that she acted as Aaron Hill the poet expressed himself, in a later period than the one treated of: viz.

Should I in fruitless agony complain,
Fretting my wound but multiplies my pain;
While they who patiently embrace distress,
Teach shame to satisfy, and grief to bless.
Whate'er has been, 'tis folly to regret;
Whate'er must be, shocks least when bravest met.
Learn then, my soul, thy course resign'd to run,
And never pray thy will, but God's be done.'

*) The late Duchess of C—b—land stood in a similar predicament prior to marriage;—she had a brother, and he performed for her the same office as the daughter of Chicely performed for herself.

Again, that poet has thus elegantly expressed himself—

‘ Let him whose present fortune gives him pain,
Scorn the low vulgar custom to complain ;
All that withholds his wish the brave will break,
Or silent bear those chains ’tis poor to shake.’

Every reflecting reader will conclude that the general tenor of Lady Grange’s wedded life was likely to be poignantly wretched, but her conscience told her its bitterness arose from her own want of discretion ; and her powerful mind enabled her to submit to her fate, if not without repining, at least without exposing her sufferings by useless reproaches. As to her husband, he was in every point consistent ; that is, in friendship, love, and politics, and all his commerce with mankind, he was double, fickle, overreaching, and selfish. But it should also be considered, as far as his politics were concerned, that at periods as stormy as those in which he lived, circumstances will occasionally arise whose mighty influence warps the strongest and noblest minds ; hence, in treating of the principal actors in such seasons, be they kings, generals, or statesmen, very great allowances should be made, and their errors viewed with a lenient eye : but James Erskine was a worthless character, and from deliberate choice. Self-gratification was the sole object of his study, as it certainly is of the bulk of mankind ; but Erskine cared not in the least what ties he cut asunder, nor whose honour, peace of mind, or safety, he destroyed, so that the result forwarded any of his projects. He was ‘ *every thing by turns, and nothing long.*’ At one time he argued in favour of the divine right of kings, of passive obedience, and non-resistance ; at another he was seen supporting the most popular doctrines, as the rights of man, the sovereignty of the people, and vehemently demonstrating that an absolute king was a monster sent by God in his wrath to scourge mankind, and consequently that the whigs of 1688 were

vious of their country. Next he joined the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, and the faction called the *Merian Tories*, a band of neutralised whigs and hunters, who, from lust of place, riches, and power, entered into a vile compromise, the tory sacrificing his notions of unconditional submission, the whig his liberalism, and both agreed to do their best to render the crown independent of the people, that they might thereby plunder the public purse. Such were the dirty thorough which James Erskine alternately served and seduced every existent party; and so common was the flattery and rapacity of individuals attached to each of the warring factions, that there were but very few, whose conscience being clean, durst venture to reproach him. Never Scotland produce a more servile, more rapacious politician, — a more complete '*Wha wants me?*' than James Erskine.

From a state specifically to mark the progress of James Erskine, from a state of expectancy to that of a great man, it may be requisite to state, that in the sixth or seventh year of Queen Anne's reign, with the title of Lord Grange he was elected or appointed a Lord of Session! — When the whig party fell, he was by their successors nominated as Lord Justice Clerk. And he contrived, through all the political convulsions that ensued, to maintain his situation upwards of twenty years. It would form a most instructive and entertaining book, if there were a judicious and tasteful selection made of his speeches as a judge and a member of parliament — for he was returned a member of the House of Commons for the royal burgh Stirling — particularly when sitting on the judgment-seat, and when he was secretly playing the part of a traitor, he was passing sentence of death upon some petty offender, who, commanded by a turbulent chieftain whom he durst not disobey, had taken up arms against the house of Brunswick. It is proper to mention Lord Grange's denunciations against traitors, and

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treasonable practices, were louder than the tone assumed by the truly loyal; as the lowliest of women are often heard to rail with the utmost vehemence against w—— and w——g. Lord Grange continued to support all the political measures of Sir Robert Walpole, till the open breach that occurred between George II. and his son and heir, Frederick Prince of Wales, and the very powerful efforts of the faction of which that prince, unadvised, became the leader, indicated that the ministerial reign of Walpole approached its final close. Then, and not then, after a blind adherence of twenty-four years duration to all the unconstitutional measures of that corrupt minister, Lord Grange betrayed Sir Robert Walpole to the prince and his supporters, and became an active partisan in what the Walpolians termed '*the Leicester house cabal*.' To the inexpressible chagrin of Lord Grange his hopes of being appointed secretary of state for Scotland, which alone tempted him to resign his offices of trust and profit, were for ever blasted by the internal dissensions and divisions amongst the prince's faction, and the ultimate defeat which those divisions produced. He knew well that so deadly was the feud existing between the Prince of Wales and his royal father, and so strong the aversion of the latter towards those political time-servers who had supported his son in the selfish hope of riding 'rough shod' into the royal presence, and monopolising the prerogative and revenues of the crown, that no possible concession or sacrifice of opinions, friends, or principles, could ever heal the breach. He had served the heir apparent to the crown as a confidential secretary, and George II. could as readily have forgiven him, if, during the time he held the important office of Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland, he had been known of his having maintained a secret correspondence with the illustrious and ill-fated prince, commonly called the Pretender. The wily statesman, anxious to have '*two strings to his bow*,' was an active partisan of the heir apparent, a

ing to hereditary right, whilst he served the heir apparent of the king *de facto* ! It was to Lord Grange a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, which prince succeeded George II. ; all he aspired to was to secure as large a portion of the loaves and fishes as possible, which ever ~~that~~ might succeed. But upon the failure of the ~~great~~ coalition, whose various and discordant opinions ~~led~~ led to its dissolution, Lord Grange, with all the ~~skill~~ skill of a veteran traitor, secretly abetted the measures ~~which~~ were in agitation to unite the friends of the Stuarts, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and by one simultaneous revolt, drive away the Duke of Hanover and his family, and restore the exiled family. Such was the ~~pro-~~ character of James Erskine, Lord Grange, whose ~~conduct~~ in public or private life was alike odious, wicked, and constant.

In his illustrative sketch of the life of Lord Grange, the ~~author~~ felt himself necessitated to overrun his narrative, for in 1734 that this 'northern Syphax' resigned his office to act *openly* against his old friend and patron Sir Robert Walpole, and in 1732 that he inflicted upon Lady Grange the most terrible vengeance in his power to devise, in the planning and execution of which he displayed a disposition ~~very~~ diabolical.—At this time Lady Grange was the mother of eight children, and her conduct during all that ~~period~~ period of years which had elapsed since her marriage, was a sufficient testimony of her sincerity of heart, and she promised to act towards him with fidelity, submission, and affection. But all was not enough to reclaim Lady Grange was a sedate and steady woman ; she was fully convinced that the aristocracy of Scotland, especially in the highlands, who conspired against the Hanoverian dynasty, acted generally from the vilest of motives, from a belief that if a constitutional government could be permanently established, the feudal system, its ignorance and blind devotion which it cherished,

would be gradually destroyed. These considerations, as also a feeling of gratitude for the favours shown to her husband, held Lady Grange, fixed and faithfully, a warm yet rational adherent of the house of Brunswick. The steadiness of her political attachment was not calculated to diminish the dislike of Lord Grange to her person and his home; and more especially at those periods when he stood most actively engaged in secret intrigues to effect the dethronement of the monarch to whose government his lady was so faithfully attached.

Some years prior to the sudden and secret disappearance of Lady Grange, the Scottish nobles, gentry, and chieftains, carried on an active correspondence with the exiled princes of the house of Stuart, who cherished, and more unreasonably, the most sanguine hopes of re-ascending the throne of their ancestors. Nor was the disaffection confined to the highlands of Scotland, for many nobles of fortune and influence in the low-lands secretly aided the Stuarts' cause. The contents of the 'Stuart papers,' which the complacency of the reigning pontiff placed at the disposal of George IV. forming a mass of MSS. equal to several tons weight, fully demonstrated that scarcely a family of the old or new nobility, or of the opulent gentry, but had, at different periods between 1688 and 1763, made tenders of their 'lives and fortunes' to aid their restoration. It was the middle classes of society, the yeomanry, and the labouring poor, whose aversion to the Stuarts, owing to the religious bigotry of James II. then opposed an insurmountable barrier to their return. It was therefore it was truth, as asserted by Frederick the Great and by the Stuart partisans, that William III. was introduced in England, and the revolution of 1688 effected, by a *foreign prince*, a *foreign army*, and a few disloyal nobles,—if such were indeed the character of the measures which elevated the house of Brunswick to the throne, it was to the **LOYALTY** of the **PEOPLE OF ENGLAND**, and their

sent to religious and political liberty, their courage and ability, their firm establishment has been owing. And to trace with the muddy stream of international

g apprehensive that the tortuous course of perfidy and deception pursued by her recreant lord, in the impious and exciting civil war, might lead to his destruction, the beggary of his family, Lady Grange, like a wise and prudent woman, took every proper opportunity of remonstrating against his proceedings. So far it was her duty to go; but whether, under *any circumstances*, a wife should betray the actions of her husband, is a point not so readily decided.

Whether Lady Grange ever went beyond '*remonstrance* and *petition*,' can now be only matter of surmise; the rest of her future woes merely state that her husband and accomplices were, or affected to be, so excessively violent in their resolute opposition to the meetings of a band of riotous mal-contents in the house of Lord Grange, and having acquired a knowledge of their dangerous intentions against the peace and safety of the realm, that of the boldest of them, and amongst others Lord Grange, intimated to her profligate husband that the safety of persons, and the success of their plots, might be secured, if she were not effectually removed. Such a diabolical overture made by a band of powerful actors to the first judge in the realm! And no doubt he debated whether it would be advisable to murder him, and the mother of his numerous family, or plunging life into some dark and remote dungeon, where he might live and die, unpitied and unknown!

It is an impressive instance does the life and conversation of Lord Grange afford, of the enormous folly of grant-
 lawyers that claim to *infallibility* which is so indig-
 nified to the bishop of Rome, who assumes to have
 derived from Christ himself an appointment as God's

representative and viceroy on earth! Lord Grange when he presided as Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, represented the king, yet to that king he was a traitor. In his capacity as a chief judge, he had of course to try many individuals on charges of high-treason. In those feverish times, when the conflicting factions assiduously sought for the most efficient means of destroying each other's life, character, power, and influence, many a loyal individual may have been falsely accused; and what could be more natural, than that a judge who was himself false to his oaths of allegiance, should strain the law to the utmost to send the *loyalist* to the scaffold as a traitor?—Thus frightful is the portraiture of this stupendous criminal, if viewed as the representative of his injured king. But how infinitely more odious, if it is considered, that whilst his soul was thus spotted as a leopard with the deadliest crimes; that when he pronounced the horrible sentence ordained by the law in cases of high-treason, and upon an individual whom he might know to be innocent, that he acted as a sort of substitute for the Deity, whose sacred name, perhaps with torrents of crocodile tears, he dared invoke to show mercy to the wretch whom he was about to murder! As the highest possible trust is reposed in the integrity of a judge, so is his delinquency the most infamous, the most terrible, the most reprehensible of all criminals. Such was Lord Grange, viewed in his public capacity.

If his conduct as a husband and a father be considered, his character would still appear equally vile, equally atrocious. It is already explained what principle it was that led him to wed the daughter of Chicely of Dalry. Although he had cohabited with her so many years, and had a numerous progeny, yet the remembrance of the revenge she had taken always rankled in his black heart. Hence he readily agreed to the infernal proposal, pretending to his associates it was for *their* safety, and the safety of the great cause in which they stood involved.

ality it was to wreak the most ample and terrible vengeance possible for the matrimonial sacrifice he had been led to make.

formed a principal feature of Lord Grange's cruelty, upon all public occasions, and when he had visitors, met his lady with every exterior mark of affection and respect; and the instant the occasion that called for deception passed away, he resumed his moroseness and ill-humour. So penuriously did he act as regarded her wardrobe, he scarcely allowed her the means of appearing as a lady. And so rigid was he in his household concerns, and so mean and base in the expedients to which he resorted, to prevent Lady Grange making a privy acquaintance, that he made use of the lowest menials as domestic servants; and by not discharging them from his service if they treated Lady Grange with rudeness, the worst of them considered, and perhaps with reason, it was agreeable to his husband they should act in that manner.

A much greater affliction than this existed in Lord Grange employing as tutors and governesses in his household, persons whose minds he had previously filled with favourable impressions as regarded his lady; so that, in their intercourse with her children, they were able, by slow degrees, to undermine their affection for their suffering and distressed mother, and direct their dutiful attention to their father alone, till they treated Lady Grange when present as an absent person, and spoke as little of her as if she were in her grave!

The more care Lord Grange took to keep his lady in the dark as to the object of his frequent journeys to the southern metropolis, and of the numerous meetings in his mansion with persons notoriously disaffected to the reigning dynasty, the more impelled her desire to attain full information of his plans; and she had sufficient address to obtain possession of very important papers. The house in which Lord

Grange resided had been built three centuries prior to this period, and the massive walls contained secret passages, that afforded a road from one part of the house to another without being heard or seen by the inmates; and from each of the principal rooms there were secret ways to the vaults below, and thence into the fields. There were also secret recesses formed in the pannelled wainscoting of the best rooms, wherein, upon sudden emergencies, any person might be secreted. It was in some such recess Lady Grange concealed herself when a full convocation of her husband's political associates met in his library, and when, owing to difference of opinion, they talked much louder than was prudent. If Lady Grange had avoided *menacing* Lord Grange she had acted wiser, for that was a mode more likely to work her own ruin than his reformation. And she reproached him with very great severity for thus basely requiting the favours he had received from the reigning sovereign. It is probable Lady Grange did not seriously mean what she seemed so strenuously to menace; but even a hint of that nature was calculated to rouse into action every spark of latent hatred and revenge, and furnish a plausible pretext for consigning to the hands of others the infliction of that vengeance for which her recreant lord had long thirsted.

It was not mercy that limited short of death the proposed punishment. Lord Grange was thoroughly convinced that no death, in his power to inflict, would be so appalling to his lady as solitary confinement in a dark and lonely dungeon, in some remote spot, far removed from the knowledge of her friends and children, and all the comforts of social intercourse. Such was the destiny to which this unfortunate lady was secretly doomed.

Lord Grange had only a lodging in the city of Edinburgh, his family mansion was in the suburbs. When every thing was arranged for the seizure of his wife, the wily conspirator took leave of her as if he were going a

journey, saying he should be absent a few days. And that same night a couple of vassals, the dark and willing instruments of their depraved owners, who had previously been instructed in all the secret avenues belonging to that ancient edifice, and with the clumsy and old-fashioned keys by which every lock could be opened, till they made their way to the bed-chamber of the unsuspecting victim of this conspiracy—were ordered to enter Lord Grange's house, and seize and bring away his lady.

The exterior of the mansion was gloomy, monastic, and picturesque. It was surrounded by a lofty wall, and the remains of an ancient fosse were still visible. The courts and gardens contained many venerable trees of gigantic growth, whose lofty heads almost concealed the mansion. The night was dark as was the errand of the ruffians, who, masked, and armed, and otherwise disguised, and provided with dark lanterns, were led to an old and low door-way in the outward wall, against the threshold of which the dirt had accumulated, apparently for ages. This the banditti cleared away, and applying the key, seemed surprised at their success in forcing the stubborn wards and rusty hinges to yield to their force. They then crossed a small court-yard principally occupied by old lumber; and proceeding in the direction they had been told to pursue, they came to the trunk of a huge hollow tree, which had grown and decayed at the back of some domestic offices built in an ancient form. Here, by the aid of their lanterns, they found the door which led to a vault that reached the interior of the house. They applied a key as directed, and this door slowly opening, displayed the dark entrance of a vaulted passage, whence rushed a foul, dense mass of air that seemed to have been long pent up; and as the small lanterns they carried shed only a lurid light, the villains made a simultaneous pause, not from feelings of physical but of mental cowardice. They were as illiterate as the

6, and the fear of encountering apparitions caused them

to halt. As they stood at the entrance, one said to other, 'I wonder whether the last persons who trod the vault conveyed away a living body, or committed murder.' 'Peace, fool,' said his more sedate comrade. 'Go on in silence. If we are discovered, we may swing for being here, in spite of Lord Grange's protection; and if we retreat, we shall be put to death by our chiefs!'—The wretched men, who thus encountered the risk of assassination if they hesitated to proceed in the commission of felony in which they were engaged, and of being hung as housebreakers if they were detected, were natives of the highlands, whence they had been sent to execute this infernal project. They had no acquaintance in Edinburgh except with a few domestics of their chiefs, and they were heart and soul, devoted to the Stuarts. And Lord Grange had taken care to make them believe the unhappy woman was daft, i. e. out of her mind; and having heard a good deal of political conversation at her husband's table and being apt to talk of all she knew when the crazy came upon her, it was deemed prudent, for the safety of the 'good cause,' to remove her. Care had been taken to swear these men to secrecy, by the oaths which they bore in the greatest veneration.

The little discourse ended, they explored their way towards the interior of the mansion, which, old as it was, appeared by the foundation walls to have been built upon the remains of one still more ancient. At the distance of a few paces, the highlanders came to a pointed Gothic archway, occupied by a massive door, of which all the innermost fastenings had been left undone, except the lock. The door was formed of a double or triple layer of oaken planks laid diagonally and lozenge-wise, and secured by bars of iron plentifully studded with large iron rivets, fitting close into the frame, fastened with many massive bolts within, and seemed calculated to bid defiance to every thing save the use of warlike engines or fire. The two highlanders did,

waste time re- is, but slowly and carefully entered a vaulted chamber, whose full size and altitude they could not perceive ; against the pillars, on which rested the groined arches, and spread upon the stone pavement, there were shields and helmets, spears and battle-axes, and other parts of armour, which denoted either a chapel or an armoury. Here their candles were nearly extinguished ; and as the glimmering, glow-worm sort of light waved to and fro in the lanterns, casting a lurid light, they imagined they saw and heard horrid spectres flitting around. Hellish as was their purpose, the superstitious slaves uttered such prayers as they had in their native glen been taught to consider as sovereign preservatives against the power of witches (g) and evil spirits ; as if Satan, counteracting his own nature, could feel any powerful interest in counteracting the plots of the wicked, and acting as the agent of a just and beneficent deity !—In the ignorance of those men chiefly existed the source of their guilt. They were held in mental darkness, as well as abject vassalage ; and their unfeeling and profligate lords considered that ignorance as their most valuable quality, since it kept them in a state the more fit to be used as slaves, and instruments of vengeance, open or covert ; and although the law could not spare such men if brought within its penal operation, yet, in the eye of the philosopher, they were rather objects of pity than of severe reproof.

Resuming the narrative, and quitting this moralising strain :—the blind instruments of others' crimes, proceeding in their covert way towards Lady Grange's bed-room,

(g) As late as the year 1716, in this most enlightened of all countries, a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child aged nine years, were hanged at Huntington, for selling their souls to Satan, tormenting and destroying their neighbours, by making them vomit pins, and for raising a storm, so that a ship was almost lost : which storm, it seems, was raised by the diabolical arts of pulling off ir stockings and making a lather of soap !

came to another door, which, as it opened into a sort ante-chamber, parallel with the wardrobe chamber, and the centre of the house, they opened very cautiously, lest they might be heard; and yet, from the lateness of the hour, they calculated that the senses of Lady Grange and the domestics would be locked up in the soundness of the first slumbers. Their directions as to this room were very minute. Its four sides were lined with wardrobe press and lofty chests upon chests, from the floor to the ceiling all formed of oak, and very finely carved, excepting at the angles. In one of these, next the great gallery which longitudinally intersected the chief apartment, was a sliding pannel, fastened by invisible springs, through which there was an entrance into the gallery, exclusive of the door which they were advised not to open, lest the creaking of the hinges should give an alarm. They were also supplied with a master-key to open the lock, if they could not open the sliding pannel.

Here the ruffians closed their lanterns, and scarcely drew their breath, for the violent and incessant yelping of a small dog at no great distance announced that their approach was discerned; and as they listened in deep anxiety, a gleam of light penetrated into the wardrobe.

The cause of this interruption originated in a small lap-dog, a favourite of Lady Grange. The sagacious little creature, either by its nose or ear, understood that strangers were in or about the house. Its yells were clamorous and incessant, and its mistress chided in vain. Lady Grange had on her night-dress, and was about to lay down, when the dog, in an agony of passion, pulled her by her night-gown from the bed, ran to the chamber door and scratched violently. (h) Thinking that something was amiss, La

(h) The sagacity of dogs has often displayed itself in a manner more than reason than instinct, in all ages and countries. At Ditchley house, Lord Dillon's seat, near Enston, Oxfordshire, there is preserved a portrait of a dog which saved the life of one of the family of the Lees, descended from

she went to the bed of an old female, named Margaret her nurse, and foster-mother, but whom, to her surprise, she found in so heavy a sleep, she could not awaken. Her spirits were very low prior to this sickness of her pet, and drowsiness of old Margaret; she was the more surprised at the latter incident, for nurse was remarkably easy to awake, and it was principally on that account Lady Grange caused her to sleep in her bed-chamber.

It was the custom of this respectable old servant always to recite certain prayers in an audible voice, and with bended knees, and never before had she shown any sign of weariness or lassitude; but this night seemed so drowsy and heavy she could scarcely keep herself awake, and Lady Grange, out of compassion, desired her to go to her bed, and wait to attend her any longer. Recollecting this peculiar circumstance, Lady Grange felt the pulse at the wrist of her slumbering servant, and finding it healthy, kindly said, 'How happy is this poor menial, and how precious is her rest, whose conscience is free from sin, and whose bosom is free from sorrow.' Unhappy lady! Little dreamt that the extraordinary heaviness of her venerable nurse was the effect of laudanum, administered in the evening drink of beer, or that the ruffians employed by her depraved husband to remove her for ever from her home and her children, were within a few paces of her bed, and masters of a skeleton key, that fitted every lock in the house.

Edward, an admiral of that name, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. A valet having formed a design to murder the person in whom he trusted, had armed himself with a dagger, and was silently entering the chamber of his unsuspecting master, when this dog, whom he used to keep close by his side, and must have been well acquainted with this servant, suddenly awoke his master, and then flying at the valet, seized him with his teeth, and held him till the gentleman sprung from his bed and secured the assassin, with the murderous weapon in his hand. He was afterwards executed and put to death.

Wholly free from all mistrust of secret treason, yet uneasy from various causes, Lady Grange opened her chamber door to call her Abigail, who slept in an adjoining room. Instantly the angry dog rushed past her, and stopping short at the door of the wardroom chamber, scratched, yelled, barked, and howled with more fury than before. Lady Grange noticed this conduct, and meant to search the chamber, but fearless from constitutional firmness of nerve, and intimately acquainted with the passage, she went without a taper, when she caught a glimpse of a light in the wardrobe chamber, and she distinctly heard the breathing and the steps of persons within! With the fearless intrepidity that marked her character, she rushed to the door which opened within the wardrobe, and from the gallery, and seizing with both her hands the massive and ancient ring of brass, which, bright as burnished gold, passed through the mouth of a lion's head, admirably carved in brown oak, it enabled her to hold the door tight, that having a smooth surface within, it was, she well knew, impossible by any means less violent than a sledg hammer to force a passage; and of the passage through the sliding pannel she was ignorant. She pulled the door with almost supernatural strength, and shouted 'Thieves! fire! robbers!' with a voice so loud and shrill that it penetrated from the loft to the lowest apartments, where the porter, coachman, and footman slept; and in a minute less her servants came armed, running to her aid. Her resolute conduct convinced the desperadoes that nothing remained for them but a precipitate retreat; and thus was foiled a deep-laid plan to spirit away the lady of the house which had been long in preparation, and so well matured that Lord Grange and his accomplices thought its success was inevitable. As to the emissaries, their care was to keep any one from entering the wardrobe from the gallery, and therefore they left a skeleton key in the lock. They retreated by the secret way they had entered, perfect

and that no one would be able to discover their path in or intercept them; and to make all secure, they fastened the outside, by means of large blocks of hewn stone in the passage, the door which led from the vaulted room, leaving a skeleton key in that lock also: whence they reached the outward wall, and securing the door, with the close carriage which was in waiting near at hand, which, but for this unexpected interruption, Lady Grange was to have been carried, gagged and bound, to the use of an accomplice of her husband's, about twelve miles distant.

When as her men-servants arrived, Lady Grange reached her hold, and applying the key to the lock, there was a key on the inside in the lock. This increased her alarm, and she made sure the robbers were there, as she knew not of any way by which it was possible for them to retreat. She therefore anticipated a desperate resistance, and like a prudent general, delayed forcing the door till she had increased her force according to the visible danger; yet she felt secretly amazed at the utter want of the besieged robbers. With the utmost calmness she ordered one of her men to go into the farm-yard and mansion, and call up the hinds who slept over the house, and to arm them in the best manner they could. As they arrived, she ordered her party to stand one half mile side of the door, and when it was forced, if the robbers sallied out, to do their best to secure their persons, without maiming or slaying them. She stood firm and unmoved by the man who forced the door, when to her incredible amazement there was no soul within; and, at the infallible token of their recent presence in the skeleton key left in the lock, there was no trace that they had been there; as little was there any visible passage whereby they could retreat. From these strange circumstances the domestics imputed the whole disturbance to natural agency; and as the butler had locked the side door that evening, when he put the plate in its usual

place, they concluded, that old Nick had put the false key into the lock.

As to Lady Grange, she was too well assured of the reality of the light she had seen, and the sounds she had heard, to feel the least doubt on the subject. After leaving some armed men in the gallery, she retired to her own room, where her foster-mother, Margaret Forester, still remained in the same profound sleep. Before she retired to her lonely couch, Lady Grange went to visit her children in their respective beds, and then, returning to her room, bent her knees in gratitude to God for the preservation of herself and family from the perils of the night. Alas! she little dreamt at that moment in whose black heart those perils had originated, and by whose treason the worse than murderers were, in the hour of deep repose conducted almost to her bed-side!

Lady Grange rose before the sun next day. Her slumbers had been very unsound, and disturbed by a succession of gloomy dreams, such as of the foundations of her dwelling-house being rent asunder, and her body crushed in the ruins,—again that she was suddenly seized, put into a coffin, and buried alive,—next that she was cast ashore she knew not how, upon a desolate rock in the midst of a stormy ocean, she knew not where,—that she was old, ragged, and hungry,—that her children and her friends passed her by, disowning her as a parent or acquaintance. She thought these dreams proceeded from the perturbed and agitated state of her mind, but she also thought some great calamity was about to fall upon her house and kindred, and that her faithful domestic, old Margaret, was approaching that hour which had no successor on this side the tomb, but not in the slightest degree did her mind glance at Lord Grange as the inventor and abettor of a plot aiming at her sudden and utter destruction.

Having every thing prepared to ~~prevent~~ ~~against~~ surprise, Lady Grange determined the next m ~~orning~~ to have all the

hidden vaults, passages, and recesses of the old baronial dwelling she inhabited, explored; and she ordered the carpenters to take down the wainscoting of the wardrobe chamber. As they were doing this, they came to a cell, which by its shape and architecture seemed to have belonged to a still more ancient edifice. It was of small extent, but the walls of enormous thickness, with only a small aperture or window, strongly grated; the door was sunk deep into the massive wall, and stood open, in which was a hole cut just large enough to admit a jug of about three pints measure, and broader at the bottom than the top. On one side of the dungeon was a stone bench, with an elevation at one end, as if for a pillow. Midway, about two feet above, was a large iron staple inserted in the masonry; to this was appended an iron chain terminating at a fathom's length, in a ring large enough to include the neck of a human being; and upon the stone floor, amidst a layer of dust, formed in part by the decomposed body, lay a human skeleton, and near the skull this chain and ring, deeply corroded, but still of ponderous weight. The ring, apparently, was fastened by a spring-lock that had a keyhole. Every one present was powerfully shocked at the discovery, but no one so deeply as Lady Grange. She saw before her the remains of a human being who had evidently perished in that cell, which was not more than six feet square, and chained to the wall by an iron ring around the neck! But whose remains she saw, or male or female, or how long, or from what cause confined, she knew not. She did not, however, dwell long upon this ghastly memorial of human crime and suffering, but proceeded to strip the rest of the wardroom; and soon was discovered the secret passage, the vaulted chamber, and the whole of the covered way that led to a paddock at the back of the house, where the intruders had entered; they also traced footsteps in the dirt and slime. It was then sufficiently apparent to all that the alarm of the preceding

night was not of a supernatural origin, and various surmises formed ; for though the intruders had on their way to a chamber where there were many pieces of plate, and other valuable and portable articles, not whatever was missing. There were amongst her servants more than one who suspected her cruel, depraved, hypocritical husband was at hand ; and that, if the extraordinary courage and promptitude of Lady Grange had routed the assassins, that she would have been murdered in her bed, and the crime probably laid to the servants ; but they held their peace, acting with that discretion which constitutes, in the national character of the Scotch, so prominent a feature.

As soon as the investigation was over, Lady Grange had the wainscoting replaced, leaving the secret cell as she found it, and had the doors securely fastened on the inside.

It certainly was a most remarkable circumstance, considering the ill terms on which Lord and Lady Grange lived together, that she never once suspected the real object of this extraordinary inroad. Her mind was so strongly prepossessed with the belief it was an act of state policy to obtain possession of Lord Grange's secret papers, that it directed her mental optics to every thing else. She anticipated the complete detection of the mal-practices of Lord Grange through the treachery of one or other of his associates ; and she made up her mind, if he did not desist, to make the best conditions in her power for her husband, and disclose all she knew or apprehended to the government.

When her mind became more tranquil than it was at the time the workmen were securing her residence against future nocturnal visits, Lady Grange sent an account of her proceedings to her absent husband ; the only part of the report that had any thing new to recommend it was the gravity with which she urged the probability that the intrusive visitors were agents of government, employed to obtain, during

lordship's te y i e, of documents as they might c o d c bureau. Dwelling empha t l po i, i conjured him in the most sol i to elist from such enterpris and f e to ab dangerous associates, befo involv elf fi in total ruin and beggary.

This letter Lord Grange w ed to his accomplices, and they unanimously decided t be put out of the way. Several of them were for re work, and putting her to death ; but *that* measure ould have defeated the dark and horrible vengeance ted by her remorseless husband. He therefore took cr it, on the score of *humanity*, for opposing a meas ch he insidiously decried as being alike cruel and dangerous. In the excess of his envy he seconded the motion made by the ferocious chief of a highland clan, to persevere in the intention of getting possession of her person, not by the means of ignorant vassals, but by the hands of *gentlemen* belonging to their party, and transporting her, by nocturnal stages, to some secure retreat amidst the solitudes of the highlands. As there remained little chance of effecting this measure whilst Lady Grange dwelt in her husband's house, the jato advised his lordship to treat his wife with such an accession of intolerable humiliating wrongs and insults as should force her to quit his roof. Lord Grange heard their opinions with rapture, and with that dry satirical manner for which he was famed, said he was sorely afraid he had already exhausted every means of annoyance, in the hope of ridding his house of so troublesome an inmate ; but that, under their superior guidance, he would commence with any new series of torture they might be able to devise, as more likely to prove efficient !

Whilst such specimens of moral character were displayed amongst the most active and determined of the leading partisans of the Stuarts in the metropolis of Scotland, who

expected to become the operative rulers of the state, in event of a second restoration of the exiled race of prior it was easy to foresee that despotism and misrule would hand in hand. And this conviction of the narrow and selfish views of most of the mal-contented had a powerful effect on the mind of Lady Grange. During her worst troubles her ladyship freely unbosomed her sorrows to Margaret Forester; for to that humble confidant alone durst speak without reserve. It is true she had children and relatives, the former grown to maturity,—the latter weak and potent; but her children, too much influenced by their profligate sire, did not pay their mother that dutiful attention her affectionate care of them claimed; and as to relations, there was not one she durst venture implicitly make her confidant. Thus she stood as it were alone in a splendid crowd, a lamentable instance, had her true condition been known, how poor an equivalent rank, power and precedence, afford for the absence of peace of mind and blissful contentment.

When she related to old Margaret the occurrences of that memorable night, the faithful old creature looked forward and piteously at Lady Grange, as if she had much more to say than she durst venture to utter. This tantalising manner, so common with mankind, irritated the wounded feelings of Lady Grange, who, in a manner unusually peremptory, bade Margaret deal candidly, and speak all she thought or cease those torturing indications of mystery and concealment. Stung by what she considered an undesigned reproach, the tears pouring from her dim eyes, old Margaret said, in a solemn though tremulous voice, 'That as truly as she believed in Jesus Christ, and her hope for salvation through his merits, so truly did she believe that her Lord Grange himself was at the bottom of the plot, and that its real object was either to murder her ladyship, or carry her off, gagged and bound, to some horrid dungeon, perhaps to serve her as the poor sou-

in whose skeleton they had recently found concealed in unknown dungeon.' Having begun upon a topic with which her anxious bosom was overflowing, Margaret was ending, but Lady Grange, offended by her old nurse's opinions that clashed with her own, told her, dryly, that she had arrived at her dotage, and the events of that week had almost turned her brain. Aware of the impetuosity of her lady, and of the perturbed state of her feelings, the faithful old creature held her tongue, nor did she ever renew the subject again.

When Lord Grange returned to his house, he expressed almost amazement at the daring attempt to penetrate the principal apartments of his mansion, and he failed to coincide with his lady in opinion that the object of the visit was to seize his papers; and casting a reproachful look, he muttered some words which seemed to imply that he thought Lady Grange had given their employers a false guide through the secret passages of his mansion.—'Lord Grange,' said she, 'I now begin indeed to suspect that thou art the traitor, and that my life or my property was the intended sacrifice.'—This retort left room for a rejoinder, a violent quarrel ensued, during which Lady Grange endured greater rudeness than she had ever experienced; and being thrown off her guard, she replied with greater spirit than judgment. Each succeeding day brought new sources of discord, and Lady Grange was so cruelly treated, she was compelled, though against her will, to send to a legal adviser, to direct her to proceed in a situation so truly distressing, and in which she had occasion for the best council in her power to obtain. The measure was wise, but Lady Grange was sadly unfortunate in her choice of the lawyer. The gentleman to whom she applied was one who owed his first introduction to her father's patronage. In their youth, he had been a humble companion of hers; secretly, and at a distance, a passionate lover, but he never ventured even to whisper

the passion that glowed in his heart; and the hauteur which, no less than her beauty, distinguished the fair object of his worship, prevented her noticing that passion which was sufficiently palpable to other eyes. When Alexander M—— heard of the dishonour of Miss Chicely, and of the atrocious treachery and cruelty of the honourable James Erskine, in betraying and exposing her to ridicule and scorn, he felt so indignant that he seriously contemplated to challenge him to mortal combat. Recollecting that high-born scoundrel might plead his rank as an evasion, he turned his thoughts to assassination, reconciling the atrocity of the action to his conscience, by arguing, that when a very grievous and terrible wrong was inflicted, which a law could reach, and where the criminal declined putting himself in a situation wherein the sword of an open and declared enemy might chastise him,—it was morally just and right to watch an opportunity of plunging a dagger into his heart. Such were the sentiments that glowed in his heart not then solely occupied by schemes of self-aggrandizement, nor polluted by any odious crime, except it was a crime to love too well: and just as his arm was ready to avenge the wrongs of the beautiful and the injured maiden to his utter amazement and confusion he heard of her marriage with the perfidious Erskine! and that the daughter of the fierce Chicely of Dalry had accepted the hand of a false, the cruel, the dastardly caitiff, who had first robbed her of her chastity, and then exposed her to the scorn and mirth of his brothel companions! M—— was at first wholly incredulous, and he felt half annihilated when the rumour was confirmed. He knew not that the fears of a sensualist had led *him* to marry, and REVENGE had acted on the bride.—Ignorant of these facts, the indignant hero felt his passion suddenly cured by a marriage so degraded. He could have loved—he could have wedded the daughter of his early friend and patron—notwithstanding her violation of the laws of chastity; for he believed the best and

sons of the he re
 product; but her marriage
 Huskine had proved himself, a
 sedation, incomparably les
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 with pity.

Such were the sentiments of this man whilst yet in his youth, and before the patronage and the vices of those things, falsely called great and noble, had warped every generous feeling, and reduced him to their own low standard of honesty and integrity. Under such auspices he could scarcely avoid becoming a base character. And as he struggled to emerge from this honourable state of comparative poverty,—as he pursued his tortuous course in life, ascending as he *crept* and *crawled*, various occasions occurred wherein it was in the power of Lord Grange, when then filled a high juridical station, to make or mar his fortune. Though he knew not the whole extent of the infrequency of that judge, he was sufficiently informed to believe there were few men more innately depraved, although not John Knox (i) himself could rail in the pulpit

(i) Of the enthusiasm, if not the fanaticism of this celebrated reformer of the Scotch church, the following description is given by Robertson the historian, in a note, extracted from Melville's account of John Knox, when he was so old, so broken down, as to be hardly able to crawl along, and when he was raised to his pulpit by two zealous disciples, who faithfully attended him. viz.

'In the opening of his text, he was moderate for the space of half an hour; but when he entered to application, he made me so to *grue* (thrill) and tremble, that I could not hold the pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go *hulic* (slowly) and fair, with a furring of marticks about his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godlie Richart Ballanden holding him up by the arter (under the arm,) from the Abbey to the Parish Kirk; and he the said Richart and another servant lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entrie; but ere he was done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous, that he was like to ding the pulpit into blads (beat the pulpit to pieces,) and fly out of it.'

A factious Scotch judge, now deceased, when acting in his official capacity, on the bench, as well as upon all other occasions, spoke his mother

with more vehemence at all manner of wickedness with some petty malefactor was to be condemned to death. Growing more and more sordid, as he receded from a state of indigence, M—— imitated his betters, and sought for opportunities of making himself more and more useful to the great, in order to obtain their patronage. Some occasion of this kind introduced him to the particular notice of Lord Grange, whose creature he became. When lordship was a neutralised whig, this barrister hoisted banners of that faction. When Lord Grange went over to the tory interest, he desired this man of all work to remain with the whigs; and finding him alike docile and intelligent and having found him true to his trust, Lord Grange, in hopes of gaining an able auxiliary, communicated to him his designs against his lady!

It was in consequence of private instructions from Lord Grange, and not, as the arch-traitor led his unhappy lady

to speak in its broadest accent, and bore a marked antipathy to all affectation of speech on the part of others. On one occasion, a lawyer, as much distinguished for purity of speech as his lordship was the reverse, opened a case for his client in the following words:—‘My lord, the pursuer, my client is an itinerant violin player.’ The judge, irritated to a degree, replied, ‘What’s tat na? is tat what ye ca’ a blin fiddler?’ ‘*Vulgarily so called*,’ rejoined the lawyer, somewhat nettled at being interrupted in his exordium. This unexpected repartee silenced the judge, and the lawyer was allowed to proceed, without any further attempt at intrusion.—A lawyer, also deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before the same judge, with whom he was upon the most intimate terms. Happening to have a client, a *female*, defend an action, of the name of *Tickle*, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain:—‘*Tickle*, my client, the defender, my lord.’ The audience convulsed with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics of laughter, by the judge replying, ‘*Tickle* her yourself, Harry; you’re not able to doot’s me.’

Such sort of conduct in a judge is about as disgraceful to the dignity of the bench, as the vociferations of fanatics is injurious to religion. We had, in former times, *swearing* judges, *drunken* judges, *weeping* and *whining* judges; but of all characteristics of a judge, the *facetious*, the *malicious* and *andrew* sort, is the most anomalous; it reminds one of the *laughing Hyacinth*.
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to suppose, from feelings of respect to her, that this individual, near about the period when it was first resolved to spirit away Lady Grange, paid her a visit or two, ostensibly on the score of old acquaintanceship. To him the unsuspecting woman poured forth her sorrowful tale.—M——— listened with well dissembled sympathy, and after hearing all she had to say, and after giving some common-place counsel in return, he hastened to communicate such parts of it as he pleased, and perhaps with additions and embellishments, to her husband! The perfidious wretch was privy to the first attempt made to carry off Lady Grange. After its failure, the persevering miscreant again visited his unsuspecting prey, and heard, as he anticipated, of the endurance of a vast accession of new and varied wretchedness. Pursuant to his instructions, the odious suitor launched out in a strain of bitter invective against her husband, of whom he drew a striking portraiture; he conjured Lady Grange, as she valued her life and liberty, to quit the house, wherein he said there was scarcely a domestic, but was suborned to calumniate and ill-treat her; and even her children, he was inhuman enough to insinuate, were as much *incensed* against her as her husband!—This was using the cruelest of all weapons, and the fiend rejoiced to see her writhe under the agony he intended to produce.—When a torrent of tears, and a burst of impassioned grief, which might have softened the heart of any ordinary ruffian, had so far restored her mind that she could listen again to his malignant suggestions, he began upon his old tack, and advised, nay he conjured her, to quit her husband's house, and at once relieve herself from misery and dependance by developing to the Duke of Argyle, who was then in Edinburgh, all she knew of the season, and the treasonable machinations of Lord Grange!

This snare, well as it was laid, and skilfully as it was fixed, did not take effect. Amidst all her bitter sorrows, and all the excitements used by this treacherous lawyer,

Lady Grange had still sufficient self-command to restrain her lips from communicating any schemes of vengeance she might contemplate. And weak indeed must she have been, if she had acted with less caution, after the numerous instances of the most abhorrent perfidy she had witnessed amongst the chiefs of the conflicting factions, who contended for the privilege of plundering the nation, and making their fortune by the spoil of that public whose welfare they pretended to have so deeply at heart ! Whig or tory,—moderate, neutral, or ultra, almost without a single exception, they were unanimous in closely adhering to that feature of a selfish statesman's creed, however widely they dissented on almost every other essential point !

The wily traitor having thus obeyed the orders of Lord Grange to their utmost extent, and wrought so far upon his wife as to induce her to consent to quit her husband's house, to which resolve the want of natural affection in her eldest sons and daughters, who sided with their father in these unhappy disputes, very materially contributed ; his next effort was to lead Lady Grange to the house of a creature of her worthless lord, whence she might be taken away with much greater facility and security than from her husband's, after the extraordinary failure of the first attempt. Nearly a year's time elapsed before Lady Grange could be so far wrought upon by studied insults of her husband, the persuasions of the traitor M——, and the advice of disinterested friends, to leave her children ; as neither entreaties nor remonstrances could prevail upon her vengeful husband to consent that even the younger of them should visit her. At the same time that he denied her this mournful consolation, the vicious confederacy devised such a constant succession of new and horrid expedients to torment her, that at last she consented to go, and to accept a stipend so narrow as to be wholly incompetent to her decent support as a private gentlewoman. Such were the artifices

of which *Lady Grange* became the victim; but, at the time she agreed to leave her home and her children, she had determined to go to London to seek an audience of the king, and disclose all she knew of the treasonable cabale in which Lord Grange, and a long list of noble names, then stood engaged.

The perfidious lawyer _____ incessantly with her, and often with _____ of grief and mortification; and whilst he was _____ tormenting her, he affected to feel towards her the most powerful sympathy and compassion.

The conspirators by whom _____ were solicited a house, as most convenient, was selected by a highland woman, upon the firm co-operation of this _____, and the force of her enthusiastic devotion to the unknown attachment of Lady Grange to _____ Brunswick had filled Margaret's bosom with inveterate hatred of her ladyship.—There needed no further inducement to stifle every feeling of justice and compassion, to induce her, heart and hand, to enter into the measures the conspirators were preparing for separating a wife and a mother, by violence and treachery, from her home and her children, and put her in the hands of her deadliest enemies.

When the house of decoy was definitively settled, the honourable task of decoying her into it was assigned to the eloquent counsellor M——, an event he soon brought about by exaggerating the local conveniences of the house, and the excellent character of Margaret Maclean, *her respect and admiration of Lady Grange's character*, and lastly, the monster intimated, that since Lord Grange could not be wrought upon by any arguments to consent that any of her children should visit her, she might, from the windows of Maclean's apartments, have the melancholy consolation of seeing them go past her door!—And this suggestion, _____ wily tormentor only threw out to

rack, with additional force, the tenderest fibres of a mother's heart, had the greatest weight in obtaining her acquiescence. The profligate deceiver was then commissioned to *hire* the principal floor in Maclean's house for her temporary residence!

The death of Margaret Forester, which happened between the first attempt to seize on the person of Lady Grange, and her removal from her home, was an event her ladyship sincerely deplored. She felt that the last of her parents were gone. And close at the heels of that heavy loss followed the complete estrangement of her children! She was allowed, for her sole attendant, to select a female servant. Having packed up her personals, for the last time, the use of the family carriage was granted, but not the mournful gratification of taking a last adieu of her children! As she got into the coach, accompanied by Counsellor M—— and the servant girl, the shutters of every window in the front of the house were seen all fastened, so that the children could not see the mother depart, nor the mother her offspring! Such was the manner in which Lady Grange was expelled from her home, and carried to a house which the conspirators had prepared for her, in order that their next attempt to banish her for ever might be sure of success.

As there is nothing so odious as hypocrisy, so there is no character more difficult to sustain. The consistency of Counsellor M——'s conduct as a persecutor of Lady Grange, may be accounted for on the ground of the strong affection he once felt for her, and the vehemence of the aversion, scorn, and hatred, into which that ardent love was converted when he learnt of her marriage with the traitor by whom her honour was betrayed! And the perfidious wretch fawned and flattered, whilst in his heart he hated and despised. But the nominal mistress of the house to which Lady Grange retired was a homespun sort of woman, of a sudden and vindictive temper, and very

It calculated that she was instructed; where she hated, and wish to destroy. There was something dark and malignant in her eye,—her brow, and a curve upon her lip, indicative of contempt, whenever she was in the presence of Lady Grange, and thought herself unobserved. But scarcely a look or motion escaped the anxious eye of that keen observer. And she took up not merely a deep-rooted suspicion of her fidelity, but a vehement antipathy to her person. It was her order, as indeed it had been her rule in her own house, never to permit a servant to pass, or to meet her on the stairs; and this order she commanded the proud and ignorant Maclean to obey!

Lady Grange was soon informed of the true character of her landlady, by a distant relation of hers, with whom, on account of Lord Grange's aversion, she had held no personal intercourse. Hearing of a separation, which excited a vast deal of speculative discussion, this kinswoman embraced an early opportunity of waiting upon Lady Grange. Her visit had a powerful, and, perhaps, a disastrous effect upon her destiny: it illuminated Lady Grange as to the treachery of Counsellor M——, and the true and real character of Margaret Maclean; and Lady Grange was earnestly advised by her warm-hearted and honest kinswoman to retire with her, without an hour's delay, from the roof of a woman whom she considered as the dangerous tool and instrument of her vicious lord, and set off to London to state to the king her sufferings, her perils, and the treasonable efforts that were on foot to excite another rebellion in Scotland.

Unhappily Lady Grange would not follow this sensible woman's disinterested advice as to quitting the house she was in; and so much was her fortitude overpowered when the treachery of Counsellor M—— was laid open, that, although by no means of a nervous habit, she could scarcely refrain from fainting; and if a plentiful gush of tears had not relieved the intensity of her mental suffer-

ings, such must have been the issue. ‘Gracious heavens!’ exclaimed the agonized woman, ‘to what a traitor have I been recounting my sorrows,—what a serpent have I cherished in my bosom!’—Just at that instant, even whilst she was uttering those emphatical words,—just as her bosom was convulsed with overwhelming sensations of grief, shame, rage, and indignation, the execrated and execrable traitor made his appearance, not indeed without announcing his presence by a slight rap or two at the door of the sitting-room where sat Lady Grange and her friend conversing; but yet so rapid was his step, it was evident to his determination to reach her ladyship before she could have time to withdraw from his sight the person whom Mrs. Maclean had told him was then with her. His object he attained, and so petrifying was its effect, the dumfounded pleader seemed at one glance deprived of speech and motion! When the villain beheld the swoln eyes and flushed features of Lady Grange,—when he saw the lady who was with her, and to whom she had evidently been unbosoming herself, his bronzed visage underwent a total change, his limbs shook, his lips turned white, and he stood as it were transfixed to the floor, alike deprived of the power of flight or to advance! Lady Grange was at this time a fine and looking figure; tall, handsome, majestic, and of a becoming breadth, but rather of a masculine form; and her fine features never, except on one occasion, appeared so full of energy and scorn. She arose as he entered, and silently contemplating the abject figure he exhibited, and darting from her expressive eyes such scornful, disdainful glances, as seemed to wither up the caitiff’s soul, she deliberately opened the door of her room, and calling Mrs. Maclean, ordered her to turn a villain and impostor out of the house. But when her visitor interposed, placed herself very composedly against the door, and in Counsellor M.’s hearing and presence again recited the foundation of her arraignment, the *learned advocate* of having acted towards her ladyship.

as part of a domestic spy! of a willing, zealous, honest traitor! of being, instead of the faithful and generous defender of Lady Grange, the tool, the *load-eater*, the sycophant and mercenary creature of her husband. 'Your object,' said she, 'in visiting this unhappy lady, was gain her confidence only to betray, and to give such intel as your villanous employer enjoins; to lead your blind-folded to the abyss which that depraved wretch is preparing, and then dash her down—never, her more to rise again! These are the deadly crimes which I have arraigned you. Do you dare deny any of the catalogue?'—As this spirited lady thus eloquently expressed the horror and indignation the perfidy of the trembling scoundrel had excited, he stood literally gasping for breath, partly concealed behind the curtains in the recess of a large bay-window,—huge drops of sweat chasing each other down his temples and cheeks; and though he made ineffectual stammering efforts at evasion and denial, yet, finding every step he took but plunged him deeper, by drawing forth additional proofs of guilt and infamy, he wisely held his tongue. Waiting till the storm abated, and leaning out at the window-frame, he looked like a convicted murderer of the most cruel and cowardly stamp that ever died on a gibbet!

After recovering the first effects of this discovery, and the traitor's unexpected intrusion, Lady Grange went to the trembling sinner, and looking him for a few minutes full in the face, she said, in a calm and emphatical tone, 'Go! miserable man! Go to him whose gold or his patronage has suborned you to act the infamous part you have too successfully performed, and tell him, I will not, for all his wealth, and all the kindness in his power to show me, endure the ignominy, the shame, the public torments which at this moment rend thy guilty soul!—What revenge can I thirst for more complete than what thy present humiliation affords? But thy presence is loathsome! Go hence! and I commission thee

‘ to tell the knot of conspirators, who will bring thee
 ‘ the scaffold, if thou shouldst not previously render
 ‘ some sort of service to them,—that Lady Grange ha
 ‘ defiance in their teeth, and will send a shaft amon
 ‘ them that shall shortly spread ruin, ignominy, and deat
 Having thus drawn the sword, and flung away the sc
 bard, this intrepid and high-spirited woman, her feeli
 wrought to a pitch of fury bordering upon insanity, ac
 in a manner most likely to whet the vengeful spirit of
 Jacobitical foes ; and her kinswoman being alarmed at
 open denunciations on which the unhappy woman so
 cautiously ventured, she withdrew from before the outw
 door of the chamber, and left it in the power of the false
 venal lawyer to retire. He was not slow in making the be
 his way from a *tete a tete* so tremendously unpalatable,
 so little expected ; but so great was the shock his whole
 tem had received at this inauspicious interview, which he
 been at such pains to bring about, that he went to a surg
 and had a vein breathed ; and then, fraught with mi
 and keen feelings of rage, shame, and remorse, he repa
 to Lord Grange, and related, as far as he deemed ex
 dient, the extraordinary adventure in which he had b
 engaged. Lord Grange was greatly alarmed, and no
 agitated. He knew, as well as the chap-fallen lawyer,
 female to whom he alluded, and the clue she possesse
 the machinations then on foot ; that female he said he k
 how to silence, but as to *his wife*, he pretended he co
 see no other remedy than immediate seizure, and transp
 ation to a remote and secluded place of confinement
 He never once thought what KINDNESS might have effec
 and the monster secretly rejoiced that Lady Grange
 now so fully committed herself, that her destruction
 all but inevitable !

But the humbled and mortified lawyer was not the c
 auditor of the rash and ill-timed menaces of Lady Grar
 The sly and vengeful Margaret Maclean ad placed her

closet in a room adjoining, where she distinctly heard approachful language addressed to the counsellor ; and, was more material, her vehement threats of denounce- all the noblemen and gentlemen, who, as well as Lord Grange, were deeply engaged in a confederacy, to recall Stuart dynasty to the throne. She heard the female exhort, and Lady Grange agree, to go to London. Janet Maclean therefore immediately repaired to a notable Jacobite preacher, who dwelt hard by, to whom she communicated these alarming tidings ; and, at the same time, she hinted that the scheme of seizing her ladyship's person, and transporting her, however far away, was not so secure as for ever disabling her from the power of doing as she had threatened. To excite the confederates to dispatch, she told them Lady Grange was getting ready to set off for London to betray them to the *Electeur* however, as George II. was then termed by the Stuart party. And thus, from two different channels, proceeded intelligence as rendered the destruction of Lady Grange an object of the first importance to the political actors of the day !

At the time when these occurrences happened, a journey to London was thought as much of as a voyage to the East is at the present day. The roads, even in summer were bad, the vehicles heavy, the horses strong but slow, and the progress very slow. And Lady Grange thought it probable she might not return to Edinburgh to see, she being fully determined to communicate the proceedings of Lord Grange and his political associates to the government, making the best terms she could for her husband, saving his accomplices to be dealt by as the government might deem proper.

When the conspirators learnt of this project, they saw, were not prevented executing her vindictive purpose, might be suddenly involved in a state prosecution for treason. A secret meeting of the most active leaders

was convened, in which a larger majority were for assassinating Lady Grange; and it was proposed to hang her till she was dead, in her own bed-room, and leave things in such a state, and suborn such witnesses in addition to Margaret Maclean, as might, by adroit false-swearing make it appear that she had, in a fit of despondency, hung herself!

The most active and determined of Lady Grange's enemies, next to her husband, was Lord Lovat, the same restless and unprincipled nobleman who, soon after the final explosion and subjugation of the political machination which filled the space between the two great rebellions in Scotland, namely, those of 1715 and 1745, died on the scaffold. This man had a more competent knowledge of the determined character of Lady Grange than any other conspirator, *Lord Grange* excepted, and he strongly urged the necessity of putting her to death; but her husband, and merely because that mode of punishment was not sufficiently protracted to satisfy the immensity of his malice, again opposed that process. After a stormy discussion, it was finally agreed that Macdonald of Moray and Macleod, the brother of the laird of that name, attended by a competent number of armed vassals, should execute the *honourable* task of entering her dwelling, seizing her person, and escorting her to the gallows of Edinburgh.

It is very probable, if Lady Grange had gone immediately to the gallows, Maclean, as she was intended, would have been murdered. In the present instance, however, that caused her servant-maid to be the crime was perpetrated to satisfy the desire of a relation who was ill, and it is probable that Lord Grange himself wrote a letter to Macdonald and Macleod, directing the execution of the

use of sudden and secret transportation, provided by the secret tribunal at which Lord Grange had!

The house where Lady Grange lodged being cleared of every person at all likely to interrupt the conspirators, a little before midnight, on Saturday, 22d April, 1782, officers already named went to Maclean's, attended by ruffians, armed and disguised, who took their posts about that dwelling, to prevent their chiefs being surprised, and intercept the devoted victim, if, by any unforeseen accident, Lady Grange should escape out of the house and the street. In short, as many precautions were used, expedients prepared, as if Lady Grange had been a king and Charles the Twelfth. She, poor lady, sat moping down in her solitary chamber to write a letter, expecting the time it was finished her maid-servant might bring it. Presently she heard, and not without a thrill of horror, a loud rapping at the street door, not such as denoted

violence, but in the manner of persons of superior refinement of life.—Instantly she laid down her pen, and listening, distinctly heard her own name mentioned, and as she had time to make any attempt to escape from the room, or defend the entrance, the conspirators appeared before her, a naked dirk in their hands, and pistols in their belts.

Rising from her seat, and advancing towards the door, she asked in a resolute and undaunted tone what they were, and what was the occasion that had brought them into her dwelling at an hour so unseasonable? The herald handed her the letter written by Lord Grange, and the unhappy wife was too much alarmed to peruse its contents. The herald of his stern command performed his duty; and it appeared by what he read that the exiled villain commanded her to accompany these gentlemen who had his full authority to remove her from her present lodgings to others more commodious and secure. 'I am obedient and secure!' said Lady Grange—'Ay! as

‘ commodious and as secure as the dungeon where
‘ wretch perished, clothed in chains, upon a floor of :
‘ but softer still is that than the heart of Lord G
‘ If murder is your object, as I conclude it is, dispat
‘ at once ! I feel I am in your power,—that I am bet
‘ and surrounded by my foes !’—‘ If we came to n
‘ you, silly woman,’ said Macleod, ‘ what preven
‘ You are to be removed from this city ; we come to r
‘ you, we will be obeyed : yield yourself, and we
‘ you of personal safety,—make resistance, and ye c
With a fearless aim she snatched the dirk from the h
Macdonald, and it had been lodged in his black h
Macleod had not arrested her uplifted arm. Her sc
were dreadful, and her struggles such as denoted
for life and liberty she contended ; and if the villain
not called others of their gang into the room, so resc
did she strive to get to the windows and alarm the
bourhood, they might still have found it a very di
task to have conquered, without killing or drea
wounding her. But Lady Grange had to sustai
unequal a contest to hope for victory, except some
neous aid suddenly arrived. She was assailed by r
blood ; by men whose hearts were alike insensate
and decency. She was thrown upon the floor, sa
struck on the breasts and temples, and whilst one
held a leg, and another an arm, they forced a gag in
mouth, heedless of the blood that flowed from the
they broke, and the lips they lacerated ; they next pu
loose white dress, as of a sick person that they had b
with them, that, if interrupted, they might with an a
ance of plausibility say it was a female in a dang
state of health, whom they were removing to a c
lodging, in hopes of her recovery. A sedan chair, be
the vassals, who were to proceed to the highlands w
they came, were in waiting in the lobby ; and when
Grange was completely overpowered, the banditti

by the linen in which she was encircled, and they carried her, carelessly enough, out of the room, and down the stairs, Mrs. Maclean holding a light, and exclaiming, *'I won't object to my meeting her on the stairs on a happy occasion.'* Lady Grange heard, and she felt cruel and cowardly sarcasm, but she could neither resist, nor offer any resistance. A ruffian, named Fletcher, who possessed of extraordinary strength, was placed behind the sedan, and on his knees Lady Grange was set. The ruffian seized her by the arms, and held her with an Herculean grasp, whilst, more from wantonness of insult than to prevent escape, a large and strong linen scarf was wound round both their bodies. Two men of prodigious strength and stature were selected to bear the very heavy sedan, and they were ordered to step as quick as possible, the chiefs on horseback leading the way to the spot in the new town where St. Andrew's Church now stands, which was then an open field. There they found, as they expected, another party of armed men in waiting, most of whom were mounted on horse-

At this spot the chair was opened, and the prisoner released from the wretch in whose ferocious grasp she had been held so severely; the scarf of linen was removed, and she was gagged, the bandage was taken off her eyes, and she was allowed to look about her. Anxious she gazed on every object. The moon was near at full; it shone with resplendent lustre; and as she cast her eyes over many well-known objects, the cupola of the summer-house, and the garden wherein she had compelled her recreant lover to kneel to her his wife, struck her imagination with terrific power. She said, mentally, 'Here then is the result of my flying a thirst of vengeance! A life of misery, and a premature death!'—Above the summer-house, partly wrapt in shadow, partly illuminated by the moon, rose the castle, the picturesque objects connected with that venerable building, and as the sufferer gazed, as she rightly judged, for

the last time, on a city wherein her children were born, who were slumbering, unknowing of her peril,—towards whom her bosom yearned, and whom she calculated on never more beholding,—the deep silver-toned bell of St. Giles's struck one!—Its solemn sound sunk to her heart, and the bitter recollection occurred that just as the ill-fated marriage ceremony was finished, which had produced this climax of woe, the same clock struck the same hour! It smote the conscience of the bruised and humbled penitent; for Lady Grange thought of the murderous actions of her sire, and of the murder she had then committed, if her apostate lover had not submitted to her command; and she felt as if it were the hand of Providence inflicting a just but terrible retribution, and 'visiting the sins of the father upon the children!' Full of contrition, she said mentally, 'The Lord's will, and not mine, be done.'—Whether this spirit of devotion and resignation might have prevailed had this haughty and high-spirited woman been rescued, is a point not easy to decide: as matters stood, feeling herself completely overpowered, gagged and bound, she wisely concluded that further resistance was useless at that moment, and she submitted in peace. When Fletcher was mounted on horseback, she was lifted upon a pillion placed behind him, and bound to him by the scarf as before. The gag was then taken from her mouth, and the first speech Lady Grange made of her restitution of the liberty of speech was to pray to God to spare and protect her children, and convert her husband from his sins; and next she asked her tyrants to allow her to dismount only for a moment, that she might place herself and her garments in a more commodious position; but the wretches, with the malice of fiends, denied her request, and being fast bound by a long scarf made of strong linen, to the fellow who sat before her, she could not shift her position. The night was fine, but a keen and piercing north-east wind blew full in her face, and her want of covering suitable to such weather

Macleod, who resided near this town, and, as must be
need, a staunch Jacobite.

At this house, the master of which was a relation of
Macleod, the leaders of this kidnapping party gave three
loud and deliberate knocks at a back-door, and were
readily admitted into a court-yard. Here they found a
number of confederates ready to receive the prisoner and her
attendants. When Lady Grange was released and set upon the
ground, she was so benumbed by cold, and disabled by
wounds and bruises, it was with difficulty, and aided by a
female servant who received her, she could stand or go.
The unhappy lady looked piteously at this female, but
saw in her cold and sullen glance no symptom of compas-
sion. On each side was an armed vassal; and thus care-
fully guarded, the door through which they had entered
was immediately locked and barred, Lady Grange was
conducted into a room where there was a fire, and some re-
freshment spread on a table. As soon as she was seated,
she said to her guards, 'My poor people, beware what you
do, for your lives may pay for your aid in this wicked
surprise. I am Lady Grange, the wife of Lord Grange.
I have been illegally seized, inhumanly treated; and
those who aid, as well as those who planned this crime,
may hereafter have to answer it with their lives! I ask
not for mercy, but for justice. I require you to make
known my condition at Linlithgow.'—Lady Grange
might as well have talked to a log of wood, or a block of
stone; not the least notice was taken, but the female ser-
vant was removed, and the most ferocious and insolent

ruffian of her escort, Sawny Frazer, a tenant, in words, a vassal of Lord Lovat, was obtruded upon presence. Her wounds and bruises found no balm in house,—the calls of nature no privacy,—a wearied feverish body no repose. The unmanly and cowardly vengeance of Lord Grange, too actively seconded by criminal coadjutors, exposed this unhappy lady to as severe privations, as humiliating taunts, as it was in the power of her tormentors to devise. And whilst her bodily sufferings were thus cruel and variegated—whilst a robust, masculine frame might have fainted under similar torture,—anguish of her mind was, if possible, ten times more acute and thus, in the presence of the vulgar and malignant ruffian, passed the first day of her captivity. When shades of night again returned, affording the ruffian opportunity of resuming their journey, Sawny Frazer and Lady Grange their horses were saddled, and she mustered forth. Being seriously ill, expecting certain death at journey's end, and altogether hopeless of relief, she called for Macleod, who presently appeared, ready equipped for a journey. 'I called you,' said Lady Grange, 'to implore you to finish my life and miseries, without protracting intolerable torments to which I am subjected. I can proceed on horseback : either relax your cruelty, or my life under the roof of your kinsman.' The arrogant and hardened chieftain, in a surly tone, said, 'You have taken our lives : yours will be spared, if you submit to travel in silence.'—Saying this, he condescended to help her to rise from her seat, and conducted her into the court she had entered in the morning ; and, as if to add to her griefs, Sawny Frazer was appointed to take the place of Fletcher ; and being lashed to his back by the scarf-belt before, the cavalcade set off, preceded and followed by Macdonald and Macleod, avoiding the main road as much as possible,—avoiding also going through Falkirk, passing through the Torwood, before they reached I

maine. They had hitherto met with no interruption,—saw scarcely a single wayfaring man. It was Sunday, and they did not start till the night was far advanced, and then took the bye-paths, so that it was not likely they should be interrupted in their course.

Arrived at the next house to which the wretched woman was consigned, she was conducted through a dark, dismal passage, to a place in the basement story. It was half subterranean, cold, damp, and filled with unwholesome air. The walls were in places green, from the effect of stagnant air and mildew. It derived its borrowed glimmering light from a small window opening into a closet, the outward windows being strongly secured by planks. A clumsy truck bedstead, a flock bed, and a broken old night-chair, formed the furniture. So very ill was the captive, she scarcely had power to complain; and when her conductors led her into the louthsome dungeon, she felt at first nearly insensible to its horrors. And mean and paltry as was the bedding, and such as the meanest of her animals would have murmured at as too poor, this noble lady welcomed the rest it offered with joy and gratitude. Here her gaolers left her, and she heard, as they retired, two doors close, and two sets of locks and bolts made fast. Greatly as she stood in need of repose she could not sleep. If excess of weariness closed her eyes, she awoke terrified with distempered dreams; she wanted medicine; she wanted tea, or some refreshing drink, and she had neither; she knew not where she was, who was her gaoler, nor when her sufferings were to terminate; and every reflection was embittered by the consciousness to her own husband she was indebted for her misery. The next morning, soon after it was day, an old man, whose silver locks bespoke a venerable old age, and his benevolent features a feeling heart, entered the wretched room, accompanied by his wife. From this ancient couple she learnt that Sawney Lownd was to be her gaoler, and that they had orders to

administer to her wants, but not to allow her to quit her room on any occasion, nor any person to see or speak to her, nor the use of pen, ink, and paper. It was surprising that her constitution, debarred as she was the aid of medicine, nurse, or nourishing food, so soon recovered the injuries she had sustained; and equally, if not more surprising, that her mind, being thus tortured, did not lose itself in insanity. This confined, damp, dismal cellar and dungeon—for it partook of both characters, had no ventilation, and the only supply of fresh air it received was whilst the doors were being opened and shut. She could indeed distinguish the day from the night, but a glimpse of sunshine she was not allowed to behold, nor to take any other exercise than pacing from one corner of her wretched prison to the other. She never once complained to the old couple her attendants; in her prayers she was earnest and eloquent; and she asked of her Creator fortitude to endure what it might please his divine wisdom to inflict as a penance for her transgressions. Being wholly debarred from social intercourse, and almost from hearing the human voice, Lady Grange, no longer proud and imperious, adopted a mode of self-interrogation; and the *poor captive*, locked up in the dismal cell, unknowing where, or under whose roof she was confined, closely examined *Lady Grange* figuratively, as when she was at the top of her nominal happiness; and in that ingenious way the *prisoner* argued, that the *Lady Grange* had nothing wherewith to reproach providence; and that all her sorrows, all her misfortunes, were clearly deducible from her own errors, vices, and follies. That would follow a series of lamentations and self-reproaches in the highest degree pathetic and impressive. Amongst the *honourable* duties imposed by the high-titled scoundrels who were privy to her incarceration, was one which enjoined her warders to listen to her ‘*ravings*,’ as the bursts of impassioned grief and misery were termed. The result was, that the ancient couple unanimously agreed they

would rather that Lord Lovat should send them forth to beg their bread, or lock them up as Lady Grange was imprisoned, than they would continue such irksome services. They told, the minister of their kirk how it grieved their conscience to be concerned in such wickedness ; they said the real object must be to put the poor lady to a slow and lingering death ;—that her strength was fast wearing away, and if Lord Lovat and Lord Grange would not relax in their persecutions, they would not, in any way or manner, hazard eternal damnation by aiding and abetting in so horrid a murder.—The minister, struck with horror at the narrative he had heard from George Ross and his wife, took an early opportunity of speaking on the subject to a steward or ‘factor’ to Lord Lovat, as such agents are called in Scotland, and to whom the place where Lady Grange was imprisoned belonged, recounting the conversation he had had with Ross and his wife, and the imminent danger of detection and punishment, as well as the enormity of the deed. for though the minister did not menace either Lovat or Grange with exposure, he frankly avowed his belief that the intention of her gaolers, in confining a lady of rank, accustomed to the luxuries and elegancies of high life, must aim at her destruction ; and he hinted at an ignominious death as the probable reward of her persecutors, if they did not relax the rigour of her captivity.

Forster, acting as became a crafty and *prudent* servant of so atrocious a master, hastened to Lovat, and communicated all that had occurred, by whom the execrable monster Lord Grange was informed that ‘the hag,’ as he usually called his wife, had contrived to infect her keepers, and that there was some reason to fear she would be let loose before the work of vengeance could be completed. Again and again Lovat urged adopting the short and certain preventive of her appearing as an evidence against them, by putting her to death ; but this her husband would not consent to on any terms ; for, fiend-like, he was determined

to make her atone, by new sufferings, for the *trouble* she occasioned him in looking out, before the intended period of her removal, for a new destination; Lovat having told him he would not run the risk of losing his life or liberty to gratify his foolish *squeamishness*.

Meantime it was whispered in Polmaise that a 'great lady' was confined in a vault under ground,—that she was fed on meal and water, and scourged every week, and was condemned to die in that gloomy place; whilst at Edinburgh, the notorious profligacy of Lord Grange, who was disgustingly gross in his amours, gave rise to innumerable rumours respecting his absent wife. As he passed along the streets, he was often saluted by very coarse and homely queries, and in the circles of fashion he was shunned by every truly respectable person. By his domestic he was hated and despised. The morals of his elder children he had deeply tainted, and under the thin veil of alleged impropriety of conduct on the part of his wife, he had brought them to acquiesce in her removal; but from them the malignant monster found it prudent to conceal her place of confinement, and had every month a new series of falsehoods to invent to support the delusive fable that she was well, and comfortably situated. As to Counsellor M—— he acted up to his word as regarded Lady Grange; and he found means to convince Lord Grange it was necessary for him to buy his silence even at a dear rate, without asking his aid in any other dirty transaction. And thus, whilst that knave of a lawyer revelled upon the wages of infamy, his egotism taught him to consider himself a saint. He felt, indeed, some occasional qualms of conscience concerning Lady Grange, but all the use he made of them was to press upon her husband for some new concession advantageous to himself! He often debated whether or not to go to London and denounce Lord Grange as a traitor, and give information against his associates, and nothing restrained him but his belief in the certainty of

a counter expulsion of the Guelphs, and the restoration of the Stuart line of kings. Thus frail was the cable on the strength of which the life of Lord Grange and his accomplices depended. Nor was it easy to conceive a situation much more humiliating than the one that nobleman occupied. He stood in constant dread of his own domestics. The lady who visited his wife just before her disappearance, sought him in his dwelling, and loudly and fiercely upbraided him as her murderer, menacing him with a public accusation. Lord Grange did not deny his aversion to his wife, or the reasonableness of the suspicions entertained by the unwelcome intruder, but with the utmost solemnity of manner, with uplifted hands, and upturned eyes, he averred he was wholly ignorant whither she was gone, or, if spirited away, by whom. He hinted at the possibility of her having been seized by '*the Jacobites*,' on account of certain injudicious menaces in which she had indiscreetly indulged; and he asked the lady, somewhat sternly, if she had any inclination to put a halter round the neck of her brother, and cause his body to be quartered?—Inexpressibly shocked at the question, she asked him how he dared to put such a question to her. 'Because,' said he, 'if you lend yourself to aid Lady Grange's plots against "*the Jacobites*," such will inevitably be one of its first results.' She respected that unhappy and greatly injured lady, and execrated her destroyer, in whose presence she stood; but she idolised her generous brother, of whose danger she was not apprised, although fully aware of the sincerity of his devotion to the Stuart cause. As to her own principles, loyalty to the reigning dynasty was her guiding star.

It was not, however, every inquirer whom Lord Grange could thus effectually silence. His younger children were constantly asking him for their mother, what he had done with her,—*if he had killed her*,—when he would bring her home,—*if she had fine clothes, good victuals, and ser-*

wants to wait upon her ;— if she was confined in a dungeon under ground, chained to the wall, with an iron collar round her neck ; and if those who treated her thus would not, when they died, go into the bottomless pit ? Such were the questions put to him by his own children, grounded upon the conversation they casually heard amongst his own domestics, or from other sources ; and often, as they spoke, the tear of real sorrow glistened in their eye ; and frequently was seen the frown of honest indignation, and every change of feature, occasioned by the change of feeling in their unsophisticated minds. The heart must have been callous indeed which could bear all this unmoved. To avoid an evil he knew not how to remedy, he deserted his house and family, giving up a larger portion of his time than ever to the most dissolute female society in Scotland ; and even there he occasionally had to encounter allusions still more pointed, *ironical* compliments on the *purity* of his ermine, and a general acknowledgment that he was a match for old Nick himself ! Such was the life led by Lord Grange,—a life of perpetual restraint, and incessant hypocrisy,—in which, every hour, he stood exposed to the most sudden and terrible of vicissitudes. Such the consequences of the vicious courses to which, unreservedly, that veteran debauchee abandoned himself, even when verging on three-score years of age.

It was therefore fear, and not mercy, which induced Lord Grange slowly and reluctantly to consent, when he could no longer withhold the boon, that Lady Grange should be permitted to take a walk in the court-yard of her prison-house, for the benefit of her health, and some few trivial additions were made to the miserable diet that was allowed her. The unhappy lady had suffered so much, and was so greatly altered, she might have walked through Edinburgh in open day without being recognised by her friends and relations. The light of day was at first too strong for her eyes, accustomed to twilight during four

"months" in
 and she could with difficulty bear refusal of it
 before her monster of a husband could refuse for
 another journey. About the middle of August, F
 the tool and agent of Lord Lovell, arrived at F
 with an order to Sawney Frazer to that effect. I
 Grange heard, by the transmission of letters, a
 by the countenances of Ross and some words
 respecting her was on foot; but to her future fate, and to her inexpressible
 did learn any tidings of her children. She was
 misery, if she could have been informed that
 her youngest son and daughter in law, and
 what a difficulty her husband had to answer the
 questions as to her fate, it would have soothed her sorrows,
 and rendered her dismal confinement tolerable; for she
 felt as if all the world had forgotten her, and not a creature
 living cared where she was, or what condition.

It was not till dark that Lady Grange was ordered, by a letter
 from Lord Grange, to accompany Forster; and scarcely
 ten minutes' time was given her to prepare herself. She had
 converted her attendants from being rigid enemies to be-
 come her friends, and she secretly hoped by their aid, at no
 very distant day, she might effect her escape; but she had
 to deal with men who were fully sensible that their lives
 depended upon the safe custody of their captive, and whose
 efforts were exerted to the utmost to foresee and guard
 against every contingency by which she might regain her
 freedom.—All the mitigation Lady Grange could obtain
 was, to be bound behind Forster, instead of Sawney
 Frazer. It was about ten o'clock in the evening when she
 was blindfolded as before, and put on horseback. In pass-
 ing through Stirling, late as it was, she shouted murder,
 and cried out that she was in the hands of rebels, and
 was led to slaughter. In vain was her cry: if it was
 heard, it was heeded not; and her guard applying a

cushion to her face, which had been purposely prepared; she was so terrified that she promised to remain quiet if they would desist. They did so, and she kept her word. At the approach of day-light, after having passed through the Down, and arrived near Callander, they quitted the road, and halted at a respectable house, which belonged to one of the conspirators. Here she was received in a manner that showed how complete every arrangement was. The windows, she could perceive, were strongly barricaded, padlocks and bolts were seen on the outside of the door, and a guard was placed near either avenue. These were the precautions used by the conspirators to secure the person of their unhappy captive.

If her wretched fortune could have received any relief by being treated with liberality and humanity as to her personal wants, and having a decent young woman to attend her, Lady Grange had reason to congratulate herself; here she was well treated. But her wretchedness, such as scarcely admitted of increase, and it almost excluded hope. Yet sometimes it rose buoyant, and she thought, if she conducted herself with prudence, a lucky incident might occur to baffle the deep-laid scheme of her enemies, and once more set her free. Such was the state of mind Lady Grange was in when Macdonald, Macleod, the leaders of the ruffians who had torn her from her dwelling, entered her room. The sight of those ferocious men unavoidably excited a sensation of horror, which her pallid face plainly evinced. She knew not but that they came to shed her blood, but their words were less harsh than usual; they deigned, with some faint appearance of compassion, to assure her that her life was not in danger except from any attempts to escape; and they were much at a loss what falsehood to devise that might pacify her, that they uttered the stupid and ridiculous undertaking that their object was *to place her in a state of security, and protect her from the vengeance of Lord Grange.*

'implore of you,' said she, 'is—restore me to my
 and my children.' A flood of tears gushing from
 as she spake, in some degree relieved her over-
 heart. And if Lord Grange, instead of sending
 the most savage and remote solitudes in the high-
 had then offered her an amnesty, and a restoration
 former state, on condition of her abjuring on oath
 her hostility against the Jacobite party, so greatly
 humbled, and so perfectly convinced that she had
 much to blame in opposing the pursuits of Lord
 by vehemence and threats, he would have found in
 a altered woman, and a submissive wife. Solitude
 every had taught her to look with all the severity of
 impartial justice, into her own conduct; and when
 reflected the means by which she had wrought on the
 of Lord Grange, forcing him, with the stiletto at his
 to pronounce the marriage vows, she felt convinced
 right not to feel surprise at the ill life he had led her, nor
 ment, after she had so often threatened to betray him
 his associates to the vengeance of the reigning mo-
 Nor could she forget, if she had had prudence to
 preserved her honour inviolate, she might with honour
 become the bride of Lord Grange, or been left by
 if fickle, without stain or reproach. These 'home
 me' extreme suffering and unbroken solitude brought
 now before her awakened conscience! It was said by
 inspired writer, '*Sweet are the uses of adversity.*'
 apply, Lady Grange had to deal with a man whose
 of vengeance was insatiate, and whom she had so
 ly offended, that he thought the utmost possible degree
 store in his power to inflict would fall short of the
 measure of her transgressions!

fore day-light the following morning, Lady Grange
 summoned to proceed on, to her an unknown course; but
 still, her condition was so far improved that she was not
 hindered after they had passed Callander; and so

remote were they now from the more populous districts, was not deemed necessary to travel by night. But the mitigation of her sufferings arose from necessity, for there were then none of those fine military roads which now intersect the highlands, but mere path or track-ways, and frequently passing so near to precipices of awful altitude or across deep ravines by bridges so fragile, that travelling by night on horseback, even the hardy highlanders themselves avoided when they could. To explore the way, as well as to be at hand if Lady Grange should at any time leap from her horse and endeavour to escape, there were footmen, armed with dirks and pistols, and selected on account of their known strength, activity, and courage. The chieftains, Macdonald and Macleod, were on horseback and Lady Grange was then placed behind Macleod: the escort being reduced to four persons.

When the bandage was removed from before her eyes she was struck with amazement at the sublime spectacle that met her sight; mountains piled as it were on mountains, whose lofty summits seemed to prop the heavens and glens so deep and narrow, that it seemed impossible the sun that rolled above could ever be beheld from the bottom of the abyss. The morn was fine, the air keen pure, and bracing,—the sky cerulean, spotless, cloudless. As they wended their way up the tremendous pass of Leith, from the jutting and lateral side of a mountain, it made Lady Grange giddy as she cast her eyes on the dark abyss that yawned below; and where the defile opened along distant valleys, far as the eye could reach she saw only mountainous region, till the softened outlines at the utmost verge of the horizon seemed gradually to melt into the clear blue sky. In general the upper parts of the mountains seemed composed of huge masses of rock, whose naked summits, excepting moss, retained no other mark of vegetation. In the mid-regions, here and there, some masses of wood,—and lower still, but not frequently,

of such dimensions as denoted the residence of some
or factor,—and around a few miserable huts of the
ring herd,—whilst the smooth surface of extensive
which occupied the lowest levels between the stu-
ridges of hills and mountains, completed the
landscap she had ever before beheld. Some-
the hapless lady was nearly stunned by the mountain
acts near which they passed, and was wetted by the
ding mist, which, like a misling rain, fell from the
caused by the foaming waters,—and often she
at the hollow echo of the voices of the guides, as
called to each other, or answered their chiefs. The
ect formation of the mountain region, their projecting
and the narrowness and danger of the defile by which
it could be entered, seemed to denote that nature
led the highland as a place of refuge for the
poor. But alas! in the earliest ages of which tradi-
tells, and perhaps long prior, there the most absolute
ptism, and bloody and gloomy superstition, fixed their
way, and liberty was no where less known or under-
d, than in a spot where, if banished from all the rest of
world, she might apparently have selected as her
rite retreat!

It was the grandeur of the scenery that met the asto-
nd sight of Lady Grange, and as she contemplated its
ppearance, for a moment she seemed to forget her woes,
asteful, so sublime was the richly variegated scenery.
Upon the most sorrowful recollections resumed all their
as the horrid thought ruled upon her mind, that in
lonely cave in these awful wilds and solitudes she
be incarcerated, like the wretched being whose
she had so strangely discovered! Her blood
ed to congeal with horror at the thought, and she was
falling off the horse from the effects of her lively ima-
tion. When she seemed greatly abstracted, and near
fearful precipice, Macleod would deign to advise her

to sit firm, as with slow and cautious step they slow ascended the steep defile; passing an insecure road in the projecting ledge of rock, compared to which that along Penmanmaur in North Wales was safe and commodious. As they climbed, Lady Grange could not, amidst all her gloomy ruminations, help noticing the cataracts she passed, some of which poured their waters down a steep of six or seventy yards, foaming and dashing from rock to rock till the awful roar was lost in distant murmur in the unsearchable depths below; and so narrow were the paths, that in more spots than one a single false step would have precipitated her to the bottom of an almost unfathomable abyss. On these occasions, Lady Grange instinctively clung to the belt round the body of Macleod, trembling every limb, whilst, by a refinement in cruelty, at every spot where the horrors of the pass were the most formidable, the unfeeling chieftain halted, or rather paused, as much as to say—‘Look at these paths, and be convinced, unhappy woman! of the impossibility of your escape!’ The chieftains and the clansmen were perfectly well acquainted with the steep and rugged character of this eternal barrier, which set limits to the Roman arms, and whose eagles never passed the heights. As they passed along the picturesque shore of Loch Lubnaig, they saw the lofty grey head of Ben-Lede buried in the clouds, which gathered like a halo round its top. The wary eye of the experienced highlanders marked this sure harbinger of rain or storm; but yet their course was pleasant, along the margin of a lake, embosomed in mountains, and hanging woods of the most luxuriant growth and picturesque effect. They seemed to forget the signs of approaching storm, as they passed along the borders of this enchanting lake, till they were reminded by the dark blue belt that appeared on the surface near the western extremity of the hurricane’s near approach. There was no trace of human dwelling,—none of cultivation,—the land was wild, desolate, magnificent, and awful. A thunder

in that locality was a visitation that the stout nerves of a native highlander could not always endure without. The escort had also another source of apprehension; they knew that these lonely glens and caverns formed a rendezvous of strolling bands of *illegitimate* robbers, bands of men who obeyed no chieftain, nor belonged to any; who stood equally opposed to the king's authority, the feudal authority of the chieftains who ruled the divided clans with despotic sway. These marauders made contributions, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, and when and where they could; but they dealt not in shedding blood, unless of those who sought to take their lives. But it was not considerations of that nature which made Macdonald and Macleod look so warily around, nor did they proceed in search of some place of shelter, but they should meet with a body of military, and be overpowered. In that case Lady Grange would tell her name and rank, and the manner in which she had been kidnapped; the ruinous consequences of which contingency, their conscious hearts well knew, might involve half the land chiefs in a situation as terrible as that of Lady Grange. Macleod asked in the Gaelic, in case of a successful attack what was best to be done? 'Put her instantly to death,' was the laconic reply, 'before she can betray us.' Of this resolve Lady Grange knew not, for the Gaelic was a dialect as little known to her as the Arabic. The word was passed quickly to the vassals, who promised that no rescue should take place.—Lady Grange, meantime, was rather pleased than terrified when she saw Macdonald ride on forwards, and dispatch his scouts to the recesses within reach, and when Macleod loaded his bow, and put in new flints. She could discern by the countenance of the whole party they were apprehensive of danger, but her dejected heart exulted in the hope of a rescue, imminent by whose hands. As Macleod rounded a projecting point, he observed that the scouts had discovered some

unknown party, who, perceiving Macleod and Macdonald, the Frazers, and all armed, sounded a horn three several times, whose deep shrill clangour re-echoed in the neighbouring glens. Upon this, Macleod, who had mostly maintained a sullen silence towards Lady Grange, told her she must submit to be blind-folded; and he bade her beware, if a skirmish took place, not to give any alarm, adding, if she did, she would be instantly put to death!

Here then were real substantial terrors, sufficient to supply materials for any reasonable-sized romance. Lady Grange inclined her head, and ejaculating a short prayer, implored the Almighty to allow her to perish by the weapons of one or other of the hostile bands, if it were not his pleasure she should be rescued. She thought of her children and of her home, whom she felt convinced she should no more behold; and her heart, shattered by so many woes, was ready to burst.

The rising gale had for some time, in sudden gusts, ruffled the smooth surface of the lake; and now it swelled into sudden gusts, carrying its spray on the leeward side, upon the shore, and large drops of rain announced the commencement of the hurricane. The sun was no longer visible, and dark, dense clouds, congregated over their heads, apparently from the four cardinal points. The horsemen clapt spurs to their horses, each bearing a pistol in his hand, till they reached a shepherd's empty hut. Here Lady Grange was taken from her horse, and led into the desolate hovel, where no other seat could be found than what was formed of dry turf. In the midst of the storm the hardy scouts were constantly on the look out, and some oaten cake and whiskey was handed to them from the large basket of provisions slung over the shoulder of one of the Frazers, they carrying it by turns. Some refreshment was offered to Lady Grange, but her heart was so full of grief, or rather with despair, she could scarcely be induced to partake of the provisions, of which her escort ate and drank.

with a keel. By order of Macleod, the weather having become very cold, and the rain descending in heavy showers, Lady Grange was accommodated with a plaid, and lifted once more on horseback ; but ere they had proceeded a mile from the shepherd's hut, the scouts came running in, announcing that a strong party of the king's troops were then scouring the mountains in pursuit of marauders, and within a very short distance.

The heart of Lady Grange once more beat with hope, but only to experience the pang of another disappointment ; for instantly the chieftains gave the word to strike into the woods, which were so full of briers and brambles, it was not without difficulty that a passage could be made for the horsemen. At last, however, they succeeded, and avoided the military, into whose hands, but for the vigilance of their scouts, they must have fallen. At the fall of evening they quitted their sylvan covert, and entered a vale which they knew, from its westerly direction, led into the heart of Balgudder. The shades of night were fast gathering around them,—the storm continued at intervals, beating full in their face, foreboding a dark and dismal night. They knew not whither to shape their course, nor where to seek for shelter. As the chiefs were consulting as to *bivouacing* on the driest spot they could find, one of the Frazers ran up to Macdonald, and whispering, said he had caught a glimpse of a light across the lake they were skirting. Thither himself and his comrade determined to proceed.—Almost immediately afterwards, vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the sublime scenery, and distant thunder rumbled in many a glen. Rapidly the thunder rolled onwards, and the pale bluish lightning, bursting terrific from the black, sulphureous clouds, now displayed the whole grandeur of these romantic regions, and then left them in pitchy darkness. Dreadful as the lightning appeared, and greatly as it terrified Lady Grange, it showed, upon a jutting point of land, on the opposite side of the lake, the lofty towers and broken walls of a

ruinated castle or fortress. At this time, what between terror and fatigue, Lady Grange was so enfeebled, that, but for the scarf which bound her to Macleod, she had certainly fallen off. Whilst the bandit chieftains were thus situated, suddenly the light re-appeared, and they knew by the direction that it was in some part of the fortress or castle they had seen by the aid of the lightning.

The proud hearts of the chieftains felt neither sorrow nor remorse, but much chagrin that they had omitted to put Lady Grange to death in Edinburgh, even without Lord Grange's permission, for they began to anticipate an unfavourable issue. They considered that the storm might have driven the excursive military, a party of whom they had so narrowly escaped, into this retreat, and then their perdition was sure. In this contingency, however, the resolution was to be adhered to, of killing Lady Grange when the first shot was fired, that she might not, in case of their defeat, betray those who, favoured by the darkness of the night, might effect their escape. They argued, that the place might also be the haunt of freebooters, whose scouts they had met with, and in that case their situation was equally perilous; but the urgency of the case was so pressing, it admitted of little hesitation, and they made for the building at all hazards.

In the midst of 'darkness visible,' an awful flash of blue lightning fell amongst them, and rolled along the ground on which they stood. Lady Grange shrieked with terror, and clapt her hands to her eyes, thinking she was struck blind: at the same instant a lofty tree was rent asunder, and fell so near them it set the horses, tired and famished as they were, rearing and prancing; and a peal of thunder burst over their heads with such a tremendous crash, it appalled the boldest heart, sounding as if fifty of the heaviest pieces of artillery had been discharged at once. 'Lay me on the earth, and there let me die,' said Lady Grange to Macleod. 'Lady! bear up yet a moment,' re-

the chieftain, 'the last terrible flash gave me a full view of the building near us : we shall reach it in a few minutes.' Preceded by the Frazers on foot, but each armed, Macleod rode round the end of the lake, till the shadow of the remains of a once noble avenue of trees came to the ruins of a castellated gateway, half ruined with fragments. Having passed the remains of a wall and draw-bridge, he entered a spacious courtyard overgrown with bushes and rank weeds, concealing fragments of carved stone-work, thrown down from piers and arches belonging to this once noble edifice. A single window, high up a broken tower, was placed to let in light, apparently a beacon to guide some who sought about. As Macleod listened, he distinctly heard sounds of boisterous mirth and vulgar revelry. Convinced the persons within were soldiers or brigands, he urged his horse to fall back to where Macdonald stood. Every chief thought of retiring, when one of their horses, no less anxious to obtain food and shelter than his rider, neighed in so shrill and sonorous a tone, it echoed in the desolated hall and chambers of the ruined castle and filled the inmates with dismay, for they concluded the king's horse had surrounded their retreat ! In that instant, therefore, the light was extinguished, and all fell as death. After a short pause, the continued flashes of the lightning having shown the number and position of the strangers without to the garrison within, the battered gate was opened, and several armed men issued, one of whom, a huge gigantic figure, tall, dark, and rather dirty-looking, presented himself as spokesman. In his right hand was a pistol, in his left a burning splinter of pine, which answered the purpose of a torch. On his head was a helmet, with an eagle's crest on one side. O'er his shoulders a plaid. His features strongly marked, his cheek bones high, his chin projecting, his visage long, and countenance ferocious.

The Lovat-banditti kept in the back ground,—Mac alone advanced to meet him, who appeared to wish for parley. For a few moments he kept silent, eyeing Mac leod, and, as well as he could, endeavouring to reconnoitre the number and appearance of his comrades. There was something in his port and manner, savage as were his looks, and mean his attire, which denoted that he had not mixed with polished society; nor did his eventful history belie his appearance. His name was Walter Buchanan Macher; he inherited some paternal fields near the Cassie Fells. The rapacity of a neighbouring chieftain, lusted after his patrimony, induced him to commence means of his factors and vassals, that sort of systematic aggression which forces even the most pacific to have recourse to *the law* for redress: and this was the very point at which the oppressor aimed, as affording the readiest means of effecting his diabolical purposes! Having entangled him in law, in a few years time, by the most blushing perjury, and bare-faced chicanery, Buchanan's lands were sold by public rouse (auction); and as no *dared* bid against the factors of the *Duke of——*, the oppressor gained possession of the property of the oppressed. Thus wronged, and thrown by the most horrid iniquity upon the world, Buchanan, meditating a terrible vengeance on the *princely* robber, walked to London, and patiently waited six months, in the hope of being able to reach the *most puissant prince* by whom this great injustice had been perpetrated; but his figure was so remarkable, he was full six feet four inches high, he could never gain access, and his *graceless* Grace having intelligence that Buchanan was in London, and guessing his errand from the consciousness of guilt, he ordered his solicitor to send a person qualified to enable him to commence another law process; and a proper person having been selected, the duke, *agreeably to his own orders*, was informed by a vile false-swearer whom his solicitor had engaged,

highlander, Walter Buchanan, was lorking about his
se and haunts for the avowed purpose of assassinating
Here then was a foundation laid for a second perse-
on; and with such secrecy and dexterity was it ma-
ed, that Buchanan, to his utter amazement, was appre-
ded, charged with a crime he had never named to any
ed and which he only *intended* to commit if he could
an opportunity.—His rage and indignation were ex-
ely violent. Making a sudden rush upon the police,
overturned two or three officers, and snatching their
ons, laid about them with so much fury that the rest
in dismay, and some sorely bruised. Seeing the coast
e he set off on his way back to the highlands, determined
aw the sword, and throw away the scabbard. These
took place soon after the accession of Queen Anne;
Walter Buchanan, the greater part of the interval, had
the life of a freebooter, directing, however, his chief
elation against the powerful nobleman who had cheated
of his patrimony; he had also dipped pretty deep in
olitical conflicts of the stormy age in which he lived,—
ed been an associate with the ROBIN HOOD of the high-
e, ROB ROY, who, sinking under the weight of old
was still his neighbour and friend, residing upon his
of Ioverlochlaribed, in the Braes of Balguidder.—
minated castle in which Walter Buchanan took up his
situate on a peninsula on the eastern extremity
lake of Balguidder, had often given shelter to that
hero. Compared with the Norman castles built to
the English in the southern parts of the island, this
ge, when in its most complete state, would appear very
siderable,—but, viewed as a highland fortress and
ial dwelling, it had some pretensions to strength,
een grandeur, but none to taste or elegance. The
were thick,—the windows narrow,—and excepting
xy and spacious hall, small, and gloomy. The lake
ed its western side,—on the land it was formerly de-

fenced by an embattled wall, a fosse or moat, and an arched gateway, portcullis, and draw-bridge.—It was constructed by an ancestor of Rob Roy, a powerful chieftain of the Mac Gregors, either to curb the inroads of neighbouring chiefs, or hold his own vassals in subjection. When that clan was proscribed, this castle was dismantled, and when Walter Buchanan made it his head-quarters, served as often as a place of refuge for benighted and bewildered travellers, as a prison for captives detained for ransom. Such was Walter Buchanan, to whom Macleod with Lady Grange more dead than alive on a pillion behind him, addressed himself for shelter and for succour.

‘Whence come you?’ said Buchanan—‘who are you?—whither are you going? and what is your business here?’ The wily chieftain, without answering the first or second interrogatory, said, ‘We are strangers, and have lost our road; we are on the way to St. Fillan’s waters with a lady behind me; *she is insane*,—a near relation of mine—and we hope by the use of those waters her wits may be recovered.’—Buchanan fixed his dark rolling eye suspiciously on Macleod, and gently moving the hood of the cloak from the face of Lady Grange, he started back at the sight of the death-pale, sorrow-stricken face he then beheld. Rough as was his exterior, and fierce his aspect, yet a life passion in the exercise of his adopted profession as a freebooter had not entirely extinguished generosity of heart. And but a spark of gentle pity remained, the appearance of Lady Grange, at the moment she fell into his hands, was calculated to fan the celestial spark into a flame. She was long past the bloom of youthful beauty,—she had passed the meridian of womanhood, and approached decline, but her countenance was still peculiarly noble, her complexion very fair,—her large and dark blue eyes brilliant,—and there was a grandeur in her port, and a refinement in her manners, that bespoke a female of high estate. The richness of her apparel, though much soiled and torn

bestrope opulence as to fortune. As she was led, or rather borne along, between Macleod and Macdonald, she looked like a captive queen, reduced by some sudden and terrible reverse of fortune. As Buchanan caught a glance of her features, her figure, and her dress, he said to himself, 'This lady is a prisoner, and her escort are marauders, as I am.' He kept his thoughts to himself, but he determined, if possible, to dive into the cause of her present unhappy condition, and to turn it as far as possible to his own advantage.

Bearing a burning splinter of a pine-tree aloft in his left hand, in his right he carried his broad-sword naked, as he preceded the strangers through damp vaulted passages, not very high, but extremely massive, consisting of groined arches, in tolerable preservation, and filled with foul air, their steps yielding a hollow, funeral sound, as if descending to a cemetery. The walls and short pillars from which the arches sprung, were covered with humidity and green mould. From this dark vault they emerged through a broken arch into what appeared the ruins of a vestibule, of considerable extent, and more light and elegant architecture; hence, up a flight of broken steps, greatly overgrown with shrubs and weeds, they approached the desolated hall whence Macleod had heard issue the sounds of vulgar revelry. It was, however, so capacious, that neither the flaming brand, nor the large fire of turf and billet-wood that blazed on the vast hearth, displayed its whole extent.

As Buchanan advanced into the hall, he waved his hand to the tired or indolent highlanders who lay stretched upon mats of heather, or sat upon clumps of timber, to withdraw from before the fire, which the chillness of the edifice and of the night rendered highly agreeable:—his soldiers obeyed, but slowly, and with evident reluctance, silently obedient, and casting, as they retreated to a greater distance, very unfriendly glances at the unexpected intruders.

A single chair of carved oak, with sculptured back and elbows, of ancient fashion, and ample size, was reserved for the chief. Thither Buchanan led the way, and there Macleod and Macdonald placed Lady Grange, seating themselves on blocks of timber on either side; behind them, on the floor, the Frazers stretched themselves out at length, wet, weary, and hungry.

Perceiving that Lady Grange, as well as her escort, was deluged by the torrents of rain that had fallen, Buchanan without asking leave, took off Macleod's plaid cloak, and threw his own over her shoulders; and then, from a small horn, he entreated her to take a small portion of usquebaugh, which she did not decline. He next handed more copious portions to Macleod and Macdonald. A can of strong whiskey was given to a huge, raw-boned, sandy haired young highlander, who first helped the Frazers and then gave a bumper to each of the retainers of Buchanan then present.

The confusion and embarrassment of Macleod and Macdonald, occasioned by Buchanan's marked attentions to Lady Grange, did not escape his penetrating eye. He seated himself on the moot of a tree, rolled towards the fire by his people. His scrutinising glance penetrated the true feelings of Macleod and Macdonald, and he saw with secret pleasure how they winced as he seemed to measure them with his eye. He almost expected they would rise up and brave the tempest, rather than remain; but Buchanan had so placed his people, they were between them and the door-way. Of this the mal-contents were conscious, and bridling their fiery and restive tempers as well as they could, the mortified tyrants assumed a tranquillity they did not feel, resolving to be off the first possible opportunity, yet feeling some doubt as to their power to extricate themselves without a contest, bearing off their prisoner.

The more Lady Grange saw of Buchanan, the stronger were the hopes she entertained of deliverance through him.

ing. Nor did the awful circumstance of being at once
delivered to two hands of robbers at all appal her; for so
wretched was her condition, she wisely judged it must be
improved by any alteration. Whenever, therefore, her eye
met Buchanan's, she threw into it a look of supplication;
she determined, if opportunity allowed her, at any and
every risk of future vengeance, to explain her true condi-
tion, promise him a large reward, and throw herself on
his valour and his clemency. She would have done so
boldly, but she felt assured she should be instantly assassi-
nated by one or other of her gaolers. These considera-
tions in some measure cheered her heart, and despair
giving to new-born hopes, she looked about her, and was
not only to notice, and even to admire, the savage but romantic
and picturesque objects around. She saw herself sur-
rounded by banditti, dressed in the highland costume, with
tanned hands, uncombed hair,—gaunt, lean, and savage
mien and aspect. The novelty of the scene before her
roused her from her torpid state. She sat facing what was
the great window of the grand hall. Its outline, as
displayed by the lightning, was the pointed Gothic;
mullions and the tracery in the upper part remained
comparatively perfect, and showed its ramifications were once
very rich; and wreaths of moss and ivy twining round
the fragments, floated within the pile. Towards the mid-
dle, the ornamental stone-work was almost entirely demo-
lished, and a screen of rude planks served to keep out the
winter's storm at the bottom. The vaulted, ornamented
ceiling, that now served as roosts for owls and daws, when
new, was supported by groined arches, springing from
square pillars half inserted in the walls. The capitals of
these had, in former times, been adorned by grotesque
figures, supporting large stone shields, on which were
displayed the armorial bearings of its founder and his an-
cestors, but the crests and quarterings were all long since
lost.

She noticed the vastness of the chimney and fire-place, before which the largest oxen might have been roasted whole. An immense bar of iron, blackened with soot, crossed from side to side; and hence, by chains and hooks, was suspended over the crackling and circling flames a capacious kettle, which contained the evening repast of the garrison, and by the savoury steam that occasionally escaped, it excited the keen appetites of Lady Grange's gaolers, who were half famished as well as their steeds.

As the lightning darted its terrific rays into the hall Lady Grange saw, in promiscuous confusion, bales of merchandise, trunks, and boxes,—the spoil, as she supposed of travellers whom this band of freebooters had plundered amongst these were guns, broad-swords, and pistols. To the capitals of the pillars on which the shafts of the vaulted roof rested, the spreading antlers of stags were nailed, and on these were hung plaids, bonnets, deer-skins and dried provisions, and here and there a broad-sword and dirks. The spaces between the pillars were adorned by the skins of eagles, spreading many a foot from the extremity of one wing to another, and from the extended beak to their claws; there were also thus displayed skinned foxes, and various other small animals; and thus the occasional combination of the pursuits of the huntsman and the robber were clearly demonstrated. The floor was very uneven from accumulated rubbish; the roof in places much broken, and the rain poured down, rattling as it fell and the lightning flashed through the apertures. At a distant from the fire, Lady Grange saw trees, shrubs, and weeds, growing in the hall. Such was the interior of this interesting ruin.

In a mild, plaintive, melodious voice, Lady Grange asked Buchanan, 'in what ancient pile she had the happiness to find shelter from the tremendous storm which raged without?' 'This lofty pile, madam,' said he, 'was once a baronial hall of the Macgregors' castle of the Isle.

was then the seat of obivakry, of hospitality, of tournaments, and of the feast and song. Here the minstrel hunted the deeds of the heroes of that noble race!—and were their chieftains afterwards bled, slain treacherously and barbarously, in the midst of their plundered dwellings and slaughtered families!—The land around you, lady! has been steeped in the blood of that persecuted clan! Oft have their descendants found a shelter in these ruins—oftener still, their death!—You have no doubt, lady! heard of the renowned highland hero, Rob Roy, the scourge of tyrants,—the friend of the oppressed!—That brave man, madam, has also sought refuge here!—He is yet living hard by,—and if he had his due, he would be the greatest lord in the highlands. To him, lady, justly belongs the crowned lion as his crest, and our Gaelic motto, ‘*Scriogal mo dhream* : (k) but his possessions are in the hands of strangers; and as he wandered, he saw the bones of his unburied ancestors scattered amidst the rubbish and ashes which marked their ruined dwellings.—They were slaughtered and proscribed by the kings of the Stuart race, a race of princes who descended from the same great ancestor; and when James VII. was dethroned by the southern lords, they were slaughtered by king William for *their loyalty* to that race, who are formidable to their friends alone.’

Lady Grange listened with secret pleasure to this speech,—Macleod and Macdonald, with rage and indignation: but imperious as they were, and absolute on their own land, they found it convenient to truckle at this place, knowing that the most violent despot may be humbled, and be civil, when it suits his purposes. They had often heard of Walter Buchanan, but they knew not he was their guest, they feared however his designs as respected their persons, but more as regarded Lady Grange, with whose

(k) Our race is royal.

conduct they were highly displeased, as if it were not a sacred duty to escape destruction if the means were in her power. They could not deny the justice of his remark touching the history of the Macgregors, but they felt additional uneasiness because he was leading them into politics, the subject of all others they most wished to avoid. They were therefore heartily glad to see a robust and elderly woman, dressed in the mountain costume, approach, and took the pot off the fire: they converted this incident into the means of changing the subject. Presently she reappeared, bearing a large wooden bowl full of boiled venison which, with another filled with broth, and a plentiful supply of oaten cakes, made up their repast.

The three chiefs sat at the end of the table next the fire and their retainers took their places promiscuously. No grace was said, no ceremony observed. Buchanan sent the female a piece of the best part of the venison, and some of the broth, to Lady Grange. This was by no means agreeable incident to the conspirators, but they knew how to prevent it. As the lean, wrinkled, and bronzed drudge, handed the venison upon a trencher nearly as black as the chimney back, her eyes met a glance from those of Lady Grange, and so full of grief and supplication, found its way to her heart, accustomed as she was to scenes of rapine and violence. The servant-woman stood with her back towards Macleod and Macdonald; and black as hard as was her hand, it was seized by Lady Grange, and pressed on her palpitating heart: the pressure was returned, and in a low whisper, the old woman made her understand she would visit her in her *bed-room*. These few words of comfort spoke volumes! Lady Grange felt relieved; she was not to sleep with a mixed banditti round her, and she flattered herself that her host was privy to this manifestation of friendly feelings. And as this attendant on the robbers withdrew, she left Lady Grange much less miserable than at any moment since her seizure.

captivity. She endeavoured all she could to prevent what was passing in her heart from appearing in her countenance. Anxious to recruit her strength, she drank some broth, and picked a morsel of the venison, but appetite had none,—and the faint flutterings of reviving shock her nerves no less than the workings of the most despair.

At the same time Buchanan's thoughts were fully employed: he called the bail once or twice to speak to the woman-servant who related faithfully what she saw and thought of the lady, namely, that she was a person of rank,—very unhappy,—a prisoner, and that the persons with her were of low calling. Intent on making the best advantage of the circumstances, Buchanan directed her, as she attended the lady to her couch, to strive to gain her full confidence. In his discourse with Macdonald and Macleod, he carefully avoided from asking a word about Lady Grange; and

Macleod asked him if he could afford her a room where the doors and windows were secure, lest she should escape away, and be lost in these solitudes, Buchanan said readily, he could, and the woman should lock the door and give him, Macleod, the key: he was not, however, so foolish as to tell him he had another in his pocket!

In this strong room, which had been, perchance, the scene of many a foul crime, and the prison of many a captive, Lady Grange was conducted. The stair by which she had to ascend was lamentably dilapidated, the chamber vaulted, gloomy, cold, and had a close, unwholesome smell. The window was high and narrow, secured by five bars of iron; some heath spread on the floor, and a few deer-skins to serve as covering, formed the bed on which she had to repose.

But these were petty considerations: her mind was now sorely and entirely distressed by hope and fear, as she asked the question, if she knew the men who had brought her here?—if her master were become one of their party?—if she was to

be murdered? The female spoke English very imperfectly but she made Lady Grange understand that she fully comprehended her case; that her life was perfectly safe, at least in that place; that she must not tell the name of her master, and could not disclose those of her conduct, but that she had already spoken to her master, and he did not seem disinclined to release her, providing there were no reasons to expect a reward equal to the importance of the service, and the danger of the enterprise.

The effect this kind of communication had upon Lady Grange's feelings was such, it deprived her of rest, perhaps more effectually than if she had been told she was to die next morning. She arose from her humble couch, and her knees supplicated heaven to hear her prayers, and inspire the hearts of the inmates of the castle to attempt her rescue.—Propitious to her prayer were the intentions of her host. The wary Buchanan took Macleod and Macdonald aside, and told them his people were by no means displeased with his having given them and their followers shelter; that he hoped they would not, being armed strangers, find it unreasonable if he put them into another room to sleep. As there was no talk of disarming them, none of looking them in, no reasonable objection could be made. But guilt is ever unquiet, ever mistrustful. Macleod and Macdonald were certain they were fallen into the hands of their enemies, and by no means sure they should be able to go away with or without their captive. They anticipated that Lady Grange would find means to make her case known, they foresaw a possibility at least of being themselves made prisoners by their hosts, and delivered over to justice. Thus gloomy were the meditations of these villains as they had retired. As they lay awake and miserable, Macleod, hearing their host and his followers in earnest deliberation, slowly opened the door of the dungeon sort of chamber in which they were lodged, and creeping towards the wall he plainly heard Buchanan and his followers discussi-

in which he was deeply concerned,—namely, to murder the whole party, to prevent their retreat, betrayed, or allow them to depart!—Buchanan rated as wantonly cruel and infamous the idea of murdering those whom they had freely admitted to their board; he also successfully repelled the idea that they were sent to discover their strength; at the same time he held in his own bosom his real opinions and designs, trusting them. But the obedience of such followers as assembled in this dismantled castle, was very relaxed and precarious; and any two or three, if whiskey, of which they had drunk freely, or vengeance fired their brain, might have apprehended, rush upon them in their sleep, and maim them with their broad-swords. When Macdonald returned, he ordered one of the Frazers to keep watch at the door, and each person slept with his pistol and about his persons. Such was the trepidation and alarm of Macdonald and Macleod, not from personal fear, for they had bold and daring spirits, but lest their enterprising, the whole of their secret confederacy might be discovered, and their distant friends and associates, as Lovat, Lord Grange, &c. be at once exposed to publicity and utter ruin. One of the Frazers approaching asked if he should go up to Lady Grange's room and see her as she slept, saying he felt confident she had some way found means to inform their host of her name, rank, and situation. Meantime Buchanan lay musing upon the possibility of making his fortune by the release of the lady, obtaining a general pardon, to leave off a freebooter's life and pass the evening of his days in peaceful retirement, upon the rent or interest of the splendid reward which he calculated upon gaining by the restoration of Lady Grange to the protection of the law and of the government. These were the accounts afterwards given of the feelings of different leaders of brigands, and of Lady Grange, on this occasion. Situations more critical it might puzzle an

able novelist to imagine than that of the lady, of her gaoler and of Buchanan.

Early in the morning commenced a renewal of the tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and rain. It awoke Lady Grange from a dream in which she might have delighted to die, if she had been aware of her future destiny: for her wandering imagination had restored her to the bosom of her family, and as she recounted to her children the sufferings she had endured, and as she pressed them to her maternal bosom, their tears seemed to mingle with hers as they fell on their florid cheeks. From such caresses to awaken as a prisoner, in a lonely chamber high in an embattled tower of a ruined castle, and the chamber illumined by the most vivid and dangerous lightning, and the edifice shaking to its foundation as the thunder in deafening peals broke over its summit, was enough to drive her insane. No part of her room was free from the flashes, which seemed to hiss and roll along the floor and play upon the gloomy walls. Hastily she arose, and after again imploring the protection of the Almighty, she walked to the narrow Gothic window, unavoidably placing herself full in the lightning's course, and there she beheld a scene the sublimity and terrors of which made a deep impression. The lightning burst from the whole horizon once, as far as her eye could reach, displaying the grandeur of the mountain scenery, the lofty crags that pierce the clouds, the jutting promontory, the hanging woods skirting round the mountain's base; the stormy lake whose waters she had so lately beheld smooth and pellucid as the finest mirror, reflecting the adjacent scenery in all its tints; and now its waves were driven by the tempest against the base of the castle, dashing its foaming spray as high as the window where she stood. The devoted creature stood and gazed in silent adoration, the violence of the storm still increasing, till every door creaked on the hinges, and the towers seemed to rock. Not one of the

idly slept so sound but this awful tempest awoke him. Macdonald, and their clansmen, went simultaneously to prayers, praying for mercy whilst engaged in most merciless of misdeeds! They had met so many men, they were pursued by so many inauspicious incidents, their situation was so critical, their iniquity so deep, & the prospect of destruction so imminent, either by the hurricane, the thunder, or the lightning toppling the old castle down upon their heads,—by secret assassination, or in battle. Nor was a retrospect of their past lives, which came unbidden to their calm review, well calculated to compose their ruffled minds at the near prospect of death. They did not exactly pray, but there was a great element of their fierceness, and they were very hearty in the curses of Lord Grange and Lord Lovat, who had voted them to conduct the sentence of perpetual banishment, pronounced in a secret tribunal upon Lady Grange. Macdonald, as he revolved in his mind the events of his life, whilst the thunders rolled tremendously loud, and a vivid lightning flashed around, felt secretly pleased, that if he perished, it would be whilst he was contemplating virtuous action and an amended life.

In mute despair Lady Grange paced her chamber, every moment expecting the tower to fall and crush her, or the forked lightning which played around, to stretch her blackened corse. The glorious orb of day arose in clouded majesty, and caused no other change. She saw the forests wave like fields of corn; the rain descended in torrents rather than in torrents, and the waters of the lake, raised into furious billows, covered the iceward shores with foam and the wreck of trees torn up by the tempest, and washed into the lake.—Finding there was no movement likely to take place, and being exhausted from want of rest, as well as sore from bruises and injuries sustained in this long journey, she again offered up her prayer, and stretched herself upon the heather, and soon

fell into a sounder sleep than she had of late enjoyed, notwithstanding the vehemence of the hurricane.

Although Macdonald and Macleod said nothing that could impress upon their host an opinion of their being persons belonging to the higher classes of society, the deference with which, from habit, their vassals treated them, and an austere and stately carriage they could lay aside, impressed the freebooters with a belief they were persons of consequence. When they assembled the morning to breakfast, the chiefs had an opportunity of taking a more accurate survey of each other; and Macleod and Macdonald, from the number and strength of the freebooters, saw at once it must be by stratagem they escaped with their captive, if they got away at all. Such were the reflections that passed in the breasts of Macleod and Macdonald.—As to the followers of Buchanan, they made up their minds that the strangers had considerable property about them, or in the luggage, trifling as that incumbrance was. Having consulted together, they appointed one of their body to represent to Buchanan their *expectation* that the strangers should not *be allowed* to depart without paying a considerable sum of money, or leaving the stranger as an hostage in their hands. These matters being discussed before their household drudge, she bade them be quiet, as it was probable this visit of the strangers might be the making of them all. Whilst they were impatient to know particulars, she sought out Buchanan, and told him what Lady Grange had said, and what she wished. Being thus *invited*, he repaired to the desolate lady, and bore with silent amazement, the villanous conduct of her husband, and thanked God, that robber as he (Buchanan) was termed, and many as were the scenes of violence in which he had been engaged, his conscience was clear from any offence equal to the enormous wickedness of that unrighteous judge! He related to her the brief outline of his own history that has already been given, and never be silent a

street, and to rely upon him by force or stratagem, to let her rescue, or perish in the attempt. Whilst this tract was being made, loud blew the winds, the forests before their fury, the blue-tinged lightning flashed round them, and the loud thunders clattering over their heads, seemed every moment likely to overthrow the broken and shattered turrets and towers of the ruinous structure which they were. Looking at him with strong emotions, and lips quivering as she spoke, Lady Grange said to Buchanan, 'If thou art sincere, kneel by my side, look towards the angry heavens, and in the face of the Almighty promise to be true and faithful to thy engagement, as I will be to mine, if God permits thee to effect my deliverance.' Moved as he was to the suppliant mood, Buchanan bent his knee, and did as the lady enjoined; he then told her the worst night but one he should have an accession of force, and he would set her free. Saying this he kissed her hand, and descended to his anxious companions, to whom he said more than sufficed to induce them to believe something great was in agitation; and he strictly enjoined them, if they valued his faith, that was pledged by the most sacred oaths, if they valued their own interest, to keep sober, and maintain the strictest watch upon the conduct of the fugitives.

No heart can conceive, no pen describe, the sickening anxiety under which Lady Grange suffered.—She longed to say, 'Oh, Buchanan, make the attempt this night,' but she had the strongest persuasion that *delay* would again be fatal to her hopes; but he was so decisive in his manner, she durst not risk irritating a man on whom her fate depended, although she had promised to make his fortune, and to obtain a full pardon for him and all his followers, in case his efforts were successful.—The agitation of her mind was so violent, it threw her into a fever; and when the morning came up to her, to invite her down to a breakfast of condolence, she found her so very unwell as to be wholly unable

to eat, or to get up. But whilst the kind-hearted creature was by her bed-side, Lady Grange expressed all her fears and apprehensions of the danger of delay. The old woman of the castle seemed to frown as Lady Grange spoke thus, thinking it was casting reflections upon her master, of whom she seemed to entertain a very exalted opinion; but the cloud soon passed away, and she promised to do as Lady Grange desired. Just then, the latter hearing some footstep approach, motioned the woman to retire. She understood the signal, and saw Sawny Frazer retreating into an embrasure in the tower. She then felt assured he had followed her up stairs, and being afraid of detection, hastened away as she was locking the door to return. But though perfectly aware of his motive and object, she was sufficiently guarded not to take the least notice of having seen him, but passing on to the hall, without speaking to, or noticing him, and in her usual indifferent manner, told Buchanan in the presence and hearing of Macleod and Macdonald the condition of the lady, and handed the key of the chamber to the former, that, if he pleased, he might go up and see her.

Sawny Frazer had instilled into the mind of his children so full a conviction that some act of treachery or of open violence was on foot, that they listened to her with implicit trust, and Macleod went to the room in the full persuasion that her illness was feigned; but when he beheld the flushed face and parched lips of Lady Grange, and felt her burning hand, he was convinced Sawny Frazer was deceived, and that Lady Grange's illness was real. As the storm still continued undiminished, he spoke to her in a voice teeming with something like humanity, saying, 'I am sorry for your fate, Lady Grange; I regret having intermeddled with it.' 'Then show your sorrow by restoring me to my children,' said she, with a quickness wholly unexpected. 'Do that,' continued she, 'and I will bind myself by any oath, never to betray one of

‘I am bound by different oaths, I cannot, dare violate,’ said Macleod. ‘Then,’ replied she, ‘as soon as thy cruelty has blasted my happiness, so certainly will divine justice avenge on thee and thy whole line the wickedness of this action.’—At that moment the strongest of lightning that had fallen filled the whole room, and a sulphureous smell, and such a clap of thunder followed, accompanied by a rattling noise like the fall of twenty hails, that Macleod actually thought the castle was tumbling about his ears.—‘Hearest thou not God’s awful voice?’ said the lady; ‘remember, when destruction envelopes thee, these my words;—if God permits I shall perish in ruins, his hand will fall upon thyself, and Lovat, and my accomplices; will avenge my fate; and your death be more terrible than mine!’—She spoke like one inspired; and Macleod, though not superstitious, felt an awful dread, and construed her rhapsody as a sort of foreboding, that if her prayers for safety and for succour given to the winds, her denunciations of divine justice for crushing him and his confederates might be fulfilled.—All he said was, ‘Leave vengeance to God, to whom alone it belongs. *You once sought for vengeance, your present fate is its reward.*’ It was Satan retorting sin; but still the keenness of the reproach was exquisitely painful, that if a barbed dart had passed through her bosom, and life and sense had been left, Lady Lovat could not have been more surprised, more pained! and then retired, and the unhappy woman, trembling in impassioned emotions, humbled herself before God; mentally she owned that she merited all these sufferings for her own sanguinary designs upon her husband’s life! and as if the hand of God was upon her, and more and more grew her hopes of deliverance. ‘Providence,’ she said to herself, ‘designs I shall suffer; and ere to-morrow night has passed away, some unexpected occur-

‘ rence will arise, and render abortive the promised deliverance.’

The two parties of brigands were detained all day in-door by the awful and long enduring storm. Buchanan made an appointment with the leader of an adjacent band of marauders to go out, at the first notice, with him and his followers, to meet a party of merchants and chapmen and this was the principal reason why he delayed the attempt to rescue Lady Grange.

Macleod and Macdonald, sensible of the untoward predicament in which they were placed, hailed with transport the first opening in the clouded heavens, which towards evening gave them hopes of a cessation of the storm; they secretly determined, whatever might be the effect on Lady Grange, to force her once more on horseback, and to proceed, even by night, if they could get away. During the day, Buchanan’s men, in anticipation of a good harvest, plied the whiskey jug too frequently to remain perfectly sober; and Sawny Frazer, by appearing inclined to forsake his present masters, learnt enough of the projects of Buchanan to feel assured they were of the most serious kind. As to Lady Grange, her fever having abated, owing to a drink made of some herb which grew in the vicinity of the castle, being prepared by the old woman she remained a prey to an anxiety and suspense of the most agonising kind, counting as it were the separate moments and feeling every hour of delay as an age. The woman faithful to her word, attended Lady Grange as frequently as she could. When the decisive moment arrived, Lady Grange was to be armed with a dirk and pistols; and as the evening approached without any call upon Buchanan a hope was entertained that the rescue might be attempted that night. The plan that Buchanan had matured was to secure the door of the room in which the enemy, as strangers were called, reposed, and from which there was no other place of egress. A strong party was to be led

l the prisoners, whilst Buchanan, with only a couple
ed partisans, who had served under Rob Roy, and
d of his great perils and his glory, were to escort
Grange to the nearest royal garrison, and there de-
ber, and then return with a party of the military to
e their prisoners. Such was the outline of the plan,
tch the rational foundation for Lady Grange's hopes
expectations of a rescue.

chanson himself bitterly regretted the pledge he had
; but it was to a highlander of the old school, to one
had been his comrade in many a desperate rencounter ;
f he failed, it might, and probably would, lead to his
action.' He saw plainly the golden opportunity then
nd of securing an independence and a free pardon,
y an exploit which Rob Roy himself, at the zenith of his
less, would have gloried in performing ; he also fore-
the danger there was of the strangers effecting their
pe in his absence, or assassinating Lady Grange ; but
to his engagement, he resolved, if he were called
by his friends, to go. As he was slowly pacing the
e of the lake, the bosom of which was yet greatly
ed, although the storm had abated,—as this leader
lawless banditti strode to and fro, revolving in
anxious mind all the contingencies attendant on the
prise he meditated, and the ruin it might occasion
t the confederated chieftains of those highland clans
were most favourable to the Stuart cause, he recon-
l himself to the deed by considering how beneficial it
ld be to the highlanders in general, were it to break up
for ever dissolve the dangerous power of a knot of
y tyrants, of whose cruelty, rapacity, and despotism,
own ruin was a single instance amongst thousands he
contemplated. Whilst he was thus ruminating he
d the blast of a horn, and looking about him, he saw
of his friend's swift-footed scouts hastening towards

him ; his errand was to summon Buchanan and his followers to the attack of the party already described.

Returning to the desolated castle of the Macgregors summoned his followers, and saw with more sorrow and surprise that several of them were half drunk, and Sam Frazer busy in conversation with them. Buchanan enraged at the wily partisans, and indignant at the disobedience of his followers ; but he durst not reproach them with too much asperity, lest they should mutiny. He therefore beckoned them to approach him, and pretending to discourse with one and then another, he walked away from his own people towards the strangers, and addressed Macleod, said, ‘ My people feel uneasy at your presence whilst we are debating : pray retire to your sleeping room, lest they conceive you are watching us, and a blood should arise.’ Taken by surprise, Macleod and Macdonald obeyed, and the Frazers followed their lead. In an instant the door was dashed to with a degree of noise and violence that resounded throughout the vaulted passage around, and was sensibly heard by Lady Grange : a loud hurrah was then given by Buchanan’s men as they fit the strong bars into the staples, and closed the massive bolts and locks. ‘ We are lost,’ said Macleod ; ‘ without striking a blow. Lady Grange is free, and we are prisoners.’—‘ The b—— is not yet loose,’ said Sam Frazer. ‘ Our host is obliged to go out this evening on an expedition that will detain him till to-morrow night, before which time we shall escape ; and if I might advise,’ said the fiend, ‘ the throat of this cursed woman should be cut as well as that of the old hag who boiled the pot, and brought this mischief upon us.’ Macleod could scarce help shuddering at the ferocity of the wretch, whilst the rascal was in a manner round his own neck, and no apparent means of escaping the pit in which they were all caught.

Before Buchanan set off he visited Lady Grange, and told her where her *friends* were disposed, and how secur

In an agony of mind she fell on her knees before him, and exclaimed, 'Take me! In God's name, take me with you this moment!—Tell your friend my name, my rank, my intentions.'—'And they would instantly murder you, lady; for they are all retainers of your deadly foe, Lord Lovat! My friend could turn his arms on me, and hasten to the release of your mortal foes!'—'Let me then but go with you,' said Lady Grange, 'the prospect of a skirmish has no terrors for me!'—'Lady!' said he, in a solemn tone, 'I expect to have enough to do without having you to protect. Your safest and best course is to remain, and wait my return.' 'Then my fate is sealed,' exclaimed Lady Grange. 'Oh God, Oh God! never more shall I behold my children; never more see you, my protector and friend.'—Buchanan made a last effort to console her, but she hid her face, and wept. He then bade her adieu, and in a few minutes she heard the whole band depart, except a couple of the party, the most sober and resolute, whose orders were to keep watch outside the door of the room where the strangers were confined. A large blunderbuss, mounted upon a swivel, breast high, and pointed at the door, was placed about six paces distant; and the orders were to fire it amongst them, if by any possible chance they should escape, which was deemed, however, a physical impossibility!

For the first two or three hours the door-warders kept to their post, the one reposing on a bundle of heath, the other kept watch, his broad-sword, naked, slung across his breast, a brace of loaded pistols in his belt, and his dirk in his hand; but, unhappy for Lady Grange, the one that was to rest stole away to a stone bottle of whiskey, and tempting his fellow to drink, they tippled till they fell upon the heather, as helpless as if they had been dead!

It was not long before the party within the cell, hearing no longer the step of a centinel, nor the sound of a human voice, concluded the guards were drunk, and sleeping as

their post: the chiefs consulted with their vassals how to proceed. The chiefs were for working at the wall with their swords and dirks, to break through; but when an attempt was made, the hardness of the stone was so soon caused them to desist. When every plan had been fully discussed, and each seemed hopeless, Sawney Fyfe told his masters that, contemplating the possibility of a predicament occurring as that they were then in, he had carefully reconnoitred the door and fastenings of their cell; the door, he said, they could not force, the timber door-frame having been fixed up long since the castle was dismantled, the stone-work being loose, but no doubt it was possible to detach some of the new stone-work, and by their combined strength force the whole apparatus, and get free. His disconsolate chieftains thought he spoke like an oracle; the experiment was soon tried, they were all young and powerful, despair multiplied their ordinary strength; they were not more than half an hour before the stones and mortar began to fall, and continuing the process with all their might, at last the door-frame gave way, and fell on the outside with a tremendous crash.

The noise was heard by Lady Grange, and with the deepest grief. She felt convinced that her worst fears were verified; nor was she long kept in suspense, for Macleod and Macdonald, leaving the Frazers to secure the weapons and the persons who had been guard, then, having lighted their dark lanterns at the remains of the hall fire, hurried up, as well as the broken staircase permitted, to Lady Grange's chamber: they found the door fastened; Macleod descended, and finding the old woman asleep on a heap of heather, they suddenly awoke her, and demanded the key of the strong chamber! More sorry for Lady Grange than concerned for her own safety, she flatly refused to give it. Macdonald lifted up his arm to stab her, but Macleod caught his hand; and seeing the key fastened

idle, for she was not undressed, they seized it, and now to fetch down Lady Grange.

attempt to describe the despair and misery that her heart would be in vain. Even her religious resignation forsook her, and she arraigned Providence of its prospering every wicked enterprise formed against and blasting every hope which animated her bosom. She would have leaped out of the window she would ; before the ruthless chiefs returned with the key her heart subsided, and she began to reason more calmly. When her gaolers gained admission, she was so far from as to let nothing escape her of the dreadful blow escape had given to her hopes. ' We come unexpectedly, and unwished for, madam,' said Macleod ; ' but we could have rode off in the night with a mountain r, you must rise and go with me.'—Resistance, the the woman well knew, would have been useless, and was also ; her soul seemed to sink within her, and unwillingly she allowed them to lead her down stairs, and her on a pillion behind Macleod ; and they sallied from the castle of Macgregor's isle, in the dead of night, uncertain of their way, when the late excessive rain had swollen every brook, and overflowed every vale. Peril was their course across a wide and dismal bog or moss, as such places are called in the lowlands ; sometimes, their scouts losing their way, caused the party to lose their steps ; at length, however, they hit upon the right path, and descended in safety from the mountain.

On the road side they came to a wretched hovel, called with the title of an inn. It was so poor a place for entertainment, there was neither bread nor meat of any kind to be obtained ; nothing but oatmeal, water, and fire. As to Lady Grange, grief and fatigue seemed to have shaped her almost to a state of insensibility. Unable to eat any other food than oatmeal porridge, her companions would have immediately proceeded, but for the con-

dition she was in. There were only two lonely rooms in the miserable hut; the one, which was used for kitchen, parlor and tap-room, served Macleod to repose in, on a heap of heather, spread across the door-way of the wretched room where, in a paltry bed, lay Lady Grange, suffering dreadfully by fever, and benumbed and bruised limbs. Macdonald and the Frazers laid themselves down in a shed called a barn. The next day, so strong was the constitution of their prisoner, she was visibly better; and again the conductors commenced their progress, telling the few persons whom they saw on the road, they were going with a lady who was insane to try the waters of St. Fillan's Pool.

As the narrative flags in this part for want of incidents it may be allowable to explain from what circumstance, in the gloom of the dark ages, the famous waters gained such great celebrity for their healing virtues.

When Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, was nobly contending in arms for the independence of his country, he derived in his adversity invaluable assistance from the aid of the Macgregors, then a powerful nobleman, who is said in the old chronicles of those ages, to have concealed the patriot king, when reduced to the lowest ebb of his fortunes, in a cave at Craigerostan, and conducted him in safety out of the reach of his traitorous countrymen, or the force of invaders. In the glorious battle of Bannockburn, the same baron of the clan Macgregors lent the same king very potent aid; much by his prowess and his valour, and more, as it was afterwards believed, through the agency of St. Fillan, a saint much admired in that part of the highlands, and the tutelary and holy patron of the Macgregors. An arm of that saint was possessed by the chief of the clan who had it encased in a coffer of silver, curiously wrought and sculptured with the chief incidents of the saint's life. The king being also addicted to this saint, Macgregor took the precious relic with him to the field; but the day prior to this great battle being fought, he deposited it with

Abbot of Inchaffray, ordering him, in case of defeat, to get the sacred relic, and give up nothing but the silver chest. To that abbot the king repaired, and asked for the relic which baron Macgregor had deposited; he knelt before the precious shrine, and prayed with intense devotion for the aid and succour of St. Fillan, when the pious monarch was much startled by the lid of the coffer raising itself, and falling back again. The king shouted out 'A miracle! a miracle!' having probably determined beforehand that a miracle there should be. The holy abbot hearing the king's exclamation, went towards him, and on finding the saint's relic was snug in its old quarters, joined in the cry, and declared that he had secreted the relic, and brought only silver to the king; and this tale being circulated with the most industry through all the camp, it had the effect of leading the superstitious vassals that St. Fillan was known to their cause, and had declared himself by that tale. If such sort of holy frauds had never been applied to more unholy purposes, there would be less reason to reproach the Catholic clergy; for it is by no means impossible, to this clumsy invention, trumped up between the chief of the Macgregors, king Robert Bruce, and the abbot of Inchaffray, was owing the brilliant and decisive victory of Bannockburn, which was won the next day. When the Scottish king was established as sovereign, A. D. 1329, he founded a priory in Strathfillan, dedicated to this saint, as a token of his gratitude for the potent aid afforded him on the day of battle. So much for the share which St. Fillan appears to have had in the memorable battle that, at that time, redeemed Scotland from the Anglo-Norman yoke!—Near to this priory was a pool, or inlet of a river, the waters of which were supposed to be blessed from their proximity to St. Fillan's chapel, and to possess a supernatural power in healing, not alone diseased and infirm bodies, but evil minds; and no doubt, the priests, previous to the time of John Knox, made a pretty revenue by deluding

the multitude. The afflicted, whether in mind or but particularly the former, were plunged two or three times beneath the waters. They were then taken out, carried into the chapel, tied hands and feet together, laid before the altar of the saint, and there left all night. If the saint was auspicious, or, more correctly speaking, if the priests were satisfied with their offerings made on behalf of the afflicted, the patients were found unharmed the following morning, which signal was then considered as an evident mark of St. Fillan's interposition in their favour ! It is easy to conceive what sad havoc must have been made by plunging infirm persons into cold water, and then leaving them all night bound on the cold stone floor of a damp chapel. But if one in a hundred chanced to survive after so extraordinary a course of treatment, it was considered as a miracle ! and so indeed it was ; and as to those who died, they were interred, and soon forgotten.

Such was the place to which, after their entrance into the highlands, Macleod and Macdonald gave out the taking Lady Grange ; and indeed, by the time she reached this neighbourhood, her eyes and features had assumed so wild a character, that her looks bespoke her a mad and choleric maniac.

The first hour that the convalescent was able to get across the earthen floor of the wretched chamber where he was placed, served as a signal for resuming their journey. The security in which, after so many vicissitudes, the conspirators deemed themselves, and the exhausted state of their steeds, whose dappled skins, late so sleek and glossy, now become dried and stiffened from the want of proper care, occasioned their making a very considerable abatement in their usual speed of travelling ; and as they approached the dark and steep defiles of Glencoe, one of their scouts, with the agreeable tidings that a handsome house was in sight ; and he was sent thither, with his master's compliments, to ask food and shelter for their party for the

those remote solitudes, even later than the year 1732, arrival of a stranger occasioned a sort of break in the monotonous sameness of the few gentry who had their residences there. The scout merely said that a sick female one of the party, when he was interrupted, and ordered to back, and offer their best accommodations. One of the jaded horses was already left by the road side to take its chance of life or death, and as the whole party were rising feeble from poor and scanty fare, to say nothing of Lady Grange, the prospect of a good lodging and plentiful cheer exhilarated their spirits. Ignorant of their being little better than a banditti, the hospitable master of the mansion received them at his gate. To all they were obliging, but to Lady Grange they were kind; and once when she saw herself, although but for a night, in the midst of a happy family, and the comforts of social life.— Her belief in her insanity having been impressed by her friends, the master and mistress asked Lady Grange no questions; and the conversation being carried on in the same tongue, she could not comprehend its tendency. The dreadful disappointment so recently experienced at the castle of the island, deprived her of all inclination to make any effort to escape at this place. At an early hour she retired to her bed-room, her spirits depressed, her mind subdued. She scarcely wished to undeceive her generous host and hostess, whom, she could plainly perceive, were incredulous as to the reality of the history given her, and of the true characters of their guests. Yet, the cause recited, though she might by possibility have secured the means of future deliverance, if she had not present relief, Lady Grange never once made an attempt to undeceive her host or hostess, or throw herself on their protection. The very heavy blow given to her hopes was neutralised and subdued her mind, that she yielded herself up as a lost woman, abandoned by God and man, for whose deliverance no project could ever be per-

mitted to succeed. The wretches who guarded her saw this growing despondency with pleasure, avowing their impious hope that, by the time she arrived at her ultimate destination, her intellectual powers might be so shattered as to justify the appellation of a maniac, which they had so wickedly and falsely applied. There was something more infernally depraved in a calculation of this kind, than in the ardent wish of the bloody-minded villain, Sawney Frazer, to wet his dirk in her heart's blood.

The part of the highlands they now entered is the most wild, grand, and beautiful, at least in the eyes of those who have sensibility to appreciate the spectacle, of any in the British dominions. The mountains rise to a vast size and elevation,—the glens are deeper,—the cataracts are of greater volume and velocity,—the defiles more steep and dangerous,—the forests that clothe the lower regions formed of trees of gigantic size, and many of the oaks and pines, denote that several hundred years had passed over their heads. All was wild and uncultured ;—for miles together, not a touch of art, not a vestige of cultivation appeared. But the sublimity of the scenery was lost upon Lady Grange. She noticed not those objects which, under happier auspices, would have arrested her attention, and filled with enthusiastic delight her cultivated mind ; but now the barren and gloomy moor, the towering mountains, the smooth bosom of the winding lake, the frowning promontory jutting high above its polished surface, the solitary goat, here and there climbing the craggy rocks to pick its scanty meal, in spots where it appeared impossible for the adventurous creature to proceed or to return ; the screams of the eagle, and the hollow croaking of the raven disturbed by their party invading his aerial retreats, and the dismal cries of the sea-fowl circling around, were all unnoticed. But as the wretched exile, condemned to perish in the solitudes of Siberia, has little propensity to notice the face of the countries he passes over, just

she had Lady Grange, who contemplated a fate yet more severe.

In passing the frightful defiles where the ancient Druids raised their rude temples, and celebrated the horrid mysteries of their sanguinary religion by sacrificing men, and where the baffled legions of imperial Rome (1) found an impassable barrier opposed to their vengeance, Lady Grange was equally unobservant and incurious.

As Macleod and Macdonald descanted on the dreadful persecutions under which the clan of the Macgregors had suffered during so many ages, and described the almost infinite variety of modes by which they were hunted down like wild beasts, and murdered without pity or remorse, upon the lands of which their forefathers had been dispossessed by despotal power, they expressed a manly feeling of indignation, and abhorrence of the savage and perfidious kings and statesmen, under whose auspices those horrid outrages had been consummated. Lady Grange could not avoid noticing the strange egotism and inconsistency of the men, who were then engaged in a transaction of as black and base a nature as ever stained the honour of the worst of the oppressors against whom they declaimed! In spite of the many opportunities that Macleod and his accomplices had had of murdering Lady Grange, and disposing of her body, where, except by treachery, it could never be discovered, she still imagined this long and weary pilgrimage was to terminate in her murder; and naturally, as they wended their way through the gloomy valley of Glen-
net, a thrill of horror smote her heart, and froze her

(1) Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, seems to countenance the opinion avowed by Tacitus, that the inhabitants of the high-lands were cannibals. Dwelling in the midst of mountains and forests, they were hunters and warriors, and if, by any uncommon cause, the forests ceased to afford them food, famine might urge them to feed on human flesh, as it has done in besieged cities, and oftener still on ship-board: it is, however, hardly credible they were cannibals from appetite.

blood. The night was more than half spent ere they arrived at the shore of Lochiel, after having passed a dangerous road, called, in Gaelic, '*the devil's stair*'. They were now arrived in the vicinity of Fort William, where some troops were constantly stationed, and where Lady Grange might have gained her freedom, if she had been apprised of the course her enemies were taking, or could have made her situation known. Once more Macleod and Macdonald felt alarmed; but the once ardent courage of Lady Grange was subdued, and they passed unheeded, obtained a boat, and by break of day arrived at the head of the Loch. Here they borrowed a horse, in which they placed their captive, and proceeded to Glenfinnan, where a miserable shed, called a barn by way of courtesy, was the only shelter they could obtain. Here they were compelled to halt, unless they left the prisoner to her fate, or murdered her, as the Frazers were incessantly urging their chiefs to act.

Here her sufferings and privations of many kinds were dreadfully intense. In the midst of a heavy sickness, the unhappy lady had neither medicine, nor fit nourishment for food. She had no attendance, and met with no pity. The families nearest to the spot were sunk in the lowest state of abject poverty: they were almost famished and naked, and stupid, brutal, and ignorant. The excellence of her constitution brought her, however, through the perils of this exposed and desolate condition.—When nature had in part restored the waste of strength and health caused by this savage and relentless persecution she had endured, Lady Grange was conveyed into another boat, in which her captors caused her to be transported down Lochsheal, an inland lake, nearly seven leagues long, and of unequal breadth, which divides the counties of Inverness and Argyle, and pours its waters into the western ocean near Tirum Castle, an ancient fastness belonging to the Macdonalds, and called, from their insular sway, *The lord*

place. Sublime and beautiful is the scenery around that sheet of water, chequered as it is by every variety of mountains, promontories, bays, and hanging woods, and huge, and savage rocks. Their passage, however, was neither beautiful, pleasant, nor expeditious; and at times they were forced to take refuge under the side of some or other of the swelling promontories to project into the lake. At the end of this voyage a wretched captive was set on shore, at a place where there were a few scattered huts, but where so extreme a state of poverty prevailed, owing to the rapacity of the chief of the clan Mardonaid, and the sterility of the soil, as to be hardly possible to obtain food of any kind, nor a room for the miserable prisoner, whom thus cruelly they moved from place to place.—The next day they arrived at the extremity of the lake, and Lady Grange, who seldom asked a question, was told she would soon find herself in a *'comfortable and happy retirement.'* The vicious satire which lurked under this speech was lost on her. So great was her debility, Macleod and Macdonald had to order the wretched female to be carried a distance of three miles by one or other of their followers,—a task repulsive to decency, and rendered a perfect torture to the sufferer by the rude and savage manner in which it was performed. When they arrived on the banks of the river Sheal, they found themselves disappointed in their expectations of a boat awaiting their orders; and the human savages laid, or rather threw, their almost inanimate burthen on the earth, which served her for her bed, and the heavens for a canopy, and there she remained all night. The following day, the conspirators carried their prey to Tirum castle.—This edifice, which was very picturesque from its architectural ornaments, and romantic situation, was erected upon a small peninsula, or an island, at the north point of Ardnamurchan, at the mouth of the Sheal. It was no longer used as a residence

by the chief of the clan, having being garrisoned king's troops after the suppression of the rebellion of 1746. Though now degraded by being selected as the lonely abode of a lonely captive, unjustly detained, it was nobly valued by the chiefs of the clan, to whose successors it yet longed. In consideration of the aid afforded to Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn, this castle and its domains were by charter settled on the then chief of the clan, in whom, said Bruce, '*Hope was constant in his motto* that has been, and is yet borne on their crests by many individuals belonging to that clan. This ancient edifice, which was built nearly five hundred years prior to 1782, from the florid, and in some measure, beautiful style of architecture, received additions at a much later period. In one of the tall towers which overlooked the vast expanse of the Atlantic ocean, and commanding a view of the romantic mountain scenery on the land side, an apartment was fitted for the reception of Lady Grange. The furniture was magnificent compared to what she had been accustomed to since her captivity, though perfectly harmonising with the antiquity of the structure. To the highest chambers of the western tower Lady Grange was borne, and as Sawny Frazer set her down in a commodious chair, the villain said, 'Thank God we have got you fast at last, thou child of the devil! Now see if thy Satanical father can release thee!'—Only a moment after this malicious and cruel taunt reached her ears, she was lost owing to excess of agony; her legs were fully swoln, and full of bruises,—she was afflicted by violent rheumatic pains; and as well as the loss of her senses, she appeared likely also to lose the use of her limbs. She had, however, the advantage of being attended by a female servant, but so repulsive a countenance, so sullen, so stupid, and so reserved was the creature, she seemed rather like a mute; and her looks plainly showed she considered Lady Grange as some horrible

ted with insanity, and who was brought to this castle
fit and proper punishment for her enormous crimes !
on a short repose on a good bed, and the means of
rying herself from the dirt accumulated on her late pro-
s, had in a small degree restored Lady Grange, she
at round her, and she saw with horror the pannelled
meeting of her chamber, richly wrought with grotesque
as carved by some skilful hand. Her heart was chilled
anticipation of nocturnal visits, and murder, for she
ied that behind that decorated screen might be a cell
lar to the one she had so strangely discovered in her
mad's house ; and she also anticipated the arrival of a
to rivet an iron collar round her neck ere she was im-
ed in the cell where she was doomed to perish, and
n, in some future age, perhaps her mouldering skele-
might be discovered by some unhappy captive, brought
to perish. The thoughts of this dreadful fate over-
wed her, so far that she almost screamed ; and if a
ver of tears had not relieved her overcharged heart, her
as might have been irreparably injured. Sawny Frazer
left as her guard ; he had his bed in a recess formed in
massive wall of this circular tower, and across the
ding stone staircase a strong door was constructed, of
ch Frazer kept the key : there were three windows in
chamber, but they were of the narrow, pointed, lancet
l, or in those distracted moments when her mind was
ught to a state bordering upon frenzy, she had proba-
shown herself out, preferring being dashed on the
below, to the continual dread of being seized in her
shere, loaded with heavy chains, and immured in a
k narrow dungeon the remainder of her days.—Before
donald and Macleod left Tirum, they swore Sawny
mer by the oath he was the least prone to violate, not to
r her any violence, nor any wanton insult ; and thus,
having used this base slave as the instrument of their
guance, they were so confiding as to suppose they could

restrain him by the obligation of an oath from the gratification of his lust, his cruelty, or any other base propensity which the lone and isolated state of a woman, once lovely and though much faded, still handsome, might excite. To her amazement Frazer abstained from insult, he fitted a small recess with books, religious and historical, but her tears and supplications to be informed the name of the castle in which she was immured, or any tidings of her husband or her children, proved as unavailing as if addressed to the rugged rocks on which stood the place of confinement.

As soon as rest and better food than she had found on her long and painful travel, enabled her to move with less pain than on her first arrival, she began a survey of her prison-room, not with the hope of escape,—for hope had forsaken her heart, as she then believed, never more to revive,—but to endeavour to find if there were not a secret concealed behind the pannels from the castle to her apartment. This employment beguiled several days; she found several pannels that were loose, but the closest inspection failed to discover any mode by which the pannel moved to the inside, at least without violence; and when she ceased her researches, her fears remained as vivid as ever, for she remembered that the wainscot pannel in the wardrobe-chamber of her own house opened by a mode not likely to be discovered even by the most diligent search.

Her mind was so dreadfully oppressed by the hopelessness of her condition, and the agonising pangs which arose as she thought, on her husband and her children, that she derived little consolation from the books with which she was supplied, or the grandeur of the prospects. At night she dreamt of her children, and each morning when she awoke heavier and heavier the dreadful impression she should behold them more. Of escape she thought little when a train of occurrences commenced which once revived the expiring embers of hope, and promised to

safe deliverance from what she had deemed an inaccessible prison,—inaccessible at least to any thing friendly to her.

To behold the glorious orb of day arise above the lofty eastern mountains, gilding their cloud-capt summits, and throwing his celestial beams over lakes and valleys; and, from an opposite window, to see him plunge his broad and splendid disk beyond the boundary of the western ocean, were objects so truly sublime, that she generally took care to witness those splendid phenomena of nature, and the spectacle filled her mind with wonder, with awe, and reverence; but it did not blunt the sting of sorrow, for she thought, in the hundreds of millions of beings who dwelt in the numerous kingdoms to which that sun gave light, there was not another human being so miserable as herself. To watch the circling courses of the flocks of sea-fowl that roosted of nights in the tall rocks and promontories, and in day pursued their fenny prey; and the vast majestic eagles, as in pairs they winged their rapid flight, their legs drawn up close to their side, their crested head and neck stretched out, and their dark brown wings extended six or seven feet from point to point,—to mark their steady course in the blue ether, till they vanished; and then to see the sea-fowl drop suddenly like a stone upon the waves, screaming as they devoured their prey; to mark the gradations between the tempest and the calm; the bright cerulean, and the black tempestuous sky,—these were her usual resources against that listlessness of soul, which almost overcame her former elasticity, activity, and intrepidity.

As she was one night watching the broad orb of the harvest moon, as it seemed to dip into the waves of the Atlantic; and as memory depicted her condition the last autumn, sitting at home with her children, contemplating the same orb sinking beneath its more limited horizon; and as tears trickled copiously down her cheeks, she heard very distinctly a slow and solemn step, and a plaintive voice, as if a person in deep sorrow. At first she thought it was but

an illusion created by her almost distempered brain ; but again and again, as she listened, she heard the same sounds.—‘Ah !’ ejaculated she, involuntarily, ‘is there ‘another miserable captive besides myself immured within ‘these walls !’ The murmur of her melodious voice reached the lonely being on the battlements,—a gentle asperation of her name met her ear. She felt greatly astonished, and no less terrified, thinking it was some feint invented by Frazer to test her disposition, and she hastily withdrew : when she had said her prayers, she threw herself on the bed, but so much was her mind disturbed by the incident, that sleep fled her eyes. As soon as it was dawn, she arose, and went to the same window, the casement of which she opened. Presently, upon the battlements below, she observed a tall male figure passing slowly along, which vanished with so much suddenness, it filled her mind, already much warped by superstition, with an opinion that the form she had seen was but the shade of some unhappy wretch who had been incarcerated and murdered in this castle.

Sleep again fled her eyelids, and to the terror of being assassinated, was superadded that of the place being haunted by spectres. Not the most distant idea struck her that it could be a fellow-prisoner, anxious to escape, and willing to set her free. She was so very indiscreet as to speak of the supposed apparition she imagined had flitted before her eyes, to the sullen and callous female who attended her ; but so fully possessed was the brute with false notions that the poor captive was alike wicked and mad, she took no notice of what she said, but having performed the servile duties assigned to her, retired and left Lady Grange to her solitary woe.

A night of painful suspense passed away, and neither in the twilight of evening or morning did the form appear. To her amazement, however, upon a table in her own chamber, she saw a billet to the following purpose—

'Lady' if you are a reluctant inmate of this castle—if your heart pants after liberty, and you have nerve to encounter some peril for its sake, tap at midnight on the wainscot-pannel, next on a line with the top pannel of the door.' So severe had been the overwhelming blow her hopes received at the castle of the isle, she had scarcely energy left to indulge any further hope; and she was not blind to the probability of this being a mere feint to draw her into an effort to escape, which, if successful, might be intended to serve as a pretext for a less liberal confinement. And next, the positive manner in which a specific pannel was named, filled her with new tremors, as after all her efforts, if the servant-woman had not left it where she picked it up, and she felt almost sure that could not be the way it came to hand, it must have been conveyed by some secret passage into her chamber, and during her sleep some person must have been in her room; and thus, at every hour, was she liable to be suddenly murdered. After due contemplation of all possible contingencies Lady Grange determined to give the signal, having previously examined the pannel, and tried in vain to make it yield. On the evening when she meant to obey the mysterious notice, she showed herself at the window at the hour of twilight, and the same form passed rapidly along before her, and vanished as before.—This appearance she construed as a promise to be at hand. She did not undress,—she made up in a bundle the few articles of her wardrobe, which her oppressors had brought with her when they first made her their prisoner in Edinburgh.

Unhappily for Lady Grange, the individual who had thus interested himself to serve her, had not capacity equal to the ardency of his good intentions. He was an Irishman by birth, a seaman by profession, of a fearless habit, and generous disposition; he was connected with a band of smugglers, whose home was at Howth, near Dublin. A gentleman having fallen in love with the daughter of a chief-

tain residing on the sea coast, not far from Tirum, he was employed to convey the object of his wishes far from the reach of parental authority. Every thing succeeded at first; he effected the escape of the love-sick maiden, conveyed her to the arms of her lover, got them safe on board his vessel, and was standing away for Dublin with a fair wind, when a dead calm came on; and nothing remained but to row his vessel into one of the deep bays of the coast by his sweeps, and there wait for a wind. Unhappily for the fugitive, the father of the damsel, knowing by what vessel she had escaped, and by the state of the weather surmising she must be detained upon the coast, he set many emissaries to work, that Captain Roche's brig was discovered. The father then applied to the captain of a revenue vessel, then stationed or laying at the mouth of the river Sheal, who, manning a couple of boats, rowed alongside of Roche's brig, and demanded admission to examine her papers and cargo.—Conscious that the only *smuggled* article he had on board was the young lady, as sensible he could not resist or escape, he persuaded the lover to get out of sight, and the young lady was to pass as Roche's daughter. But the moment the intruders had gained possession of the brig, disguised as one of the seamen the fair fugitive recognised her despotical and vindictive father! The final result was the seizure of his brig and the imprisonment of his person in Macdonald's castle where there was yet a few soldiers left, the relict of a stronger garrison, by which it was formerly occupied. At first Roche was close confined in the keep; but some of the people remaining, in the hope of effecting the release of their master and his vessel, he found means to bribe the guard, and gradually he obtained so much freedom as to walk about the whole interior of the castle; and being of a curious, and somewhat romantic disposition, he made himself acquainted with all its subterranean, secret communications. When Lady Grange is reduced, although

recantation had been used by Macdonald and Macleod, boasted that the prisoner was a beautiful and a high-spirited lady, whose husband held a high post under the government, and that she was to be confined for life. Just at that time, the enterprising mariner, Captain Roche, had planned every thing to attempt effecting his own escape; and, by a secret passage carried through a flying gallery, and the walls of the tower, explored the chamber allotted to the unfortunate lady, he found no difficulty in gaining access to her toilet, and there leaving the sleeping lady like unheard by the sentinel, Sawny Frazer, the lady in whose fate he felt so strong a sympathy, he ran in making the efforts he had, entering Lady Grange's room, he passed so close to the door of Frazer, he could see the light that burnt constantly in his birth; and he could not but smile, seeing that that had been taken to blockade the regular entrance to her chamber, whilst there was another so close, by which it appeared almost certain he should bear her away.

On the first night, to his bitter regret, Roche could not attend to his own assignation, for the courtship that was in progress between Sawny Frazer and the servant-woman depended on Lady Grange, led them to choose as their first steps of the stairs he had to ascend. The next night he was successful; he heard the rap,—he drew back the door,—he placed a light upon the steps of the narrow stairs into which she was to descend; and he ran off, lest the sight of a total stranger to her, should induce her to scream out.—Unfortunate delicacy! rash conclusion! which led to the earth the cup of joy just as it was at her lips. Then, with trembling limbs, and palpitating heart, James Grange had crept through the aperture, and closed the door, finding herself in a narrow stairs, and seeing no one else there, her heart sunk within her, and she hesitated not. The certainty, by the passage she saw before, that the prison-room was at all hours accessible, and the

belief and expectation she should be murdered, impelled her to snatch up the light that had been left ; and just as she began to descend, a gush of air, caused by Roche opening a door that led to the rocks, blew it out !—Then all the terrors incident to a mind shattered like hers rushed upon her.—‘I’ll go no further,’ said she, mentally, ‘if I perish ;’ and immediately paced her way back : but when she came to the spot where she had closed the pannel, her utmost efforts failed her to draw it back !—Her situation was now more desperate than ever ; she was almost weak enough to scream and call for help, and in the anguish of her heart she deplored her rash credulity. This gush of impassioned grief soon subsided ; and as it was impossible to return,—impossible to avoid detection, nay, perchance, she thought might be designedly left to perish in these mural excavations, she resolved to descend wherever the winding stair led her.

By the loss of her light she fatally missed the turning where Roche had drawn a hand and finger with charcoal where it must have struck her ; and taking a wrong direction she passed into a large arched room, where, by the light of a lamp that was burning, she saw some garment dipped in blood laying upon a table, and a naked dirk shocked at the sight, and apprehensive if she looked upon the floor she should behold the corse of a murdered person and seeing a low door under a pointed arch, thither, half frantic, she rushed, and finding it open to a dark vault, she hastily descended. It led her into the keep or dungeon of the castle !—Around were stone benches, in the centre a sort of pit. Horror-stricken at the sight, and firmly believing this dungeon was to be her future abode, she staggered, and was likely to fall, when her lamp went out and in her efforts to regain the door, she laid hold of a cold and heavy chain of iron, fastened to a staple in the wall. This was more than her tortured mind could endure. She gave a frantic shriek, and fell senseless on the cold stones.

antime Captain Roche, amazed at the delay of the tide in descending, and the ebb wasting too rapidly to allow of a minute's delay, crept once more up to the spot where he had left the light, but saw nor heard any thing of Lady Grange : he had a dark lantern in his hand, and drawing the pannel, he found the room empty ! He was inexorably shocked and amazed, but hopeless of saving

Lady Grange, and fearful of losing the golden opportunity, descended with all possible caution, passed through the ruins of the castle, and by a postern gate, which opened into a cave by the sea shore, reached the boat his menions had provided, leaped hastily on board, and in an instant they pushed off through the surge ; and as he looked at the lofty towers of Tirum, he was more and more at a loss to account for her disappearance, after he had listened and heard her descend from the aperture at the sliding door, and even shut it after her ! The seamen having reefed the sails, and running right before the wind, they

soon got out of all danger of pursuit ; then his old shipmates congratulated their captain on his escape from the dreadful dungeon of Tirum. But the generous seaman was so much grieved by the failure of his plan to release Lady Grange, it filled his mind with gloom and despondency.

As to the return to Lady Grange. Owing to the strange omission of Captain Roche of informing her how many steps of stairs she was to descend, and which passages to follow or to shun ; and that nervous agitation, the result of her recent sufferings, which had greatly deteriorated the courage and self-command which formerly distinguished her ; the truly unhappy woman, as it has been already mentioned, missed her way, and instead of following Captain Roche to the avenue that led to the postern gate, she took the wrong way, and fell down senseless in the dungeon.

On the morning the female-servant went as was usual to attend Lady Grange, the warder, Sawny Frazer, giving her the key. When she saw that the bed had not been lain

on, and that the captive was flown, she ran and called Frazer, who was no less astonished than herself; and at the same time, soon as they descended to the barrack-room below to speak to the soldiers, they learned that Carr Roche was fled. Frazer was almost frantic with grief and indignation. He cursed, he prayed, he wept, and was inclined to plunge his dirk in his own bosom. But a consolation awaited him of which he little dreamt, which suddenly converted his despair into joy. For within an hour the master of a fishing-boat came in, that had spoken Carr Roche as he scudded before the wind in a lug-sail, and he was quite positive no female was on board. This increased Sawny's perplexity in no small degree, and he seemed to the highest degree agitated and perplexed. Leaving Frazer for a minute or two, the female attendant went up to the light and descended to the keep, to see the blood upon the steps that had been shed in a recent murder, the emblem of which Lady Grange had seen in her descent; and to her inexpressible surprise, and no small terror, the female saw the chains and fetters projecting from the wall, and stretched upon the floor the captive whom they had lost! At first it was thought her persecuted spirit had fled; that she was beyond the power of her tyrants, and had reached that haven '*where the wicked cease to tremble, and the weary are at rest:*' but when they had lifted off the stone floor, and bathed her temples with vinegar obtained from the barrack-room above, her senses gradually returned, and the first objects that struck her were the rows of chains suspended from the wall, and the vanishing roof of the dungeon. These objects, together with the soldiers, the female-servant, and Sawny Frazer, awakened her mind the horrid recollections that had so often distressed her, and she imagined the irons were about to be fixed upon her person in which she was doomed to perish.

Recovering her speech with her recollection, the unhappy

burst from them with supernatural strength, and fall-
 on her knees, in the most pathetic and eloquent terms
 implored them not to leave her chained to the wall of
 dungeon, but in pity of her sufferings to plunge a
 spear in her heart. The female understood nothing but
 impassioned gestures; Sawny Frazer thought there
 some magician got into the castle, and that the lady
 mad enough at last; the soldier heard and saw what
 indeed him some foul work was on foot, and he expressed
 most wish that heaven might redress the wrongs of the
 lady, and bring her oppressors to speedy punishment.
 er, who hated the Hanoverian, felt convinced, by
 over mode Lady Grange got free, she must be removed
 that castle, after this occurrence; for of all possible
 events, next to the escape of Lady Grange, this inter-
 view with a soldier was the most unexpected and un-
 wanted. Sawny Frazer, having restored Lady Grange
 to her room, and caused the secret stairs to be efficiently
 guarded that led to her room, went to a neighbouring
 chief of the clan of the Macdonalds, who belonged to the
 party formed in favour of the Stuarts, and informing
 of what had occurred, it was judged necessary, with-
 out waiting for orders from Edinburgh, to remove her from
 the Castle. Without any previous notice, though the
 noble woman was very ill from the events of the last
 night, she was seized, and conducted to the rocks, where
 by Frazer showed her the cavern in which was a postern
 door, and explained the manner in which she had missed
 her way; and to torture her feelings to the highest possible
 point, he said that there was no doubt, but for her own
 safety in finding her way into the keep, she would have
 been by that time safe on the Irish land; and he added,
 so many failures ought to convince her that she had of-
 fended the Almighty, and it was by his will her sufferings
 were upon her.—If any thing malignant could add to the
 pain of her mind, it was the bitter recollections of the

golden opportunity she had lost. If her hair by whole handfuls,—she beat her bosom,—she wept,—she raved by turns, till a heavy flow of tears relieved her almost broken heart. But nought availed those tears and lamentations; and she was carried into a small row-boat, and laid on an old sail in the stern; there Lady Grange remained four and twenty hours, exposed to the cold night air at sea in that high northern latitude, and to every inconvenience and privation arising from so anomalous a state for a delicate and high-minded female. This boat kept close to the irregular and picturesque line of coast which intervened between Tirum Castle and Lochurn, where lay a small sloop, being then fitted out with great dispatch, which was to convey her to another, a still more remote prison. But as there was a *neighbourhood* about Lochurn, and it was deemed advisable, as far as possible, to prevent Lady Grange having any intercourse with any strangers; she was conducted by Sawny Frazer and his comrade from hut to hut, sometimes sleeping on the floor; sometimes in barns and hovels, and exposed to hunger, cold, and sufferings of every kind incidental to such treatment, especially to one who had been nursed in the lap of affluence, and all her life accustomed to the luxuries and elegancies of polished society!—It naturally happened that these extraordinary movements with a lady reported to be *insane* excited much conversation, and many surmises; and at last, when the crazy old sloop was fitted out, and the captive was put on board, a dead calm set in, and several inhabitants of the adjacent shore, having heard strange tales of her, went on board to see her. With some of them, in defiance of the frowns and gestures of Alexander Macdonald, the master or skipper, she composedly though mournfully, gave a brief and eloquent outline of her almost incredible sufferings, her birth, and elevated rank. Some were incredulous, and thought it impossible her story could be true; and the big tenants of

submit to the Macdonalds, commonly called the king of the Isles, durst not venture to express any sentiment likely to clash with the politics or police of their arbitrary lords, however wicked or dangerous. Such, in those days, was the abject condition of the peasantry of the highlands generally, and particularly under the rapacious Macdonalds. Amongst the visitors, there was one who solemnly promised to write to certain persons whose names and address she gave him, and to make her sad story as generally known as in his power; but the unhappy lady never heard of his having executed his promise. His ardour, probably, cooled by reflecting on the powerful foes he might stir up, prudently declined a promise he had given at the impulse of generosity and compassion.

Affecting to be astonished at the strange tale related by Lady Grange, Macdonald the skipper, who proved the more cruel of her foes, told her he was not privy to any conspiracy; that his vessel was freighted to convey her to the west coast of the isle of Skye, where orders would be furnished directing him where to proceed; and he declared, with seeming sincerity, that, *unless Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slate, who was his landlord, were concerned in the expedition*, he would not interfere on any account. Here then, in a memoir supposed to have been written by Lady Grange herself, is an important illustration of the abject slavery in which the inferior classes of highlanders were then held, and the facility with which they fell into the current followed by their chiefs, indifferent to what depth of crime it led to!

The morning after the sloop had sailed from Locharn, Lady Grange, wretched as she felt, weighed down by so dreadful a series of calamities, when she went on deck was struck with amazement at the awful grandeur of the mountains, bays, glens, and promontories, which formed the coast of the mainland. Their rugged and naked surface, appearing like the mountains of Sweden nearly opposite the Skaw,

but incomparably more grand : the sun, was partially
 minated by the sun. Towards the north-west, the great
 mountains of the isle of Skye reared their heads to
 heavens ; and on the opposite points of the compass
 stood giants in the islands, Rum and Eigg upreared
 lofty crests, whilst the immense elevations of the moun-
 tains northward burst majestically on the sight, and
 posed a series of maritime and mountainous views so
 to be paralleled in Europe. As the tear-swollen
 Lady Grange ranged over the enormous circle of
 rocks, and deep and gloomy vales, her mind, revolving
 the future, and glancing at the past, seemed to inquire
 which of those savage mountains marked the spot
 next dungeon and her tomb ! Of human aid she
 despaired, and heaven she feared would never prove
 propitious to any prayers for her deliverance.

When the sloop arrived at the mouth of Loch Uig
 lay to twenty-four hours ; some boats left the shore
 only one was allowed to come alongside. It conveyed
 a person apparently of rank and consequence ; he had
 apart conversation with the master, and as the master
 tended, ordered him to proceed to Heskar, an islet be-
 longing to him, and situated almost at the ultra-point
 of the Hebrides. A violent storm overtook them on the passage
 by which their lives were endangered : the master and
 people gave themselves up as lost,—whilst poor
 Lady Grange, who had never before been at sea, suffered com-
 pletely from sickness, alarm she felt none. She did not
 despair for the destruction of the vessel, as she knew the
 vessel had wives and children to mourn their loss ; but the
 taint of the vessel being in the act of succumbing to
 the monstrous waves, would, as far as she was personally
 concerned, have given her no pleasure. The storm how-
 ever spared her, and she landed at the house of the
 captain of this sloop, and at the island Heskar. It is the
 probable, as this is the first time she has been to be her

color, and his house or but her prison, that he always knew her destination, notwithstanding all his protestations of ignorance. On a petty island, far within the Atlantic ocean, she seemed for ever cut off from social intercourse. Instead of being treated as a gentlewoman, she was at once reduced and degraded to the lowest level of the abject poor. Her bed was moss or straw,—her covering sheep-skins. During the winter she suffered dreadfully through cold, and no less by hunger. In ten months' time she never once tasted bread of any kind, tea, nor coffee; water grudge, made of oatmeal stirred into boiling water, and fish, were her chief diet. There was a studied, systematic, and most humiliating insolence and rudeness in Macdonald and his wife; it appeared, from the inhumanity inflicted upon her, their object was '*to kill without murdering*;' that is, to break the heart, and snap the thread of life, without shedding a drop of blood, bruising the flesh, or breaking a bone! At the end of twelve months, her clothes, ill calculated for such a climate, began to drop off her body, and she had scarcely a shoe to her foot, nor indeed a shift to her back! Such was the hellish vengeance inflicted upon the ill-fated lady by the orders of her husband! Sometimes the excess of her misery, her meekness, humility, and resignation, seemed to fill Macdonald and his wife with short fits of shame, sorrow, and remorse; and when her condition grew so very bad, *they said* it struck daggers to her heart to contemplate her tattered appearance. Once Lady Grange ventured to remonstrate, and then Macdonald assured he was guiltless of her wants and privations; and averred that he had repeatedly described her miserable state to those who had consigned her to his hands.

If any reliance was to be placed on the word of Macdonald, his heart revolted at the fiend-like cruelty of which he was the victim, and he the instrument. He went to Sir Alexander Macdonald's house, in the isle of Skye, and, when invited, he started, with the design to intercede in the behalf of

prison,—and it is generally admitted that of all possible punishments, a real, efficient, *solitary* imprisonment is the most dreadful,—yet the hellish ingenuity with which the work of vengeance was executed upon Lady Grange, and the variety of the means of torture that were applied, renders it dubious if her sufferings did not equal that of the most complete and absolute solitude; and whether by infernal invention, an intellect as acute and powerful as hers could have been destroyed in less time?—But Lady Grange had not the happy *oblivion* conferred by insanity. There were intervals when the expiring sparks and flashes of pride and indignation would arise in her forlorn bosom, and when despair tempted her to remonstrate, and even menace; and, when remorse preyed heaviest, she had commanded pen, ink, and paper, that she might write to her husband and her friends, confess all her errors, implore his mercy;—but the stern, the sullen, the brutal Lord Donald, treated with the same cold disdain the effusion of her pride as of humility.

In the month December, the second winter of which she had endured the horrors in the rock called Heskard guardian and his man-servant having gone to secure the only boat in the island, they were alarmed by the sudden burst of electric fire flashing from the verge of the northern horizon, where they had remarked the sure signal of coming storm, in congregating clouds, here black as Erebus, there red as blood.—The sea-fowls, alarmed by the prognostics of a hurricane, uttering plaintive cries and earlier than usual fled to the rocks for shelter. The terrific atmospherical appearances, rising higher and higher above the horizon, showed that the storm would invade the island in its desolating course; and the billows, rearing mountain high, fell with a force so tremendous on its recesses, that the foam was borne by the tempest midway up the naked mountains. With little variation, the main storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and snow, (

ed the whole night. The following day the hurricane raged with unabated fury. Towards night its violence rose to that extreme height, that terror and dismay added the callous heart of Macdonald and his whole family, and they bent their knees for that mercy they would grant to a fellow-creature. The storm that shook the roof of the Macgregors of the isle fell far, very far short in fury of the hurricane which raged round Heskari. Bled by the war of elements that threatened to sweep every thing from Heskari but the rock itself, Lady Maje was invited to join in prayer for safety from the action which seemed to approach, when suddenly her ears were smote by the shouts of persons in the street, eagerly imploring the family within to open their door. Donald drew his dirk to resist violence, and opened his door to admit the distressed. Every eye was bent towards the door to behold who and what the supplicants were, when the face of a stranger was seldom beheld. It was quickly opened, and two mariners and a boy, with horror and fright depicted on their pale faces, mournfully entered: the foremost said, 'We have this moment emerged from the waves. A goodly ship, and thirteen of my poor people, are gone to the bottom!' As he said this he pressed his hands together as in an agony of woe, and made no reply.—Macdonald, casting his dark eye on Lady Maje, whose attention seemed suddenly and powerfully attracted, asked where they had sailed from? whither bound? where they were wrecked? upon what reef or rock? The answers of the spokesman were convincing.—Macdonald, however, more regardful of the safe custody of his hapless captive, than heedful of the feelings of his guests, first rumpled their pockets and clothes to feel if they had any concealed arms, and next tasted the water brought from the jacket of the supposed captain, and finding it was really briny, bade them welcome,—ordered his wife to lay plenty of turf on the hearth, and set a pot of

fish and potatoes, and oatmeal porridge, on the fire ; Macdonald was not insensible to the claims of shipwrecked mariners, cast upon so desolate a rock as Heskar ; but his virtues and his vices all were regulated by the absolute and unlimited obedience, he conceived to be due to the commander-in-chief who was his lord and master ; and if he had known who the person was who supplicated food and shelter, if he had not plunged his dirk into his bosom, he would certainly have shut the door upon him, and left him to the mercy of the storm. Ignorant of that important feature in the adventures of that sad night, and touched by his desolate appearance, he took him and his comrades by the hand, bade them welcome, and gave to each a copious drink of whiskey, and a piece of oaten cake ; and then taking the first man, he went down to the cove to which the mariners pointed the way, to help to drag the boat higher upon the shore than the enfeebled state of the strangers permitted. The hurricane was now at the top of its fury, and they judged the boat would be safe where they left it, and enable the surviving mariners to get away when the storm abated.

It was the sudden start, the fixed gaze, the marked change in the features of Lady Grange, which induced Macdonald to take those precautions with the shipwrecked mariners when first they presented themselves at his door, and that watchful obedience to the orders of Sir Alexander Macdonald, his lord and master, led their host to forbear the strangers holding any converse with the ‘ poor creature,’ an *insane relation of their laird’s*, whose appearance struck them all, but most the captain, who was the identical Captain Roche, whose abortive effort to rescue Lady Grange in the castle Tirum had caused her being transported to this barren rock.

In the midst of his own calamity, Captain Roche was powerfully touched on beholding what a total wreck Lady Grange was become ! As he gazed at her emaciated form, her naked feet, swoln and chilblained --her skeleton

fame, and ragged garments, the silent tear trickled down his manly cheeks. Often and often had he thought of her, unknowing of her fate, and apprehensive she was assassinated on her way to the vaults of the castle; but to see her thus desolated wrung every fibre of his generous heart, and he breathed a solemn vow to God, to make another effort to rescue her; and if she had no friend to receive and cherish her, to place her in his own house, and provide for her wants in the best manner he was able during her future life.

The mariners slept in a shed at the back of Hamilton's house; and in the place where Lady Grange reposed was a back window, the glass of which was broken. There Roche presented himself, and when he supposed Macdonald was asleep, he tapped softly, and gently uttered her name. It was a remarkable circumstance that Lady Grange, having never seen Captain Roche but for a few moments on the battlements at Tirum Castle, and heard his voice in the faintest cadence, should, upon his first entrance into Macdonald's house, instantly recognise in him her unknown friend.

The first sight of him filled her bosom with the strongest pity, and then the most lively terror succeeded; for she imagined the story of the shipwreck might be an invention, and that he had traced her to this lonely rock, and availing himself of the hurricane, had presented himself at the door in the guise of a shipwrecked seaman; but then, his pale and horrified countenance, and the piercing tones of distress thrown into his voice and attitude, counteracted these ideas, and seemed to confirm the reality of his mournful tale. Ferreently did Lady Grange pray that the humane stranger might not recognise her, lest compassion should again tempt him to renew his efforts; and much she grieved, as she lay on her bed of dried weeds, to hear the tap at her window, and the murmur of his voice.—And having made up her mind that her fate was irrevocably

sealed in heaven, she carefully abstained from letting him perceive she was conscious of his identity with her mysterious visitor at Tirum. What could be more magnanimous than such self-denial under so horrid a fate?

Sleepless, and in tears, Lady Grange heard his first tap, and first whisper, but she did not give any token in return, until he rapped so loud, she feared Macdonald whose bed-room had a window over hers, might awake and kill her generous friend; for well she knew his dirk, and his pistols loaded, were always within reach. She therefore crept slowly and softly to the window, and in the gentlest whisper she thanked him for his generous efforts, and warned him to desist, as her keeper was beyond conception vigilant, and incorruptibly faithful to his cruel employers; nor could all the entreaties of Roche prevail upon her to agree to make one other effort to escape perpetual bondage.

The third day, when Macdonald and his man were out of the house, Captain Roche entered unexpectedly, and found Lady Grange alone. Even then, so great was his terror lest she should be the means of his destruction, he shook in every limb, and made signs strongly expressive of her wishes and her fears;—but Roche resolved to seize time by the firelock,—he told her that the next day his boat would be repaired, and whilst he should fix the day following to sail for the mainland, he would make all ready to get away that very night; and he urged her so warmly, and drew so many happy omens of success from their extraordinary rencounter, upon a barren rock in the wide ocean, and under the same roof, that the love of liberty, and the hope of once more beholding her children, ultimately prevailed, and Lady Grange promised to be ready when he gave the signal.

The hour of midnight came; the signal, three very gentle taps, equidistant, was given.—Lady Grange arose from her knees, and trembling excessively, opened the casement; she got through the aperture, and not the bitter

ness of the wind that blew as it were through her thin and wasted frame.—Roche pressed her in silence by her clay-cold hand, and wrapt her in his boat coat; they reached the beach in safety, and all seemed still; the man and boy were steadying the boat which was then afloat; quitting her hand, Roche leaped into the boat to prepare the best birth for her in the stern,—he then ran back towards the stern. As he stood resting on an oar, beckoning Lady Grange to approach, he saw close behind her the shadowy forms of two men, who firing together into the boat, the gallant seaman fell; and Lady Grange, uttering the wildest shrieks of heart-rending despair, crying, ‘Murder! murder! my friend, my deliverer, is murdered!’ she fell senseless on the pebbly shore.

Heedless of her misery, unappalled by her shrieks, Macdonald and his man leaped into the boat to finish the work of death; saying to Roche, ‘Is it thus, traitor, my compassion is rewarded, in opening my door to receive you when perishing with cold and hunger?’ He rose his hand to strike, but suddenly recollecting himself, he refrained, and bade his man spare the seaman and the cabin-boy, who, upon their knees, were begging for their lives!—Captain Roche, as he lay bleeding in the boat, then said, ‘Cruel, inhuman man! how dare you reproach me for endeavouring to snatch from your hands the noble lady whom you have illegally seized, and so inhumanly treated. I have not violated hospitality. I have but attempted to do my duty to God and to a fellow-creature. If your conscience is susceptible of pity, bring the wretched lady to my boat. You cannot be suspected, and it may avert that dreadful judgment from your head, that your crimes will draw down from heaven.’—The only reply made by Macdonald was to push the boat into the surge; and thus, on a cold winter’s night, was Captain Roche forced to sea, his bones of his leg shattered by bullets, and bleeding profusely—the seaman and the boy, happy to escape, trimmed

the sails, and stood off towards Long Island.—What the ultimate fate of this brave and generous sailor, is stated in the biographical sketch of Lady Grange.

With the ferocity of an incensed fiend Macdonald, being, as he hoped, mortally wounded Captain Roche, turned to the wretched lady who lay prostrate on the beach, spurning her with his foot, and pouring forth the most ribble execrations, he seized her locks, and his man her hand, and thus they carried her, unknowing, and not caring whether alive or dead, back to the wretched place where she had so recently made her exit. They flung her down with as much disdain as if it had been the most loathsome thing in nature, upon the bed of heather and dried weeds, and then Macdonald and his man fell on their knees, impiously returned God thanks they had been *enable* to prevent so important a misfortune befalling Sir Alexander Macdonald as the escape of Lady Grange. Macdonald then dismissed his man, and retired to his own bed.

Nothing could exceed the fury with which, when life and sense returned, Lady Grange execrated Macdonald. She called him a coward and an assassin; and she foretold his end would be on a gallows, and his body be cut in quarters,—his dwelling rased, and his family slaughtered. She spoke like one fearless of death or torture, and inspired with prophetic knowledge. Macdonald was superstitious; he felt awed, and he quitted her presence. When he ceased raving, she fell on her bed, and lay there many hours insensible; but at length she recovered this tremendous shock, and lived to encounter other and heavy fortunes.

From the moment that Lady Grange presumed to attempt an escape from a worse than Egyptian bondage, Macdonald's former sullen malice became converted into downright savageness. Grief, hunger, disease, and nakedness at once afflicted Lady Grange; she thought her end was proaching, and wished the *Reverend* Mr. Maclean, the

'the thirty scattered flock of *Heskar* Christians, to come
way by her. The unholy, the brutal priest, refused
ant her that poor consolation, coldly and disdainfully
ig she was included in his prayers for all the inhabi-
of the parish.

If these enormous crimes did not, however, pass away in
oe. It was publicly talked of in the isle of Skye, and
he mainland, that Sir Alexander Macdonald had
ed a great lord's wife in the house of skipper Mac-
ds of *Heskar*; that she was ragged, naked, famished;
it was reported, she was driven mad by the most hor-
mage it was possible to bestow on a human being.
ough the Stuart party was powerful in Skye, as every
e in the highlands, there were some families devoted
e Hanoverian line; and they, glad of every opening
may the Jacobite Macdonalds, spread these rumours
as they could: so that the scouts of '*the great man,*'
Alexander, brought him many a bitter article of intel-
lce. And the vassal Macdonald being seized with fear
, should she die in his custody, he might, in conse-
oe of these rumours, be seized and sent to Edinburgh
trial, he stated to Sir Alexander the necessity of her
oral. Accordingly, on the 14th June, 1784, a sloop
ied at *Heskar*, and the persecuted sufferer was imme-
ly seized and carried on board. The brutal, barbarous
lms, who navigated the vessel, were worthy their em-
ment, worthy the vindictive villains by whom they were
piled. Her gaoler, Macdonald, though perfectly aware
her next destination, refused to tell whither she was
ing: the Macleods, less reserved, told her, to the
lms; but this was deception, her real destination being
remote island of St. Kilda; an island which, like that
which the allied sovereigns of Europe thought proper
assign the late emperor of the French, consisted of a
lon rock, whose sides were almost perpendicular; with
one landing place, and that one seldom or ever attain-

able, except with some degree of peril, so heavy are the waves, and dangerous the surges that break upon that precipitous shelving rock. This island, so distinguished in the old monkish chronicles and traditional legends of the land, belonged at this period to the Laird Macleod.

When the sloop arrived at the landing-place, the sea ran so high, that Lady Grange, as she contemplated the place of her future confinement, and probably her tomb, derived some consolation from the prospect of being overwhelmed beneath the foaming tide; but such was the valour and dexterity of the boatmen, she was landed in safety. The rumour of her approach had preceded the arrival of the person; and the illiterate and half-starved natives crowded round her, staring at her as she passed along, not at all with rudeness, but with malice.—There were then about two hundred inhabitants on the island, an inoffensive race of beings, whose temperance was equal to the poverty of their condition. Their huts were mean and low, and the furniture of the simplest, clumsy kind. Although surrounded by the ocean, it was but seldom the inhabitants could catch fish; the clouds of sea-fowl which resorted to the cavities of the rocks was, and is still, their best and surest resource.

The petty despot who ruled with iron sway over these simple and rude islanders, gave a most unfavourable description of the manners and morals of Lady Grange, strictly forbade every one, *on pain of his high displeasure*, from telling her the name of the island, showing her the smallest deference, or evincing the least symptom of compassion! In consequence of those atrocious machinations, when the poor, forlorn, and friendless lady landed, the rude, credulous, and enslaved inhabitants crowded around, manifesting by uncouth signs their aversion, contempt, and derision. To complete the malific ingenuity of the Laird Macleod, he pitched on a superannuated mercenary trooper, the greatest ruffian in the island, and who

not the only one who could speak English fluently. The villain had a small pension, and a cabin to himself. The custody of that illiterate, depraved old blackguard, Lady Grange was committed.—To describe the ill-treatment she met with at his hands, would be at once a difficult and a disgusting task. The orders given to her tormentor were to spare no pains to make her life a burthen to her! And to the very letter of that order her local gaoler acted; the miscreant exerted every effort of his soul to add insult to insult, and misery to misery! The most trivial and unintentional aggression was visited with blows, with kicks, with a profusion of oaths and obscene expressions too gross to be repeated. And more than once the cowardly wretch drew his dirk, and threatened to plunge it up to the hilt in her bosom!—Her strength of body must have been of the most firm and durable kind, or she had surely sunk under the cruelties inflicted by this ruffian. During the first months of her confinement on this rock there was no person of education, or the least pretensions to cultivation, to whom she could apply with the smallest prospect of redress; but, at midsummer, 1735, an incident of a favourable kind occurred at St. Kilda, when the minister, or rather catechist, with his family, arrived on the rock, after an absence of nearly a year's duration. His mind was at first strongly prejudiced against her;—he was *advised* not to hold any intercourse with her, and at his *peril forbidden* to furnish her with pen, ink, or paper, and send away or receive any letter! This good couple were not, however, deficient in humanity, and they were curious to see an unhappy lady who had excited so many fears, and such an unquenchable hatred in the bosoms of so many of the most powerful chiefs of the highland clans.

The strictest inquiry the minister could make left no stain, no reproach, upon her conduct;—she was meek, lowly, unassuming,—ready to do any and every good in her power for her fellow-creatures; patient and resigned, enduring

want, cold, and nakedness, without complaint; and she seemed to be unaffectedly religious. The minister and his wife were therefore highly gratified by her visits; and often, as she sat in their humble parlour, telling the incidents of her eventful life, their tears flowed in unison with hers. Such was their ignorance of the vices of the great and their *incapability* of believing that Lord Grange was the author of the miseries she had recited, it was a very long time before they were convinced; and *then* it was rather by the laird of Macleod's sayings, than from his injured wife's allegations! They were horror-struck at this admission of his guilt, and they expressed their wonder that fire from heaven had not consumed her oppressor. Nor was their amazement less at the depravity of her children; for, from the same source, and as an apology for Lord Grange, Macleod stated that her sons were privy to her being *kidnapped*, and that her daughter, married to the Earl of Kintone, could be the unnatural wretch as neither to feel nor express the smallest concern for her unhappy mother's dismal fate. They thought that the whole city of Edinburgh was endangered by the sins of Lord Grange and his family; and as secretly and unobtrusively as they could, they rendered Lady Grange many little but invaluable services; but never could her entreaties prevail upon this good pastor to break his promise made to the depraved villain the laird of Macleod, and tell her where she was, and by whose authority confined!

Although Lady Grange stated to this couple that riches and preferment would result from her deliverance to her preservers, and although this worthy man was nothing more than a lay priest or catechist, whose income was not more than ten pounds per annum, all her eloquence, and her sufferings also, failed to induce him to become her deliverer. And he drew no small degree of enmity upon himself from the Jacobite clergy of Long Island, owing to the humanity he had shown this ill-treated woman. Several

years after her first arrival at St. Kilda, she borrowed a book of her friend the minister; and in it, whether by design or accident, she found a letter superscribed 'To —— minister of St. Kilda'—The impulse of curiosity very naturally overcoming the dictates of good manners, urged her to read the letter, in the hope it might in some way illustrate her mysterious destiny. It was written by a *clergyman* of Long Island, of a superior grade as to ecclesiastical dignity; but the sentiment appertained to a fiend rather than a Christian pastor. After sternly rebuking him for acting so *contrary* to the known wishes of the laird of the Isles, and the laird of Macleod, and warning him to desist before he was made to feel the weight of offended power, he thus displayed the blackness of his own Satanical heart; viz. '*You waste your time in idle conversation with a child of Beelzebub, the incendiary Lady Grange, whose soul is rotten, and not worthy of being reclaimed, and who was an irreconcilable enemy to the whole race of highlanders.*'—Such was the violence of party feeling, and so indelible the memory of Lady Grange's ill-timed and injudicious menaces of betraying to the government the secret treasons of her husband, and the leading chiefs of the Jacobitical highland clans, that it excited against her the whole phalanx of Jacobite parsons, of whose politics and *morals* the above letter affords a striking illustration. Whilst life remained, it was evident no room for any well-founded hope of mercy for Lady Grange existed; and if the vengeful Calvinistic priests had power, it was also evident the infuriated, fiend like bigots, would have carried their vengeance beyond the grave!—Nor did this incendiary priest deal forth idle menaces: the good pastor was assailed by many secret foes, and even his life, and that of a very near blood relation, seriously endangered. His own business required his presence in Edinburgh, and he took memorandums from Lady Grange's dictation on them to apply. The black batallion of Jacobitical priests

beset him by their agents in such a manner, that they prevented his journey, and got possession of his papers. Luckily for him, he had refused to take with him a memoir of her captivity and sufferings, which he had written several years preceding. Even her notes for his guidance in Edinburgh he had wisely secured in his garment. If either the one or the other had been found, *they* minister of the isle of Skye, or Long Island, would in human probability have been put to death! When he returned to St. Kilda, his wife went to the wretched dwelling of Lady Grange, and implored her to return, or, in her presence, to destroy the MS. written by her husband. Distressed by the request, and naturally desirous, in her misery admitted no remedy in this world, its narrative should be transmitted to posterity, she threw something else into the fire; and that, by a pardonable fraud, preserved the MS. from which the better part of this unparalleled history of female sufferings, and of a wicked husband's vengeance, has been derived.—During her abode on these island rocks, Lady Grange took to the usual employments of poor women, namely, spinning and knitting; thereby she procured some trifle of money, with which she purchased shoes, and other essentials of the humble costume. By the aid of a young girl, the good minister's daughter, Lady Grange obtained paper, and wrote letters, which she enclosed in hanks of yarn, and thus escaped the vigilance of her cruel foes, and reached the hand of a person who was faithful to his trust. By these means the government were apprised of her banishment and its source; and a vessel of war was dispatched to fetch her from St. Kilda; and there was every probability of her wrongs being amply redressed,—at least as far as it could be effected by the exposure and punishment of her oppressors. This communication took place in 1742, when the preparation in the highlands for another attempt to restore the Stuarts to the throne was pretty far advanced.

en such information as Lady Grange was capable of
 was sure to meet the most prompt attention. But,
 her of those singular fatalities which seemed to an-
 it was *predestined* Lady Grange should *never* be
 from the hands of her enemies, just prior to the
 of the king's vessel, a quarrel took place between
 ds of Macleod and Chesholm, when the latter re-
 ed the former with being the gaoler of a persecuted
 and saying in a tone full of fury, '*I'll soon throw*
her prison-doors.' He menaced him with shame and
 sent. Stung to the quick by this public reproach,
 nbling at the prospect of a state prosecution, he
 d the rest of the conspirators of the peril, and the
 was suddenly taken away in a small sloop. There
 fered extremely from being pent up in a miserable
 led a cabin, during the prevalence of stormy wea-
 id contrary winds. She was then landed at Assint,
 on the north-west coast of Sutherland. She was
 very ill that her death was hourly expected. Con-
 all reasonable expectation, such was the excellence
 constitution, that being aided by tranquillity and
 treatment, she speedily recovered! At this place,
 ter the care of persons who would not obey the in-
 junctions of the laird of Macleod, but, on the con-
 treat her with every humane attention, and allow
 go where she pleased, Lady Grange enjoyed a de-
 comfort unknown to her since she was torn from
 ae and her children. And as her intellectual facul-
 elined much faster than her corporeal powers, she
 By ceased to afflict herself, or to be afflicted, by re-
 ons of those who seemed to have utterly renounced
 gotten her. But the malice of her deadly enemies
 it yet satiated. Their guilty fears were again
 ed by rumours getting afloat at Assint of their cow-
 and criminal proceedings against this unhappy
 , and by prophetic denunciations of shame and

punishment quickly befalling them. Not only this, the vindictive souls felt enraged and disappointed at the temporary indulgencies, contrary to their wishes and their express commands, which had been allowed her at Assint. was therefore resolved, at a synod of banditti priests and de political lairds, to transport her *au secrete* to the isle of Skye and there immure her in a lone cavern by the sea shore, putting a guard at the mouth of the cavern to cut off assistance and prevent escape. A vessel, navigated by the most bigotted of the vassals of Sir Alexander, was dispatched to Assint; and, without any notice whatever being given to her humane guardians, or to the wretched victim of the hellish persecution, she was seized with as much ferocity as if she had been the worst of wretches, hurried on board the sloop, kept under hatches, and conveyed to the isle of Skye!

Matters were so managed that Lady Grange arrived at the dusk of evening, and she was carried by the banditti, in whose hands she was, to the house of Sir Alexander MacDonald, and there exhibited to the sport and derision of the Jacobite chiefs, and the Jacobite *parsons*, who mocking her misery and intellectual imbecility, the miscreant who wrote the letter to the good minister at St. Kilda, proposed to deck her in robes befitting her former quality, and send her 'up to Geordie,' to tell all she knew about Scottish plots and treasons. But this was deemed too hazardous an experiment. The conspirators well knew that deaf men have been made to give evidence, and unlimited power might choose to represent her ladyship as being perfectly sane. When therefore the vindictive and cowardly cab had sufficiently glutted their malific hatred by sporting with her misery, and mocking the idiocy brought on by her treatment on board the vessel that conveyed her to the isle of Skye from Assint, it was determined to send her to the cavern on the sea shore, agreeably to their first determination, and there confine her amidst the combined horrors

ness, famine, and every species of malicious outrage, maiming or murdering, till that idiocy, which might be temporary, should be fully confirmed. And this diabolical counsel being sanctioned by all present, Lady Grange went away to the cavern, and committed to the care of her old tormentor, Sawney Frazer! whose infernal congenial duty it was to afflict her in every possible way without maiming or murdering; and there she was night and day! A heap of dried sea-weeds served for food. She was more than half starved, and thus died till the gloom of the cavern, the cold, humidity, the cuffs, and every species of indignity that the vilest vulgar miscreants could devise or execute, soon reduced her to a state of *confirmed and hopeless* idiocy! When the monster reported to Sir Alexander Macdonald her loss of her memory and reason, then a *dicun* of his chiefs and priests advised, as the cave was remote from any dwelling, and the task grew irksome to their fathers, that the 'wretch whose soul was rotten' should be driven out of the darksome cave, and left to roam as she pleased over that island rock, without any funds being provided for her support,—without *any home* being granted her to rest her weary limbs, or any bed save the bare rock,—any covering but the sky.

She was not, however, left to perish of hunger and cold, as the hard-hearted priests and chieftains predicted. There were still to be found some few persons whose souls like the example of their laird could not wholly pollute. These the inoffensive and gentle creature was fed and lodged;—she stayed not long with any one, but winter and summer roamed from place to place. Every child in the island knew '*the crazy lady*.'—If they met her benighted, they would lead her to their own home;—if they saw her on the rugged precipice, they would gently accost her, and entice her to join them, lest she should proceed too far from her friends in safety.

In the slaughter and desolation which followed the fatal battle of Culloden, all the wrongs inflicted by her most cruel and inveterate enemies were amply and terribly avenged. More than one family by whom she had been inhumanly treated were suddenly crushed,—their males fit for battle, all slain; or, if they escaped the sword, it was but to perish more miserably by the axe or the halter. If her reasoning power had not been destroyed, it is more likely she would have lamented the indiscriminate slaughter and destruction of youth and age, the innocent and the guilty, than have been gratified by such destruction of her foes. The execrable Lord Lovat, the guilty associate of Lord Grange, and by whom this tremendous vengeance was executed, perished on a scaffold in the southern metropolis. The skipper Macdonald, and his servant, and several of his kinsmen were slain in battle, or taken prisoners, after their decisive defeat,—thrown into the horrid dungeons at Carlisle, and put to death in the savage and disgusting manner prescribed by the cruel laws of treason formed in the dark ages, and fit only for a people half barbarous. And these simple and untaught sufferers, the victims of the odious feudal despotism in which they had been reared, met death with the same constancy and fidelity they had displayed towards their chieftains during their lives.

The chieftains of the clans, Macdonald, Macleod, and Frazer, were slaughtered and scattered,—their dwellings razed, their lands confiscated,—their children reduced to absolute want, and sustained by charity!—Such was the horrible vengeance which she had so prophetically denounced, but of which she was almost entirely unconscious except that, when the hopes of the partisans of the Stuart were utterly extinguished, some of the *priests of Skye*, who had been her bitterest persecutors, now appeared forward to aid in her rescue and restoration to her proper rank in society.

Amidst the dreadful political hurricane which shook the

of Great Britain, and filled its proud metropolis dismay,—when a mere handful of highlanders, headed by an enthusiastic and heroic prince, had penetrated in the heart of the kingdom, Lord Grange, with the characteristic meanness of a knavish lawyer, took shelter in London. It is consistent with the systematical depravity and perfidy of a treacherous being to suppose that he had sense to foresee, that by getting a heterogeneous mob of jealous and wrangling men, the improbability of success; and that laying down his arms till the Stuart cause was evidently sinking, he betrayed Lovat and all his accomplices, to secure the remaining days of his own existence! That he was at heart a poltroon, every action of his life demonstrated; stained as was his private and his public life with crimes of the deadliest, blackest dye, in that point only Lord Lovat his superior. The composure and dignity with which the criminal met his fate,—the calmness with which he defied the dismal apparatus,—and his wit, fortitude, and resignation, his manner of suffering, flung a gloomy lustre on his last hours, that proclaimed him a being of an infinitely superior order to his caitiff companion, Lord Grange. The latter quitted Edinburgh as a residence, to escape as much from the odium by which his infernal cruelty was laden, and his grovelling debauchery and lasciviousness had overwhelmed him, as from a crafty design to draw himself from the vortex of political intrigues, to place himself where he might be out of the reach of political vengeance, if he should find it convenient, as the next act of his apostate life, to strike the Stuart flag, and once more turn an Hanoverian whig!

As to the chiefs by whom Lady Grange was so cruelly used, base and infamous as was their conduct towards her, they played the part of heroes in the field of battle, in dungeons, and on the scaffold; manifesting a firmness and elevation of soul wholly at variance with the baseness of their treatment of that unhappy lady. But whilst

that part of their conduct has been treated with due reprobation, as it was amply avenged by the strong arm retributive justice,—it is barely an act of equity to take into consideration the vengeful spirit of party enmity which then prevailed, and to a degree of violence that snapped asunder the strongest ties of friendship and of consanguinity; that induced fathers, sons, and brothers, to draw their swords against each other, and called into vehement action the fiercest and basest passions of the human heart. And also, that Lord Grange, to convert the Jacobite leaders of the highland clans into the blind instruments of his cowardly vengeance, had recourse to every possible artifice to exaggerate the hatred and detestation of the highland chieftains and clans who were hostile to the house of Brunswick, which Lady Grange had so often and so unguardedly expressed. And if they had not circumvented her, no doubt the axe and the halter would have thinned the ranks of the Gaelic chieftains long before their plots were matured; and therefore their putting her to death, when determination it was to give them over to destruction might, by the generality of mankind, have been regarded as an act of political necessity; as a wise, if not a honourable expedient. It was their vindictive perseverance in the infliction of studied torments,—their care to preserve her life, but alone to enable them to protract her sufferings, which stamped their character with these indelible stains. Yet even this dark shadow resulted from the hellish depravity of Lord Grange, who, by every means in his power, kept her alive, by new and fabulous accusations, and his thirst of vengeance in the bosom of Lovat, Mackenzie, Macdonald, and their associates, against his wife; continually reminding them that *their lives and fortunes* depended upon her being kept in *safe custody*, and stimulating them to treat her in the way that has been so amply delineated. And when the intellectual faculties of the miserable woman were wholly deranged, the power of all

his enormous crimes taken from her, he then, for the time, felt himself at ease; being resolved, on any emergency, to sacrifice his Jacobitical friends to the just indignation of the reigning government! were the hellish propensities of this fiend-like judge! as remains little more to be said of Lady Grange. government, after the suppression of the northern rebellion in 1745, were fully informed of the loyalty and sufferings of Lady Grange; and all the odious crimes of a traitor, her unnatural husband, stood revealed their native deformity.—But the season was past the information Lady Grange could have given was of great importance; and as to her infamous husband, appeased their wrath, by sacrificing on the bloody altar of political justice, the noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, whom he had seduced!—Thus the government, in pitying the sufferings of Lady Grange, gave them no trouble to snatch her from the wretchedness in which she dragged on an unconscious existence. Whilst her children, to their eternal shame, left her to wander, a diseased, and destitute maniac,—picking up a precarious meal from casual charity,—afflicted by all the loathsome concomitants of filth and famine, till she expired at London, in 1749, at the age of sixty-five years. Such was the miserable end of the once glorious, accomplished, the intrepid daughter of Chicely! Cry!

When Lord Grange heard, without any emotion of pity or regret of the death of his injured wife, he made no inquiry as to the place or mode of her burial, nor did any of her children even take the pains to visit the spot where she shed her last sigh, nor to mark the earth which covered her bones even by the humblest memorial.

At the year 1752, the physical faculties of Lord Grange became so feeble, and the rush of horrible recollections on his mind so overwhelming, that he sunk into

a state of wretchedness the most awful and tremendous. He was at the same time afflicted with a disease of leprous kind, and so offensive, that even his menials quitted his service rather than attend him. And his children, treated him in his dotage and his misery as he had taught them to treat their mother!—So weak and imbecile became his mental powers, that he groaned and trembled if, during the night, he was by accident, for the shortest instant left in the dark! His conscience haunted him to that degree, that, waking or sleeping, he thought the shadowy form of his persecuted lady, as she perished, ragged, filthy, diseased, at Idrigal, was floating before him; and he frequently shrieked so horribly from the effect of imaginary scenes of woe, that his servants would not, or could not abide with him; and in their absence, he made three attempts to put an end to his miserable life; but so great was his cowardice, his hand had not strength to complete his purpose. Amidst all his lamentations, he showed no sign of penitence, no desire of making atonement. As his physical powers wore away, his mental faculties declined; and during his numerous soliloquies, the world disclosed many of the secret motives which had animated him; which are entwined with the preceding narrative. He lived in that feeling which flashed conviction upon his mind there was another state of existence, wherein the soul exists in a state opportuned to its merits whilst in animal life; but with the fullest belief he stood predestined to eternal perdition! He expired in 1754, in the midst of the most terrible agonies, without the consolation of penitence, or the hope of forgiveness,—without a friend or a relative to close his eyes, or leaving a single creature in the world that loved or honoured him living, or lamented him dead!

LUCRETIA BORGIA,

DUCHESS OF FERRARA, DAUGHTER OF POPE ALEXANDER V. AN
ANCESTOR OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

How little are the annals of past ages
To be relied on! Invet'rate prejudice,
Religious schism, malice, servility,
Have each combin'd the historic page to taint,
And poison'd many a fountain at its source
Whence are deriv'd our knowledge of things past!
Nay—where an honest thirst for truth prevail'd,
Conflicting statements baffled many a scribe;
And the historian knew not what to take
Or to reject!—Thus the learn'd RALPH (m) felt,
Who to the flames a new-wrote volume flung,
Rather than promulgate illusive tales
With truth at variance.——

T forms a singular feature in the biography of the royal
Lancastrian line, that it has produced more HEROINES than
kings, scholars, or statesmen. With few exceptions,
nature seems to have reserved for them her choicest gifts,
beauty and intellect; and fortune, as if at war with
nature, appears as though she took a secret pleasure in

(m) It is recorded in the biography of Sir Walter Raleigh, that when James
at the instigation of the court of Spain, imprisoned, and afterwards juridically
murdered that great man, having fallen into many errors relative to, a
man in the tavern, which he had himself witnessed, he reasoned thus:
*If I have committed so many blunders relative to a fray which I saw from first
to last, what a collection of errors and falsehood must the best of histories be!*—
'Tis decease mankind no more!—And he burnt as much MSS. as would have
filled a large folio-volume, and had cost him upwards of a year's labour!

subjecting them to her utmost rigours, and rendering them as eminent for their misfortunes and sufferings, as for beauty and accomplishments. Exclusive of minor mishaps, four royal matrons of the Guelphic lineage, women eminently conspicuous for genius, beauty, wit, and spirit, have in succession been stigmatised as forming the foulest blots in the page of female biography. Those females were **LUCRETIA BORGIA**, wife of Alfonso of Este, Duke of Ferrara, whose extraordinary life and adventures this portraiture will display ; and who, during many ages, has stood condemned to almost universal odium as the incestuous concubine of her father and her two brothers, as an adultress and a murderess.—**Sophia Dorothea Christina**, *first cousin* and consort to George I.—**CAROLINE MATILDA**, *first cousin* and queen-consort to Christian VII. of Denmark ;—and **CAROLINE**, *first cousin* and queen-consort of George IV.—Of these unhappy princesses, **LUCRETIA BORGIA** seems to have been the victim of her father's crimes and the religious and political animosities of the age in which she lived. That illustrious princess has been the victim of prejudice. In proportion as the imputations levelled at an exalted woman are heinous in their nature, a greater degree of care is requisite in examining and weighing the proofs upon which the imputed guilt and infamy reposes. **LUCRETIA** stood condemned by acclamations, and the house of Brunswick was considered as being dishonoured by her name being enrolled as forming one of its ancestral links, and her name was regarded as a stain to the female sex ! Yet time, that brings truth to light, has done much towards the vindication of her fame. The use of this portraiture consists in the interesting biographical sketches it unfolds, connected with the biography of the reigning dynasty, and the lesson it implants of the danger of too implicitly believing all the evil that is spoken even of the most execrable characters.

The task of attempting to rescue from unmerited infamy

of three centuries' duration, the character of one of the maternal ancestors of this royal house, was reserved for WILLIAM ROSCOE. A name of less celebrity could have done but little to stem the stream of obloquy, and dry up its source; but after his masterly DISSERTATION, which by the soundest argument, grounded upon the most extensive historical research, has proved that the foul reproaches cast upon her name had no better foundation than national hatred and family, and religious feuds, it is to be expected that her name will be redeemed from the dark clouds by which it has been so long obscured.

Amongst the number of authors, British and foreign, Catholic and Protestant, who have condemned Lucretia Borgia as the shame and scorn of womankind, our eloquent and learned historian, Gibbon, treating of the antiquity of the house of Brunswick, has distinguished his pen by the acerbity of his strictures, as the following quotation will prove; i. e.

'In the next generation, the house of Este was sullied by a sanguinary and incestuous race, by the nuptials of Alfonso I. with LUCRETIA, a bastard of Alexander VI. the TIBERIUS of Christian Rome. This modern Lucretia might have assumed with more propriety the name of Messalina, since the woman who can be guilty, who *can even be accused*, of a criminal intercourse with a father and two mothers, must be abandoned to all the licentiousness of equal love.' (a)

The editor will not literally copy Mr. Roscoe's able and candid dissertation, although, except the passages which relate to the declarations of the late Brigadier General Sir Lovet Hanson, who was chamberlain to the lineal descendant of Lucretia Borgia, the late duke of Modena, he is indebted to Mr. Roscoe's labours for the substance of the

(a) In the second volume of his posthumous works: *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*, p. 689.

ensuing pages, which he commences by a brief account of the sire of Lucretia.

Roderigo Borgia, who disgraced the Christian world by his excessive licentiousness, perfidy, and cruelty, the father of Lucretia, was descended from the Lenzuoli, a respectable family of Valencia in Spain. On the elevation to the pontificate of Alfonso Borgia, his maternal uncle, the latter assumed the name of Calixtus III. and Roderigo was called to Rome, where, dropping his paternal name of Lenzuoli, he assumed the surname of Borgia. His first great appointment was to the archbishopric of Valencia; and next, at the early age of twenty, he was advanced to the cardinalship of St. Nicolo. In private life his debaucheries had been notorious, and disgraceful to his character as a churchman. The severity of the vow he had made of perpetual chastity he alleviated by an amatory intercourse with a Roman lady of the name of Vanozza. In this instance, however, his conduct was consistent and creditable. By the beauty of her person, and the attractions of her manners, she had acquired the first place in his affections; and towards whom his carriage is allowed to have been uniformly kind; and although he could not publicly acknowledge, or venture privately to make her his legitimate wife, as such very properly he regarded her; and as she bore several children to him, he performed towards them the duty of a good father, carefully attending to their education, and advancing their fortunes in life.—The depth of his capacity, and extent of learning and knowledge, particularly his skill as a civilian and politician, were such, that notwithstanding the irregularity of his private life, he had the honour of filling several important embassies. Amongst these, the pope appointed Roderigo Borgia as mediator between the kings of Portugal and Arragon, respecting their mutual claims to the crown of Castile. He returned, however, without having succeeded in his office of mediator, for which he was very ill calcu-

And he narrowly escaped perishing by shipwreck in the vicinity of Pisa, one of the vessels which accompanied him having been wholly lost in a violent storm. On board one hundred and eighty persons, chiefly going to his suite, amongst whom were three bishops, many other men of rank and learning. Mr. Roscoe, writing on this catastrophe, observed, 'that if the character given of Roderigo Borgia by his contemporaries be true, this calamity was not greatly alleviated by the age of the cardinal; on the contrary,' said he, 'had he met the same fate, his destruction would have been a violent compensation to the world for the loss of all the (a)

As an illustrative record of the infamy of the pontifical sway of the Borgias, who was elected pope on the eleventh of August, 1492, purchase of venal votes, although it be rather too extensive, the subject as a note, the account given by Mr. Roscoe, of his treatment of Zizim, the brother of Bajazet.—'On the death of the Sultan Mehmed, A. D. 1482, that ferocious conqueror left his extensive dominions to two sons, Bajazet and Zizim. Bajazet was tempted to avail himself of a powerful plea of primogeniture, to the exclusion of his brother, who disavoured, by personal merit, to compensate for the want of the privilege of seniority. The principal leaders of the Turkish troops were divided in their attachment to the two brothers, and perhaps that circumstance, rather than the courage or conduct of the Duke of Calabria, delivered him from the devastation with which it was threatened by the Turks when he possessed themselves of the city of Otranto. After a struggle of some years, and several bloody engagements, victory declared herself for the brother; and Zizim, to avoid the bowstring, threw himself into the hands of the grand master of Rhodes, whilst his wife and children sought refuge in Egypt, under the protection of the sultan. The reception which he met with was highly honourable to himself and his protector; but the grand master, considering his longer continuance at Rhodes might draw upon the island the whole force of the Turkish state, sent Zizim to Rome, whence he was soon afterwards transferred to Rome, into which he made his public entry on the thirteenth day of March, 1489. Considerations of policy, if not of humanity, induced Innocent to receive him with kindness; and Francisco Cibo, with a long train of nobility, was sent to conduct him into the city. On Zizim being admitted to an audi-

Of the youthful years of Lucretia her vindictive silence, except as to his notice that prior to her attainment of the years of puberty, she was betrothed to a Spanish gentleman ; but that, operated upon by ambition, when

in the presence of the pope in full consistory, Zizim deranged the solemnity of the ceremonial ; for, notwithstanding the instructions he had received to kneel to his holiness, and kiss the feet of his holiness, he marched firmly up and applied that mark of respect to *his shoulder* ! A chamber in the Vatican palace was allotted for his residence, and a guard appointed, under the pretext of doing him honour, was directed to prevent his escape. In this situation an attempt was made to destroy the Turkish prisoner, Cristofero Castagno, a nobleman of the Marco d'Ancona, who, having entered into stipulations for an immense reward, by the terms of which, and other advantages, he was to be invested with the government of the island of Negropont, he repaired to Rome for the purpose of executing his treacherous task. Some suspicions, however, arose ; and it being discovered that he had recently returned from Constantinople, he was apprehended by order of the pope, and confessed, upon the rack, his atrocious intentions. Those apprehensions which Bajazet could not extinguish whilst his brother was living, he endeavoured to alleviate by prevailing on the pope to keep him in secure custody, for which he repaid him by the bribery of Church relics, and the more substantial credit of considerable sums of money. Zizim accordingly remained a prisoner at Rome until the ensuing pontificate of Alexander VI. Forty thousand gold ducats yearly was the amount of the fee paid to the HEAD of the Christian, by the HEAD of the Mahomedan, for acting the part of a *guoler* to Zizim, who had thrown himself, as Richard the Lion did in 1195, upon the generosity of the foes to his person and life. When Charles VIII. was at Rome, dictating to the venal pope the terms on which he was to be permitted to retain the tiara, he consented to give to the French king the person of his illustrious captive, taking care, however, to stipulate for the retention of the yearly bribe paid by his father, Bajazet ; and the illustrious captive was to be kept in custody at Terracina. With Charles the VIII. Zizim was carried to Naples, bound for death along with him, if those historians are to be believed who assert that the *holy father* administered a fatal poison to him prior to his release. An event by no means improbable ; and it might have been to conceal this diabolical intention that *his holiness* stipulated with Charles for the enjoyment of the annual reward for his perfidy and cruelty !—as it may, nearly about this period, A. D. 1495, perished Zizim, a victim to ill-placed confidence, to restless fears, insatiate hatred, and to measurable guilt. Mr. Roscoe does not seem to have decided if he perished by poison administered to him by order of the pope, or

l Borgia became sovereign pontiff of the Christian ch, he dissolved the incipient contract; and, in the year of his pontificate, she was given in marriage to anni Sforza, lord of Pesaro, a grandson of the bro- of the great Francisco Sforza, duke of Milan. This a was prematurely dissolved by the pope, owing to

neglect, in the train of his new gader, Charles VIII.; nor has it ascertained that after the death of Zizim any disease was discovered, sh he must have died precisely at the same moment, if he had been on the throne of the Ottomans!

the attached to page 208, vol. I. contains the following curious parti- relative to the death of this noble infidel, namely, 'Sagredo, in his t *interview de 'monarche Ottomans*, informs us that Zizim lived only yrs after he was consigned to Charles, and died at Terracina, having blamed by Alexander VI. who was induced to commit this crime by promise of an immense reward from the sultan Bajazet. 'La cieca in,' says the historian, 'adoro più idoll; a nostri 'giorno l'idolo male è l'interesse,' p. 97. Guicciardini also informs us, that he was ed at the instance of Alexander VI. but mentions Naples as the place death, in which last circumstance Corio agrees with him, but ac- for it by the negligence of the French monarch—'per la indigenza to.' Stor. Milan, par. VII. p. 939. This latter account is also con- by the testimony of Burchard, who ascertains not only the cause, but of his death—'15 Februrier, le fils du grand Turc, mourut a Naples, sine potu non contentis naturæ suæ et consueti.'—On this subject some documents remain, from which it appears that the pope had applied to to assist him in repelling the attack of the French, and had represented but Charles intended to obtain the custody of Zizim, in order to promote n upon the Ottoman state! In the reply of Bajazet (if so atrocious a fun can be considered as authentic,) he entreats that the pope will have *leave to put his brother Zizim to death, in such a way as he may judge best, only translate his soul to another state, where he may enjoy greater re-* For this deliberate murder, Bajazet solemnly promises to pay the an hundred thousand golden ducats, (about equal to a million sterling present day,) to enable him to purchase a domain for his sons, and allow the Christians a free intercourse with his dominions.—On one- sultan Bajazet recommends to the pope a proper person to be honoured a rank of a cardinal!—Such was the fraternal intercourse which, at tish, subsisted between the Mahometan chief and the head of the n church!—V. Appendix XII.—(A copy of the treaty for this ap- prier, &c. in Latin.

some dissensions which it is stated arose between the parties, and she returned to her father's palace. Guicciardini, treating of this event, remarked, and in the opinion of Roscoe, with unjustifiable asperity, that this domestic discord, and subsequent divorce, arose from the artifices of the pope, her father, who could not endure a *rival even in a husband*; and who, to promote his incestuous suit, had suborned witnesses to prove before judges of his own appointment, that her husband was impotent!

More probably it was ambition alone which governed the conduct of Alexander VI. for had it been lust, he would have retained Lucretia within his reach; instead of which, he gave Lucretia in marriage to Alfonso, duke of Bisaglia, a natural son of Alfonso II. king of Naples, an event which took place in 1498; the pope conferring on his daughter the perpetual government of the duchy of Spoletta; and having recently deprived the Gaetani family of the territory of Termoneta, he also bestowed that dominion upon her. A son, named after the pontiff, Roderigo, born in October, 1499, was the offspring of this marriage. To this child the pope paid such attention, as excited or confirmed the suspicions of those who insisted upon his standing in a nearer degree of relation to it than that of grandfather: but when it is considered that this infant was the hope of an aspiring and, ambitious family, and, detached from all criminality, was allied to the pope by such near claims, there seems no need of other motives to explain, on this occasion, the motives of Alexander. From the evidence of Burchard, (p) Mr. Roscoe exonerates the pontiff and his daughter from this heinous charge, and concludes that there are good grounds for believing that Alfonso of Arragon was the father of the child.

(p) 'Contraxit deinde post paucos dies matrimonium per verba de presenti cum ipsa Lucretia; illaque cum eo cohabitavit.' *Deut. Burch. Ap. Gordon.*

Not long, however, did the unfortunate husband survive this event. Upon the steps, before the great door of the church of St. Pietro, in June, 1500, he was attacked by a band of assassins, and dangerously wounded; the wounds were escorted out of the gates of Rome by forty cannon, a circumstance that leaves no doubt but the perpetrators were persons of high rank, or instigated by him. During two months, according to Burchard, Alfonso, who was conveyed to the apostolic palace, struggled with the consequences of this assault, when, perhaps for want of his eventual recovery, he was strangled in his bed by a person who had waited upon Alfonso during his confinement, and the physicians who had attended him, were apprehended and interrogated, but soon afterwards set free. It is already stated that the pope treated the Roman lady, Lucrezia, as his wife, and their mutual offspring with the tenderness and care of the best of fathers. Not long prior to this epoch (1499) the pontiff sustained a terrible domestic calamity, in the assassination of his eldest son, the duke of Gandia. This prince, with the cardinal of Aragon, his brother, on the evening of the 9th June, 1499, supped with Vanozza, their mother, near the church of St. Pietro ad vincula, with several other visitors. The brothers left their mother's house in company together, with only few attendants, mounted on horses or mules. Being arrived on their way to the apostolic palace, near the hotel of the cardinal Ascanio Sforza, the duke told his brother he had a visit of pleasure to pay before he returned home, and he dismissed all his attendants except his staff-bearer or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a visit whilst at supper. This person he took up behind him, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, ordering him to remain there till he returned at a certain hour, and in default of his appearance, then to return home to the palace.—Soon afterwards the duke was assassinated, and his body thrown into the

Tiber; for, upon his being missed, as servants examined, the pontiff, in the utmost distress of mind, caused a general search to take place, and he learnt from a bargeman, that, as he was watching some timber, he had seen on the night in question two men on foot looking cautiously about the banks of the river, and that, soon afterwards, upon a sign given, a third person approached, mounted upon a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung down on one side, and the feet on the other, the two persons on foot supporting the body to prevent its falling. In this order they proceeded towards the spot where the filth of the city was usually emptied into the river, where, turning the horse with his tail to the water, the two persons, with all their strength, took the dead body by the arms and feet and flung it into the stream.—The attendants of the pontiff inquired of the bargeman why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city? To which he replied, ‘*that having seen a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, and no inquiry made respecting them, he had not, therefore, considered it as a matter of any special importance!*’ Upon the strength of these circumstances the Tiber was dragged, and on the evening of the following day the corpse was found, with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his purse: the body was pierced in nine parts, one of which was in his throat, the other in his head, body, and limbs. On hearing of this calamity, and that his son’s corpse had been thrown like filth into the river, the pontiff was violently afflicted, and is said to have given himself up to the most extreme grief.—The guilt of this assassination was supposed to be aggravated by fratricide, his brother, Cæsar Borgia, being suspected to have caused this murder out of feelings of jealousy respecting the favours of their sister Lucretia, whom they were accused of using as a concubine in common with their father, the pontiff!

As well as the preceding murder, and from the same horrid

wise, the death of Alfonso of Arragon has been imputed to Caesar Borgia, cardinal of Valenza; but with no better foundation than public opinion, arising from the general notoriety of his character and conduct. But by whomsoever unfortunate Alfonso was assassinated, Mr. Roscoe remarks that no one accused his widow of being privy to the murder, who is said to have retired for some time to Nepesin for the purpose of indulging her grief.—What, perhaps, tended to strengthen the horrible imputations was, that on her return to Rome, the pontiff indulged his fondness for his daughter so far as to empower her, in his absence, to receive and open all letters addressed to him; and, in case of emergency, to consult with those cardinals who stood highest in his confidence and esteem. By this delegated power Lucretia, a young and elegant widow, became the centre and depository of the most important and secret of the state affairs of Europe; but this confidence in her, in preference to Caesar Borgia his son, or any of the pontiff's ministers, may, and was likely to have arisen, from motives honourable to her probity, and complimentary of her talents. Such seems to be the conclusions of Mr. Roscoe on this important topic, and common sense confirms the justice of his decision.

According to the candid and elegant author of the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* to a short time subsequent to this period (1599, 1600) those abhorrent scenes of lewdness were referred, which would be deemed incredible at the present day if applied to the vilest of brothels, but which are recorded as grave historical truths by the pen of Burchard, not only without a comment, but with all the indifference which denotes them to have been common-place events, and as such not entitled to any particular degree of notice. 'But,' continues this masterly reasoner, 'it is highly important to the vindication of the character of Lucretia Borgia to consider that Burchard, who seems to have seen every thing that passed, and to have related,

‘ without delicacy or restraint, every thing he saw
 ‘ who seems, on no occasion, to have concealed any
 ‘ calculated to disgrace either his superiors or himself
 ‘ there appears in no part of his writings, the most r
 ‘ allusion, not the most distant insinuation, touching
 ‘ incestuous intercourse between Alexander VI. an
 ‘ daughter Lucretia, or between Lucretia and her bro
 ‘ which, if he had known, or suspected it to have exist
 ‘ is not likely, from other parts of his narrative, he
 ‘ have been inclined wholly to conceal.’

But whether the reader may agree with Mr. Ro
 conclusions, or, dissenting from his fiat, set down this
 rid monster as the seducer of his own daughter, lil
 TIBERIUS of England, (q) it seems tolerably certain th

(q) Of all the infamous monsters who have afflicted human nature
 disgraced the human shape, Henry VIII. of England might best
 with the Pope Alexander VI. the appellative of THE TIBERIUS of the
 tian world.

That he was one of the most bloody-minded of despots, the unite
 mony of foreign and native historians confirm. By Sir Antony Wel
 his Chronicle of Kings, the regal murderer is thus described—‘ To s
 ‘ of him were to make you surfeit ; Sir Walter Raleigh’s testimony o
 ‘ sufficient. If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince w
 ‘ in the world, they might all be painted again to the life out of the
 ‘ this king.—His vast expense of treasure, and profuse bloodshed, ma
 ‘ kingdom look with a ghastly face : and to express him fully, this rep
 ‘ him everlastingly, *that he never spared MAN in his anger, nor WOMAN*
 ‘ *lust.*’—It cannot be denied that the dreadful vices of the tyrant mer
 the reproaches that the indignant republican could bestow.

That Henry VIII. was guilty of INCEST, and that Anne Boleyn
 own daughter, are imputations which rest upon a much more solid
 than the same charges adduced against Alexander VI. his sons, and L
 Borgia. I will not, with the example before me, assume that this in
 stamp of infamy really belongs to the character of the British TIBERI
 content myself with laying before my readers the best evidence of
 now existent ; namely, an extract translated from the Latin work, *de*
De Origine et progressu Schismatis Anglicani, by Nicholas Sanders
 and printed at Cologne, about the year 1600.—‘ Anne Boleyn,’ says S
 ‘ was the daughter of the wife of Sir Thomas Boleyn, knight. I say
 ‘ wife, for she could not possibly be the daughter of Sir Thomas him

g fortunes of the house of Arragon, then nodding
 the abyss in which it was so soon engulfed, deter-
 the fate of Alfonso, and accelerated his death, to
 way for another alliance more likely to answer the

temptation and birth took place in England at the time that he was
 as ambassador at the court of France.

lured by the charms of the knight's lady, king Henry had dispatched
 thither on an honourable pretext, in order to enjoy her more

Upon his return to England, after two years' absence, Sir Thomas
 was surprised and indignant on finding the addition, which, darling
 more, had been made to his family. He immediately cited his wife
 the consistorial court of Canterbury, with the view of obtaining a
 of repudiation and divorce against her. But the lady having ap-
 the royal lover of these proceedings, he dispatched the Marquis of
 to the angry knight, with orders that he should drop the suit, for-
 wife, and receive her once more into favour. Though fearful of
 the royal wrath, Sir Thomas Boleyn hesitated to obey this order,
 he candidly confessed that she had been visited and courted by the
 that Anne Boleyn was no other than *Henry's own daughter*; and
 kneeling on her knees, besought her husband to spare her, and promised
 faithful to him in future. And as her entreaties were enforced by
 the Marquis of Dorchester, and other chief noblemen of the king-
 as well in their own names as *that of the king*, Sir Thomas at length
 the culprit, and educated Anne Boleyn as his daughter.—Besides
 Lady Boleyn was the mother of a daughter by Sir Thomas, whose
 was Mary. She had already reached the age of puberty, when
 , in the course of his visits to her mother, began to desire to possess
 and having contrived to draw her to court, after Sir Thomas's return,
 ended in debauching her also.

then, on the authority of Judge Rastal, in his life of Sir Thomas
 whom the tyrant caused to be judicially murdered, in chapter and
 time, place, and circumstance, affixing the horrid imputation of
 to the murderer of Anne Boleyn, whom her daughter, Queen Eliza-
 beth appeared to honour, not even by removing her bones from the
 tomb grave into which she was cast after decapitation. And the
 other imbecility or misformation, under which Elizabeth is said to have
 looked like a dispensation from Providence, to interdict the con-
 tinuance of an incestuous race!

bury of notice, that Doctor Lingard, D. D. in his recent history of
 ENGL. (in his History of England,) has studiously avoided the investi-
 of this enormous imputation. The reverend and learned historian
 writes thus of Anne Boleyn, namely, 'From her childhood she

ambitious views of the sovereign pontiff. According about the close of the year 1501, a negotiation was commenced to bestow on ALFONSO of ESTE, the son of Ercole duke of Ferrara, the young widow of Alfonso of Arragon. The rising fortunes of this ancient house, which was likely soon to obtain an ascendancy amongst the reigning sovereigns of Italy, as well as the personal character of the purposed bride, were highly flattering to the house of Borgia.

Treating of this match, so degrading to the house of Brunswick in the eyes of the historian Gibbon, he says (in his *Antiquities of Brunswick*, in posthumous works, vol. p. 689.)—‘The marriage articles were signed; and as the bed of Lucretia was *not then vacant*, her third husband, a royal bastard of Naples, was first stabbed, and afterwards strangled, in the Vatican.’—This was indulging

in the peculiar favourite of the king. At the age of seven years, appointed maid of honour to the princess Mary, his sister, she accompanied him to France, and was excepted from the rest of the suite who were ordered to return, and was kept there under the protection of Claude, the queen of Francis I.’—In a note to p. 119, ‘I conceive this extraordinary distinction shown to Anne Boleyn, gave rise to the tale that she was in reality Henry VIII. own daughter by Lady Boleyn. It was published by Sanders, 1585, on the authority of Rastal: and an attempt to refute it was made in the *Antiquities*; and Le Grand, in his *Defence de Sanders*, without maintaining the truth of this hypothesis, undertook to repel the observations of Sanders. Henry VIII. applied to Pope Clement for a dispensation to enable him to marry, in place of Catherine, any other woman, if she were already betrothed to another, or stood within the first degree of affinity.’ The last historian has interpreted this as alluding to Henry’s amorous interest with Lady Boleyn, and her daughter Mary; but it appears quite as likely to have arisen from the consciousness of this odious tyrant, that the woman he wished to take was *his own daughter*.

Sanders relates the following anecdote of Henry VIII. as being the origin of the appellation, ‘*The king’s devil*,’ as applied to Attorneys-General. He says that the king, in a jocose way, asked what he would say of a lawyer who, having enjoyed the mother, debauched the daughter also?—‘Say,’ replied the profligate lawyer, ‘why that it is like eating the hen first, and then the pullet.’

rent a degree of asperity. Mr. Roscoe, in his comment on this illiberal passage, remarks, 'This is not deduced on historical fact, nor, as far as I know, asserted by any other writer; the treaty of marriage with Alfonso was not having taken place till upwards of a twelvemonth *after* the death of her former husband.'

The late Sir Levett Hanson, brigadier-general, and chamberlain to the late duke of Modena, Ercole (or Hercules) II. a descendant of Lucretia Borgia, and whose intimacy with his sovereign and patron led him to a knowledge of the most delicate parts of his family history, assured me in 1808, speaking of Mr. Roscoe's life of Leo X. his sovereign felt very indignant at the terms in which Gibbon had mentioned this lady, not, as he believed, from any feelings of offended pride, but from a conviction of the *justice* of his conclusions, as well as the very harshness of his strictures. Sir Levett often regretted not having had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Roscoe, to which he said he could have communicated extracts from rough copies of Lucretia's correspondence, after her husband's death, in which she spoke of him with the most glowing veneration and respect, not on account of her character, but that he was free from many dark spots in his moral character, but because he had proved himself, on all occasions, the most tender and affectionate of parents. There is a portion of the writings of Mr. Gibbon with which the chamberlain of the court of Modena was so little acquainted, as the dark shades of infamy in which he had portrayed the character of Lucretia Borgia; and of a subject with which he was so highly delighted, there was no room for which he felt more grateful than Mr. Roscoe's *explanation*, the subject matter of which is incorporated in his portraiture.—The editor can readily conceive that Gibbon might be aware of the widow's year which elapsed between the assassination of the devoted Alfonso, and the nuptials of Lucretia with Alfonso of Este, and yet

make use of those expressions. What Sir Levett H principally condemned him for was *his visiting up child the sins of the father*, and so implicitly credit to imputations whose bitterness arose from p hatred, and deep and indelible national and religious pathies. ‘I would not,’ said Sir Levett, ‘wish to : ‘so much of a *knight-errant* as to pledge myself : ‘chastity while single, her continence whilst a widow ‘her fidelity as a wife ; but I fully agree with Mr. I ‘that there are no traces of any historical docume ‘unequivocal credit, which even countenance those ‘tuous amours so positively alleged to have taken pl The greatest of men have their weak hours. Mr. G great as were his acquirements, and overpowering t quence, had his. And not only in this instance, spect the character of Lucretia Borgia, has he v those principles which ought ever to be held sacred historian, but the Reverend John Lingard, in his m disquisitions on the antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon c has clearly shown that this great writer has, occasi sacrificed truth to long-fostered and deep-rooted re prejudices. To drop, however, this long digression this new contract Lucretia was finally removed fr court of Rome to Ferrara, where she resided dur remainder of her days.

‘That the daughter of Alexander VI. young, be ‘and accomplished,’ says Mr. Roscoe, ‘educated ‘midst of a luxurious city and a profligate court, ‘on all occasions, have escaped the general con ‘will not perhaps be readily believed ; but with res ‘the incestuous intercourse, of which she has been s ‘rally accused, the circumstances of her life and c ‘afford no evidence ; on the contrary, the anxiety ‘father, to avail himself of the first opportunity of ‘her to another husband, must be considered as a ‘indication that his own attachment to her was no

‘criminal nature before referred to. Were it also to be granted
 ‘that the family of Este was induced to accede to this mar-
 ‘riage by the allurements and persuasions, or was terrified
 ‘into it by the dread of the vengeance of the pontiff, it
 ‘must still require a considerable portion of credulity to
 ‘believe, that either Ercole, duke of Ferrara, or Alfonso
 ‘his son, who were distinguished by their virtues and their
 ‘talents, both civil and military, beyond any sovereign of
 ‘their time, would have submitted to have perpetuated
 ‘their race through the contaminated blood of a known
 ‘and incestuous prostitute.’

Ferrara had, at this period, long been celebrated for its
 classical studies, and elegant pursuits. Pietro Bembo, the
 celebrated poet, was amongst the number of those most
 eminent for genius and learning, who attended the court of
 Ercole, duke of Ferrara. The father of this illustrious
 scholar had visited that city in a public character, and the
 cultivated and embellished society he there met with induced
 him to protract his residence. By the young, beautiful,
 and accomplished duchess, Pietro Bembo was received
 with the gracious affability for which the courts of Italian
 princes were then so celebrated. At this remarkable epoch
 Bembo was about thirty years of age, and from his letters
 appears he had twice felt the pangs of unsuccessful love.
 The beauty, vivacity, the graceful manners, and fascinat-
 ing endowments of Lucretia, presented attractions which
 the amorous propensity of the poet deprived him of the
 power to resist. That he dared to lift his hopes to inspir-
 ing her with a reciprocal passion,—that the fond lover wrote
 her many tender and elegant billets,—that Lucretia re-
 ceived gratification from their perusal, and occasionally
 answered them, are facts which Mr. Roscoe admits; and
 yet he repels the idea that any licentious intercourse ever
 existed between them. Mazzuchelli, who was one of the
 most judicious critics that Italy ever produced, saw nothing
 in this correspondence inconsistent with virtue. Guilty

amours, when the fascinations of present joyment yield to satiety, are seldom productive of any other recollection than such as are embittered by shame and remorse. From the year 1503, being the year after her arrival at Ferrara to the year 1516, this correspondence continued. In some of his epistles he acquaints Lucretia with his personal misfortunes; in others, he felicitates her upon the birth of his children. And if this intercourse commenced on his part by professions of love, and conveyed the aspirations and amorous wishes, the ardent suitor soon subsided into the steady and respectful friend. The many apologies for omissions or apparent negligence indicate clearly that he had exchanged the character of a lover for that of a friend. And if Lucretia had been the wanton harlot which the language and sentiments of Mr. Gibbon imply, is it credible that such a character as this illustrious poet would, during so many years, have persevered in paying her that flattering homage which pervades throughout all his epistles.

. In the luxuriance of poetical imagery, youthful poets are apt to fix their affections, or *attempt* so to do, on beautiful women, illustrious by birth and station; and in the age in which Bembo lived, when the age of chivalry had not yet expired, this fashion was more general. It has been my fortune in life to know a gentleman, now of high rank and opulence, who was smitten by a northern princess, who made so little secret of his passion, or its return, that his letters and her presents were exhibited to his friends as an acquaintance. And I am fully persuaded that the love in these imprudent displays, sought the gratification of his own vanity, whilst he affected to honour the fair object of his ambitious love.—May not the Italian poet have acted in a similar manner? Is it possible a mind so highly cultivated as his, a genius so rare, could be so long and powerfully animated by a common harlot, the stock-pur concubine of her father and her brothers?

The flame cherished by Bembo, like that of my quondam

friend Sir ***** , was *allowed* to transpire ; and the two Strozzi, with whom he lived in all the intimacy of friendship, were the confidants to whom he intrusted the secret of his passion. In this enigmatical epigram,

- ‘ Si mutetur in X. C. tertia nominis hujus
- ‘ *Litera, Lux* fiet, quod modo *Luc* fuerat
- ‘ *Betia* subsequitear, cui tu *hæc* subjunge, *paratque* :
- ‘ Sic scribens, *Lux hæc retia, Bembe, parat.*’

Which those of my readers who please, and are able, may translate. Tito Strozzi recorded this illicit passion ; and Ercole Strozzi, the son, who confided the secrets of his own amours to the love-smitten Bembo, adjures him to conceal them with the same secrecy with which he had preserved inviolate the confidence reposed by his friend.— In the name of common sense I demand, if Lucretia had been the vile and polluted slave of incestuous lust, whether it is reasonable to believe so elegant a poet, and so great a scholar, would have felt so high a regard for her ; or would, during the rest of his life, have spoken of her with such constant marks of a steady and inviolate respect ? Such a supposition would be irrational, and, as a conclusion, unjust.

If the early life of Lucretia Borgia, namely, from her arrival at the age of puberty to her marriage with Alfonso of Este, had been marked by such stupendous wickedness as the pens of so many authors, and our Gibbon amongst the rest, have laid to her charge, where is the man endowed with common sense who can believe, that in the prime of her life, and in the full bloom of her beauty, she could at once have made a pause in the full flood of guilty pleasures,—could at once, and for ever, have renounced her vicious courses, and become an exemplary wife, a tender mother, and amiable friend, and a patron of men of learning, taste, and science ? And if Lucretia cannot be exonerated from the most odious of those foul imputations, how naturally good must that heart have been, which, immersed

in vice by the hand which should have been extended to guide her in the paths of virtue, could yet retain so strong a love of virtue as utterly to renounce the dominion of vice, and live the remainder of her life, not merely free from reproach, but with a propriety that was in the highest degree exemplary and praiseworthy? And was Mr. Gibbon justifiable in dwelling with such marked asperity of denunciation upon the crimes which stained her early life when her *father* was her seducer, and her virtue betrayed by him that should have been its shield and safeguard, and pass over, without notice, the most important portion of her life, in which her conduct was remarkable for every thing respectable in a wife, a mother, or the ruler over a people?

During those intestine wars by which devoted Italy then desolated, she was more than once intrusted by her husband with the reins of his government; her conduct on those occasions not only acquired her the warm approbation of the reigning duke, but what is of more value to her fame, she also obtained the love and confidence of his subjects. These are historical facts, recorded in the annals of the house of Este; and yet this prince, whom the native historians have uniformly spoken in terms of love, admiration, and reverence, has, by the pen of ‘*discriminating*’ Gibbon, been treated with all the acerbity of an hostile partisan.

I will not insist that Lucretia, towards the close of her life, became a devotee; was as innately pious as her external conduct (as a member of the infallible church, and daughter of its pontiff,) was rigidly exact in the performance of her religious devotions; because, in these islands the practical conduct ‘*of the elect*’ is so notoriously the reverse of their evangelical theories, that for a female to pretend to an extraordinary degree of sanctity, is at once the surest passport to popular condemnation (*r*)

(*r*) Mr. Roscoe has thus ably depicted the effects of fanaticism, and the character of a fanatic, in his life of Leo X. viz.—‘ Ever since the bre

r the death of her father, (Alexander VI.) and the
f her brother from Italy, and after she had acquired
new conversation an honest reputation, she was still
d by hereditary hatred and party feuds, amidst the
uliance of her wise and dignified rule. Lucretia
b disconsolate *heifer* of Sanazzaro's vindictive pen,
lag, on the green margin of the Po, the loss of her
i. s.

' Juvenca, solos quæ relictas ad aggeres,
si sonantis, heu malum sororibus
pen, dolentes inter orba populos
te requirit, te reflagitans suum
plet querelis nemus; et usque mugiens
mo huc, modo illuc furit, amore perdita.'

Sanaz. lib. I. Epigr. 15.

edici had been compelled to quit their native place, the Florentines
bited a striking instance of the effects of fanaticism in *debasing both*
lectual and moral powers of the mind. Absurd and blasphemous pre-
to the peculiar favour of heaven, to the power of working miracles,
redicting future events, were asserted by Savonarola and his fol-
who attempted to establish *the reign of Jesus Christ*, as it was im-
called, by acts of violence and bloodshed. This sudden depression
lemocratic government of Florence, and the influence of the *Fra-*
occasioned, however, as sudden a reverse. No sooner were the
nes convinced of the fraudulent practices of their pretended prophet,
y satiated their resentment by the destruction of a man who had so
n the object of their adoration; after which they committed his
gther with those of his two associates, to the flames, and scattered
as in the river Arno. Respecting the character of Savonarola, a great
of opinion has arisen, as well in subsequent times as in his own;
let some have considered him as a saint and a martyr, others have
and him as an impostor and demagogue. It requires not, however,
Boscoe, 'any great discernment to perceive that Savonarola united
d those exact proportions of *knavery and talents, folly and learning,*
combined with the insanity of superstition, compose the character
sic; the motives and consequences of whose conduct are, per-
less obscure and inexplicable to himself, than they are to the
mankind.' Vol. I. 277, 278, 279.

In other passages Sanazzaro has indulged in all the bitterness of national hatred against the house of Borgia ; what is less pardonable, in addition to his antipathy and prejudices, political and academical, he forgot the manner of a gentleman, and the chivalric spirit of a high-born Spaniard, to such a degree, as to pursue Lucretia Borgia with incessant and remorseless persecution. Like the Borgia family, he was of Spanish extraction, and his residence in Naples rendered it difficult for him to obtain minute accurate information respecting the horrible domestic secrets on which he expatiated with so much venom. In this instance, therefore, his attacks upon the personal character of Lucretia attach no dishonour, except on the memory of this celebrated poet.

Perhaps no gentleman of English birth was ever better informed on subjects connected with the history of the house of Este, or the literature of Italy, than my friend and correspondent, the late Brigadier General Sir Levett F. F. F. son, and his feeling on this subject I have already explained. And Mr. Roscoe affirms, in a bold and unequal manner, that the charges adduced against her by contemporaneous, or subsequent Italian writers, are alike destitute of proof or probability ! And if a man so well qualified to judge, and so little to be suspected of having any other objects in view than the vindication of an injured character and to promote the triumph of truth over calumny, ventured to make such an assertion,—it affords still greater reason to regret that prejudice or carelessness should have led so great an historian into so culpable a deviation.

From the operation of national prejudices, and the knowledge of the horrid crimes of her father and her brothers, the appearance of Mr. Roscoe's life of Leo X. Lucretia Borgia was known to few English readers, except 'as the inconstant daughter of Alexander VI. the prostitute, in comparison of her father and her two brothers, one of whom is supposed to have assassinated the other from jealousy of his superior pretensions to her favour. ' If nothing more had been

ded of Lucretia,' continues Mr. Roscoe, '*than the eyes of her accusers*, we must have submitted to receive her information as true; with those doubts only which the abominable nature of the accusation must always inspire. But Lucretia Borgia is known, from other sources of information, to have been a woman of great accomplishments, as well of mind as of person, and to have passed the chief part of her life in an eminent station, not only without reproach, but with the highest honour and esteem. If the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, how are we to conceive it possible, that a person who had, during so many years of her life, sunk into the lowest depths of guilt and infamy, should at once emerge to respectability and virtue? The story of mankind furnishes no instances of such a rapid change.'

But these degrading accusations were broached in 1501, and in her life-time, against the character of Lucretia. Mr. Roscoe admits; but it was in the *early* part of her life, during the pontificate of her father, and chiefly by Italian poets, who, enraged beyond bounds, on account of the leading part taken by that pontiff in expelling the king of Arragon from the throne of Naples, sought to wreak, in every possible way, their revenge; and, unhappily for the name of Lucretia, (as I have before remarked,) the infamous secrecy of the private life and conversation of her father and brothers furnished a sort of corroborative evidence which told heavily against her. Again, it should not be forgotten that the reformed doctrines were then rapidly and fully gaining ground; and as the private vices of the court were dragged into public view, to render '*the scarlet sin*' more odious, this powerful feeling caused a more extensive expansion of the foul calumnies levelled at this accomplished princess, to their eager reception, and more solid belief; whilst political rancour and party spirit induced several Roman writers to express their conviction

of her guilt in the most positive manner, and ‘the tale of her infamy has accordingly been admitted into general compilations, and biographical dictionaries, as undoubted matter of fact.’ It can therefore occasion no surprise, that the Protestant authors have frequently expatiated on a subject which, as they suppose, reflects such disgrace on the Roman see.

With every work before him in which the character of Lucretia Borgia has been delineated in the darkest shade, Mr. Roscoe has pronounced his disbelief of their justice and accuracy; nor has he taken indiscriminately as proof of Lucretia’s innocence of those odious crimes contemporary homage of her protégés: In estimating the applause of Ercole Strozzi, or Antonio Tebaldeo, Mr. Roscoe considers them as the poets-laureat of Ferrara,—as *Southey*s of the present day;—still less, he remarks, should any decision be grounded on the poems of Bembo in the Italian and Latin tongues; for he that was so long her impassioned lover, and faithful friend, cannot be considered as impartial. But whilst Mr. Roscoe has excluded those works of too partial genius, in which the extravagance of the lover and devotion of a favourite bard predominate, he has quoted a passage from a letter inscribed to be Bembo’s romance, entitled *Asolani*, wherein he addresses her ‘as a princess who was more desirous of ornamenting her mind with excellent endowments, than her person with the decorations of dress. Applying all her leisure hours to reading or composition,’—to the end, says he, ‘that she may surpass other women, as much in the charms of understanding, as you already do in those of external beauty; and may be better satisfied with your own applause, than with that, however infinite, of the rest of the world.’

So far from being considered by the historians of Ferrara as a source of degradation to the family of Este, the name of Lucretia Borgia is ever accompanied in those as

in the warmest admiration and unalloyed praise. As 'a man of uncommon excellence,' she is described by Sardi; whilst Sardi has pronounced this high eulogium, Sardi replies—'A most beautiful and amiable princess, adorned with every virtue.' The praise of Libanori is still more extensible, who describes her as 'a most beautiful and virtuous princess, endowed with every estimable quality of a mind, and with the highest polish of understanding; esteemed as the delight of the time, and the treasure of an age.'

That great poet, Ariosto, celebrated the marriage of Lucretia with prince Alfonso of Este in a Latin epithalamium, a tribute which the judicious commentator readily admits may be construed as one of those marks of respect which a youthful poet would readily render to his prince, without scanning too closely the justice of his praise. 'If, however,' adds Mr. Roscoe, 'the moral character of the bride had been so notoriously disgraceful as to render her an object of abhorrence, it is scarcely to be supposed that Ariosto would have had the effrontery, or the absurdity, to represent her as rivalling in the decorum of her manners, as well as in the beauty of her person, all that former times could boast.' (s)

On a subsequent occasion, however, Ariosto gave the testimony of his approbation still more decisive. 'In the thirty-second book of his immortal poem,' says Mr. Roscoe, 'he has raised a temple of female excellence, the splendid riches of which are occupied by women of the greatest merit and chief distinction in Italy; and amongst these Lucretia Borgia assumes the first and most conspicuous station. It is remarkable, that in the lines devoted to her praise on this occasion, the poet asserts that

(s) ———— 'Clari soboles Lucretia Borgiæ

, Pulchro ore, pulchris æquantem moribus aut quas

Vera fama refert, aut quas sibi fabula finxit.'

Ariost Epithal. ap. Carm. illust. Poet. Ital. Vol. I. p. 244.

“ Rome ought to prefer the modern Lucretia to the Lucretia of antiquity, *as well in modesty as in beauty* ;” a comparison which, if the aspersions under which she has laboured had obtained the slightest credit, could only have been considered as the severest satire. Each of her heroines is attended by two of the most distinguished poets in Italy, as heralds of their fame ; those assigned to Lucretia Borgia are Ercole Strozzi and Anton. Tibaldeo.’

That Lucretia wrote Italian poetry is believed by Crescimbeni, who informs us that he had been assured by a person deserving of credit, and who was well acquainted with the early literature of Italy, that he had seen, in a collection of poems of the sixteenth century, several pieces attributed to her ; but that, notwithstanding all the researches made both at Rome and Florence, no traces of them could now be discovered. The annotator on Crescimbeni is, however, of opinion, that if this had been the case, her works would have been noticed by Bembo in the many letters addressed to her ; or by Aldo, in his preface to the works of the two Strozzi.—‘ She was, however, adds he, ‘ a great patroness of literature, and by her means the court of Ferrara abounded with men distinguished even in foreign countries, among whom was the before-mentioned Bembo.’—Mazzuchelli has, however, cited one of the letters of Bembo, from which it appears that she addressed some verses to him, but whether they were in Italian or Spanish, which latter language she frequently adopted in her poetical compositions, he has not ventured to decide. It may, however, be presumed, from the following lines addressed to her by Bembo, that she wrote Italian poetry ; and it is not therefore without sufficient reason that both Mazzuchelli and Quadrio have enumerated her among the writers of Italy.—

‘ Te tamen in studio, et doctis traducis in artes,
 ‘ Nec sinis ingenium splendida forma premat.

'Sive referat lingua modulatum carmen Hetrusca,
 'Credens Hetrusca nata puella solo ;—
 'Sed calamo condidit numeros et carmina sumpto,
 'Illa novem possunt scripta decere, Deos,' &c. &c.
Ad Lucretium Borgium in Bemb. ap. tom. iv. p. 345.


The commendatory testimonies might be increased to a
 'considerable extent,' continues Mr. Roscoe, 'both in prose
 'and verse, which have been inscribed to her by those
 'authors to whom she afforded encouragement and pro-
 'tection; but, in addition to those already adduced, it may
 'be sufficient to cite the grave and unimpeachable testi-
 'mony of one, who, from the respectability of his charac-
 'ter, cannot be suspected of flattery, and who indeed can-
 'not be supposed to have had any other motives for his
 'commendation, than such as he has himself assigned; the
 'favour and assistance which she afforded to every merito-
 'rious undertaking, and to every useful art.'

The person alluded to is the celebrated printer, Aldo
 Manuzio. From the tenor of his address to her, prefixed
 to the works of Tito and Ercole Strozzi, it appears that
 she had offered, not only to assist him in the establishment
 of his great undertaking, but also to defray the whole ex-
 pense attending it. If the sentiments which he attributes
 to her were in fact expressed by her, of which there ap-
 pears no reason to doubt, they sufficiently mark a great and
 a virtuous mind.—'Your chief desire,' says he, 'as you
 'have yourself so nobly asserted, is to stand approved of
 'God, and to be useful, not only to the present age, but to
 'future times, so that when you quit this life, you
 'may leave behind you a monument that you have not
 'lived in vain.'—He then proceeds to celebrate, in the
 warmest terms of approbation, her piety, her liberality, her
 justice, and her affability.

Finally, Mr. Roscoe thus concludes this able disser-
 tation, so honourable to his penetration as a critic, and his

spirit as an enlightened writer,—and his learning as a classical scholar.

‘ If Lucretia was guilty of the crimes of which she stands accused, the prostitution of her panegyrists is greater than her own; but of such a degradation several of the authors before cited were incapable, and we may therefore be allowed to conclude that it is scarcely possible, consistently with the known laws of moral character, that the flagitious and abominable **LUCRETIA BORGIA**, and the respectable and honourable ‘ duchess of Ferrara,’ could be united in the same person.’



THE MACGREGORS AND THE STUARTS;

OR, TALES OF OLDEN TIMES.

Philosophers have dream'd, and poets sung,
Of 'golden ages' and primeval bliss,
Unstain'd by sin, by suffering unalloyed :
But when or where those blissful reigns occur'd
Remains, and ever will remain, unknown !

With tales of woe our oldest records teem !—
Their heroes were but murderers,—their kings,
Fierce, false, illiterate, rul'd by brutal force,
Or fraudulent priests more hateful than bad kings ;
And one vast thralldom drap'd a world in chains !
Haply those times are fled ! The spell 's dissolv'd !
Those chains asunder fall ! Fair LIBERTY !
By crime unstain'd, from fanaticism free,
Upon both worlds sheds rays of hope divine,
The real 'GOLDEN AGE' seraphic 'boding !

EDITOR.

THE migrations and vicissitudes of fortune of the Celtic
tribes, who formerly peopled a large portion of this island,
and afterwards retired before the Roman invaders, till they
found safety in the highlands of Scotland, form one of the
most interesting branches of British history. In that ro-
mantic and secluded portion of the empire their posterity
exist, a distinct, if not an independent race, and also
their language, (1) their customs, and the sublime and beau-

As the Duke of Wellington was leading his army in 1813 over the
Pyrenees into France, in his victorious progress towards Bourdeaux, the
troops of his army fell in with a people whose language none of his
English or Spanish guides understood, and which obstruction caused some

tiful verses of their bards!—In the traditions of the highlanders might be traced a perfect epitome in the progress of civilization, from the rude but free state of the warrior and the huntsman, to the establishment of agricultural land-ownership, hereditary lairds, feudal tyranny and vassalage, down to the introduction of the most perfect system of government ever yet discovered, and which exists in Great Britain, namely, a limited and constitutional monarchy, grounded upon the will of the people, and controlled by TRUE and HONEST REPRESENTATIVES.

Till the appearance of those high-wrought historical romances, emphatically termed *The Scotch Novels*,^(u) so profound was the ignorance and the prejudice of the English in general, that the highlanders were estimated as mere vagabonds, scarcely superior in any respect to gipsies. Political differences added immensely to their absurd and sweeping denunciation. Thus national pride and intolerance shut out an inexhaustible source of valuable knowledge. Hence, whoever may be the writer of the elegant and crude publications alluded to, the British public ought to feel deeply indebted for the sudden and effective dispersion of those clouds which had so long excluded the light.

inconvenience. At last an highlander heard one of the natives speak, and he instantly recognised the dialect as so nearly assimilating with his Gaelic that he was enabled to act as interpreter! I never saw any literary notice of this curious occurrence, but it was communicated to me by a Scotch gentleman, a scholar, and man of taste and genius, who was in Spain at the time of the discovery.—EDITOR.

(u) Without wishing, in any way, to depreciate the value of these celebrated novels, it may be allowable to say, that I conceive their powerful attraction has arisen quite as much from the extraordinary incidents and characters they describe, chiefly taken from judicial records of criminal cases, as they are indebted to the fine taste, talent, and learning of their author. Of the former stock of Scotch novels, 'HUMPHREY CLINKER' was ever my favourite. I have no hesitation to say, that the author of simple and beautiful tale has equal, if not superior claims to admiration. Whoever lives, 1822, will find my favourite Humphrey fully maintaining his rank in public estimation, uninjured by the beauties of 'Waverley' or 'the Abbot.'

In the ensuing selections, I have not borrowed a single idea from the pages of those admirable productions,—I have merely visited the same fountains for materials, and modelled them on my own plan; aiming to produce a work that should combine the beauties of romance with the solidity of historical truth, embellished, it is true, but not caricatured.

It struck me that the scattered fragments of existent biographical sketches of the chieftains of the clan Macgregor might supply the finest of materials, as they delineate in glowing colours the baleful influence of regal folly and misrule,—of aristocratical insolence, rapacity, and oppression,—and the lamentable results of inveterate misrule, of profound ignorance, and deep-rooted superstition, which, perpetuating the accumulated dross of thirty generations of men who lived and died under the most vicious institutions and barbarous laws, till the abominable mass of criminality exploded in 1747, destroying the parent nest of every little dynasty in the venerable rookery¹

How those *village magnats*, the *barons*, *chiefs*, and *lords* of the highlands felt, when they were deprived of the ancient privilege of '*pit and gallows*;' when they could no longer compel a husband to *pay a fine* to induce his chief to refrain from claiming the first night's lodging with his bride; (2) when they could no longer starve in ludicrous

(1) If the following anecdotes do not denote great poverty, they at least indicate the most inordinate pride.—When the Marquis of Huntley, then chief of the clan Gordon, was presented at the court of James VI. he did not so much as incline his head before his sovereign. Being asked why he failed in this point of etiquette, he replied, that he had no intention whatever of showing any disrespect to his king, but that he came from a country where all the world were used to bow down before him.—Again, when George the Second offered a patent of nobility to the chief of the clan, the proud Celt refused it, saying, '*What would then be lord of Grant?*' The family pride of this clan, indeed, is said to be proverbial even in Scotland. Their claims to antiquity, at all events, are not exceeded in any part of the world—no, not by the proudest genealogies of Wales.

pomp, devouring the morsel torn from their famishing vassals, or lead them forth to commit robberies for the support of their rapacious despots, may readily be conceived. But as they had sufficient sense to perceive that the people of England would not tolerate the return of the Stuart, lest absolute despotism should once more be established, the neutralised creatures, their teeth being drawn, their wings clipped, and their terrific claws pared down to quick, they crawled towards the throne, and with every mark of profound humility offered to support any and every minister with their swords or pens, and help to render the house of Brunswick absolute, and teach our constitutional monarchs to break their coronation oaths, transfer upon the people to whom they owed the crown, and to lead them to tread in the path of the Stuarts, perhaps with secret view to produce thereby their fall and expulsion.

Dropping these preliminary remarks, it is essential to a due understanding of the ensuing historical selections, to give a few brief sketches of the rise and fall of the Stuart dynasty, whose history is so intimately connected with the persecutions and sufferings of the clan Macgregor, whose combined annals present little more than one continued chain of the most tremendous wickedness, and frightful punishments.

The tragedy of *Macheth*, which is generally considered as the master-piece of our great poet Shakespear, embraces the period, and includes the character from which the origin of the Stuarts is commonly dated.

‘ Banchoo, Banquo, or Banco, according to Sir Andrew Weldon, had a fair lady to his wife, whom Macbeth desired to have the use of; Banchoo refuses,^(y) and Macbeth murders him, and takes the lady by force.

(y) Banchoo, as a nobleman, might have claimed the first night’s lie with the wife of every vassal, after their nuptials. His refusal to yield the lady to his sovereign was conduct scarcely to be expected, considering the dreadful state of moral pollution in which the nobles, priests

'Fleance, the son of Bancho, fearing the tyrant's cruelty, flies into Wales, to Grifflin ap Llewellyn, the prince of Wales. Llewellyn entertains him with all hospitable civility. Fleance, to requite his courtesy, gets Llewellyn's daughter with child. Llewellyn murders Fleance, and Llewellyn's daughter is afterwards delivered of a son, named Walter. This son proves a gallant man; and falling out with a noble person of Wales that called him 'a *bastard*,' Walter slew him, and for his safeguard fled into Scotland, where, in continuance of time, he gained so much reputation and favour, that he became *steward* of the whole revenue of that kingdom, of which office he and his posterity retained the surname, and from whence all the kings and nobles in that nation, of that name, had their original: here's a goodly foundation.'

Treating of James I. of England, Sir Antony proceeds—

'I cannot, in the best stories I have read, find who was dearly King James's father. (z)

'Mary, Queen of Scotland, (a lusty young widow,) marries the Lord Darnley, son to the Duke of Lenox, in the year 1503, or thereabouts; and, at the same time, had in reserve, in great favour with her, an Italian fiddler, and Bothwell, a Scotch lord. After marriage the queen proves with child; the king, her husband, that was Lord Darnley, enraged by some informations, comes into the room where the queen his wife was at supper, and very big, drags the Italian fiddler (a) into another room, and

the nobility of Scotland, were then immersed. This act denoted a high loss of honour and courage, as death was at that day the general result of such crimes.

(z) The *Morning Chronicle* of 1815 ventured on some very bold assertions relative to the fathers of James I. and George II. affirming that the libidinous and profligate David Rizzio was the father of the former, and Count Senebier of the latter!

(a) Rizzio was a man of great abilities as a professor of music: Mary was one of the most elegant princesses of her age: her husband and her courtiers

murders him. The solemnity of the christening ended, (b) she and Bothwell (c) murdered the king; then the queen marries Bothwell, and all this in a moment of time: but they are both fain to fly; the queen came into England and was here beheaded; (d) Bothwell fled into Denmark and there lay in prison all the days of his life.

‘And now, reader,’ continues Sir Antony, ‘observe the fortunes of this prodigious family. (e)

‘His (James I.’s) supposed father was strangled in his bed, by the consent of his mother, and flung out into the garden.

‘His mother is beheaded.

‘His eldest son, by the jealousy and consent of his father, in the flower of his youth, and the strength of his age, is poisoned.

‘His daughter married to the Palsgrave, where shortly her husband (in ambition to become a king,) is slain, and

were void of politeness or refinement; and the superiority of Rizzio’s conversation, and his graceful insinuating demeanour, were qualities well calculated to make a strong impression on a vivacious and neglected female.

(b) It is asserted by many historians, that the murder of Rizzio, almost in the presence of Mary, affected the infant with whom she was then teeming—King James I. of England. He was remarkably ill-made; his tongue much too large for his mouth; his joints were ricketty; and he was so dreadfully nervous, he could never endure the sight of a drawn sword. Hence, it is probable, the peace which marked his reign, and made amends for much of his despotism and profusion, was the result of pusillanimity, not of wisdom.

(c) It is impossible the historian could be certain of this fact.

(d) Next to the judicial murder of Sir William Wallace, this cruel treatment of an unhappy princess forms the blackest page of English history.

(e) Nothing could be more unjust than to impute the sufferings of the Stuarts to their peculiar vices. Henry VIII. who deserves no better appellation than that of the **TIBERIUS** of English history, lived prosperously, and died a natural death. Yet the crimes of that lascivious, cruel, and wasteful tyrant, totally eclipses all the atrocities of all the Stuarts. It was the time in which they lived and reigned, and the depraved characters of their nobles and courtiers, rather than inherent and hereditary delinquency, which produced the catastrophes which befel them. The descendants of Charlemagne male and female, were, if possible, still more unfortunate.

she, with her many children, are driven out of their estate, and fly for shelter into Holland.

King James himself, after twenty-two years reign, by the act of his favourite, Bucks, and the consent of his son Charles that succeeded him, is poisoned. (f)

King Charles (*First*) after eight years' wars with the parliament, is taken, arraigned, and condemned, and is beheaded at his own doors; his wife fled home to her friends, and his children scattered about the world, to live upon the charity of others.'

It is of little consequence whether it was in the seventh or the eighth century that the clan Gregor emerged from obscurity. It is more material to show that it was by the sword, and by massacre, that its chiefs acquired their possessions; and the sequel of these tragical tales will prove, that what they gained by the sword, by the sword was lost! One of the most valuable districts possessed by the Macgregors for many ages was Rannach, and it was thus acquired: A laird of Appin, named Stewart, being offended by the chief of the clan called *ic-Jan-Chui*,—i. e. 'the grandchildren of yellow John,'—and not being strong enough to effect the extermination of the whole race, he had recourse to the chief of the clan Gregor, and proposed to let him have the whole of the lands, if he would help to annihilate the whole of the obnoxious clan; upon which indignant Macgregor sent his son and a large number of armed vassals, by whom, in conjunction with the partisans of Stewart, the whole race of clan *ic-Jan-Chui* were exterminated. It does not appear that the Macgregors were in any way concerned as parties in the original quarrel, or that the devoted clan had the least reason to suppose the Macgregors would espouse the cause of the laird of Appin, till they saw their habitations surrounded by the vassals of both chieftains, and being at once surprised and surround-

(f) A malignant assertion, emanating, in all likelihood, from party spirit, and personal rancour.

ed, the whole clan, without regard to sex or age, were massacred; and even their kindred, wherever they could be reached, were destroyed. When the laird of App had thus satiated his inhuman spirit of revenge, he retired and left the smoking ruins of their villages, and the task of burying the bodies of the murdered inhabitants, to his spacious and guilty associate, the chief of Macgregors!

This clan, in the eleventh century, appears to have possessed some share of court-favour, for the chief received the honour of knighthood, and accompanied the Thane of Fife, Macduff, in some murdering and predatory expeditions to the North Highlands. It has been construed a mark of *religious zeal*, that the son of this chief became Abbot of Dunkeld. Nothing can be more futile than such deductions. At this time the priest towered above the warrior; and ghostly fathers, laved in luxury, and basking in the sunshine of fortune, enjoyed all the pomp of prince and pleasures of sin. Kings and heroes bent their knees to the priesthood. The age was arrived when the church ruled the state, and there was no road to rank and power so short and so secure as through her portals. In the considerations might be found the motives which induced Macgregor to plant one of his sons in the church.—Shortly after this accession of dignity, the chief of the Macgregors was honoured by a patent of nobility; and so numerous were his vassals, his forts, and his castles, and so ample his revenues, that with the exception of the Macdonalds, the lords of the isles, there was none more potent. They acted as petty sovereigns, disposing as they pleased of the lives of their vassals; they had power to erect prisons, dungeons, gallowses; and by virtue of the privileges attached to hereditary titles and possessions, they were accusers, judges, and executioners, in their own cause!

The roots of the absolute power (g) possessed and ex-

(g) EUGENIUS III. of Scotland was so addicted to lasciviousness that he was willing to indulge the better sort of his subjects in the same

by these petty despots being cherished by ignorance and slavery, it would be irrational to suppose they could be otherwise than enemies to learning and to freedom; and though the Lord Macgregor aided Robert Bruce in the latter part of his days, yet, if the actuating motives could be ascertained, even that wreath might appear less brilliant than the highland bards have delineated those exploits. Still, whatever were the motives, the fidelity displayed by Macgregor to that monarch in the hour of peril cannot, in any similar manner, be impugned. It showed true generosity and greatness of mind, and reflects the brightest honour upon the chieftains of this devoted clan of any age ever recorded in their biography. On the defeat of the Scottish forces in Glencoe, the chief of the Macgregors threw himself, with a strong party of his vassals, between the tyrant monarch and his pursuers, and probably rescued him from death as well as captivity. In the battle of Bannburn the prowess of Macgregor was eminently conspicuous: but this topic has been anticipated in the preceding narrative of Lord Grange.

The chief of the Campbells, a clan which rose into pre-eminence on the spoil of the Macdonalds, eagerly embraced the first opportunity of availing himself of the political misfortunes of the Macgregors. The reigns, if reigns might be termed, of James the Third and Fourth, were eminently disastrous to this clan, whose chief proved faithful to the former monarch, and brought thereby the vengeance of his unnatural son upon his head. The chiefs of the Macgregors, amidst proscription and ruin, were

deprived of all pleasures; and to that end made a law, that the lord of the soil (or lord) should have, if he pleased, the first night's lodging with every new-born woman! Which scandalous law continued in force till it was repealed by Henry VIII., 1537, who granted a liberty to the husband to buy off his cuckoldom by the payment of half a mark of silver to his lord! This was by the lawyers styled *Merchetus Mulierum*, which continued to be paid and acknowledged, and made a part of all charters they granted to their vassals, till 1747, when the clans were dissolved, and vassalage destroyed.

faithful to James V. and his unfortunate daughter, Mary Queen of Scotland ; and thereby they entailed the hatred and they felt the vengeance of Murray, who made the most desperate efforts to exterminate the whole race, in the same effectual manner as the Macgregors, many ages preceding, had exterminated the clan *ic-Jan-Chui* !

Unfortunately for the Macgregors, certain young men belonging to the clan Macdonald of Glencoe, about the year 1588, were seen trespassing in Glenartney, a royal forest ; and being seized by the under forester and his followers, the ruffians, by cutting off the ears of those youths, irreparably maimed and dishonoured them ; and then, having probably sported with their pain and their shame, allowed them to depart. Enraged at this cruel and scandalous punishment arbitrarily inflicted on those young fellows, the Macdonalds felt the indignity like men of true courage, and they wreaked a severe, but it might not have been a very unjust revenge, if they had carried it no further than putting to death the insolent forester, Drummond of Drummondernoch ; but they did not, as they ought stop at this act of justifiable reprisal, for, having cut off his head, they carried it to the house of his sister, a Mrs Stewart of Ardvorlich, on the banks of Lochearn. The Macdonalds were not very welcome guests ; for it was fear which induced Mrs. Stewart, in the absence of her husband, to offer the intruders some bread and cheese as present refreshment, with a promise of better cheer as soon as it could be prepared. She then left the room, when, with cowardly barbarity, the clansmen and kindred of the mutilated trespassers placed the head of her murdered brother, still dripping with gore, upon the table, with a piece of bread and cheese between its teeth ! Having had no previous warning of her brother's wanton cruelty, or of his miserable end, such was the effect on her nerves and her intellect of the shock given by this horrid spectacle, that in a state of utter frenzy, she rushed, shrieking and weep

ing, out of the house, and hid herself in the woods. She was, at this time, far advanced in a state of pregnancy. Had it been winter, the unhappy maniac must have perished: fortunately, it happened to be autumn, and she was enabled to live in the woods, where she eluded every attempt to reclaim her, flying in all the wildness of distraction from mountain to glen, and hill to dale, sleeping on the cold earth, with no canopy but the sky. In this forlorn state Mrs. Stewart remained, till one of the hinds having seen her, and supposing she was some spectre, spoke of the sight he had seen half concealed in the under-wood. Her husband no sooner heard this story, than instantly it occurred to him that the 'lean and famished' spectre must be his living life. He had the spot well searched; the unhappy woman was discovered, and brought back to her home; and after her delivery she recovered her senses, but her child felt the effects very severely. There is nothing in the whole arcana of nature more wonderful than the effects of terror, or of 'longing,' upon women whilst in that interesting state. The child she bore evinced, from its birth, a disposition peculiarly cruel; and, as he grew up to manhood, his aspect was wild, and his manners ferocious. He was baptized by the name of James. In the year 1644, when he was nearly threescore years of age, he made a proposal to Lord Kilpont to assassinate the chivalric and accomplished young marquis of Montrose. the overture was rejected with all the scorn and abhorrence it was calculated to excite in an honourable mind, upon which, this Stewart instantly plunged his sick into the heart of Lord Kilpont, and joining the persecuted covenanters, was by them pardoned as regarded his past conduct, and received into their confidence and protection.

Quitting this anticipation of the narrative: It happened very calamitously for the Macdonalds and Macgregors, that King James, on being married by proxy to the Prin-

cess Anne of Denmark, and desirous to entertain his future consort in the most splendid and hospitable manner, commanded the principal forester of Glenartney, Lord Drummond of Perth, styled Stewart of Strathearn, to provide venison for the nuptial festivity; and Drummond of Drummondernoch, his delegate, was slain by the Macdonalds (h) of Glencoe whilst they were thus employed. And the chief of the Macgregors, as well as his retainers, having the following Sunday assembled at the kirk of Balgudder, and laid their hands upon the head of the murdered forester, *which was placed upon the altar*, they bound themselves in that sacred place, and by the most binding oaths, (i) to abide by the act, and defend the perpetrators!

It was, in the first instance, the odious and inhuman spirit of the forest laws introduced with the feudal system, in which this impolitic confederacy originated; and next, in the infernal cruelty of the deputy-forester of Glenartney,

(h) 'DRUMMOND, in his History of Scotland, writes, that one Macdonald, a notorious thief and murderer, among other cruelties, nailed horse-shoes to the naked soles of a widow's feet, because, incensed at his proceedings, she had sworn to report his enormities to the king.

' Soon afterwards Macdonald, with twelve of his associates, were apprehended and brought to Perth, and the king (James the First of Scotland) caused them all in like manner to be shod, as he had served the poor woman.

' When they had been three days exhibited as public spectacles, his companions were hanged, and he himself beheaded.'

(i) ' They paid a sacred regard to their oaths; but as superstition, amongst a set of banditti, infallibly supersedes piety, each individual, like distinct casts of the Indians, had his distinct object of veneration. One would swear upon his dirk, and dread the penalty of perjury; and yet he made no scruple of forswearing himself upon the Bible. A second paid the same respect to the name of his chieftain. A third would be most religiously bound by the sacred book. A fourth, regarding none of the three, was only to be credited when he swore upon his crucifix! It was also necessary to discover the inclination of the person before you put him to the test. If the object of his veneration is mistaken, the oath is held as being of no signification.'—

' Pennant's Tour to the Highlands.'

for which he deserved all the retributive punishment he suffered. As the sports of deer-stealers interfered with the profuse preparations making for the royal nuptial feast, and as the murdered deputy was related by blood to one of the king's great household officers, the Lord Drummond; and as there were chieftains whom the latter wished to make on the ruin and dispersion of the Macgregors, the outrage was represented to the king as one of the most atrocious acts of sacrilege and rebellion ever consummated. And although it was perfectly well known that the Macdonalds, and not the Macgregors, were the original trespassers, and also the destroyers of Drummond the deputy-forester, a bloody-minded faction, and a weak and worthless monarch, rashly and wickedly promulgated a decree of outlawry and extermination against the Macgregors, as though the crimes had been their own. (k) And this iniquitous decree was rapidly succeeded by the establishment of a commission to remain three years in force, composed of the Earls Huntley, Argyll, Athol, Montrose, Lord Drummond, the cousin of Drummond the insolent deputy,—Campbell of Lochiel, and various other nobles and chieftains. Nor did the vindictive and rapacious commissioners suffer this decree of blind and furious vengeance to slumber. Lord Drummond made an early assignation with Montrose to surround the valley of Balgaidder. Stewart of Ardvorlich, whose wife went distracted from viewing the head of her murdered brother, brought as many men as he could muster to partake of the slaughter and devastation of the proscribed Macgregors. These ferocious hatches, Lord Drummond, Stewart of Ardvorlich, and Montrose, did not give themselves the trouble to inquire who were the murderers of the deputy-forester,—who were the individuals who had bound themselves by oath to de-

(k) These proclamations will be thrown together in an appendix, attached to this selection.

feed the murderers,—but they fell, like so many hungry wolves, upon defenceless families, who were unconscious of danger; and they murdered, with remorseless fury, the aged and the young, the strong and the feeble,—burning the wounded and the dying together with their habitations, and several hundreds perished under the hands of these tolerated assassins. On a single farm, no less than thirty-seven vassals and relatives of the chief of the Macgregors, male and female, young and old, were butchered in cold blood!

In the civil wars which burst forth in Scotland after the overthrow of the Roman church, the Macgregors adhered to the *church* and *king* party; and though they had endured persecution so many ages, they eagerly joined in the pursuit and butchery of the covenanters! Their lands had been seized, and their families slaughtered, by the Campbells and the Earls of Argyle; yet, when the minion-ridden James nominated the then earl, an imbecile and profligate young man, to command his forces, and lead them against the confederated Catholic nobles, they joined the banners of their royal oppressor,—they put themselves under the command of the very person who had executed the horrible commission of proscription, blood, and rapine!

Unmoved by the sufferings of the Macgregors,—untouched by their loyalty and generosity in thus joining their forces to those commanded by nobles to whom the commission of vengeance had been granted, the ignominious king soon afterwards caused or sanctioned an association between Cameron of Lochiel, and the Earl Argyll, to root out, that is, to destroy and exterminate the clan Macgregors.

Justly indignant at this new source of peril, the chief of the proscribed clan put himself at the head of a party of his vassals, and sought Lochiel in the Braes of Lochaber; there he found his foe strengthened by the Macdonalds; but the Macphersons having ranged themselves with the Macgregors, the chief of the latter clan attacked the Ca-

of Lochiel with so much energy, he gave them a rest.

an act of just reprisal on the part of the Macgregors against the king, or rather the minions by whom he was surrounded, with new sources of anger, and fresh excitements of vengeance; and another *ukase*, equal in ferocity to any former, was promulgated by royal authority. No less was this act of proscription sent abroad in the shape of an autograph letter, written by James to the Laird of Lochnagar, than another secret foe to the brave and persecuted Macgregors, Duncan Dow, a perfidious wretch, who assumed the title of '*the black knight of Lochnagar*,' made a bold overture to the chief of the Macgregors, proposing an amicable meeting for the purpose of arranging their differences at Killin, or Killan, a place consecrated by religious devotion. It marked a high degree of confidence on the part of the Macgregors, to agree that a son of their noble chief, who was then in the hundredth year of his age, should go alone, and without the precaution of exchanging hostages, to meet '*the black knight*;' and a greater degree of depravity in that scoundrel, who perpetrated an act of the most cowardly assassination, at the moment he breathed sentiments replete with good will. On his appointment,—unsuspicious of guile, the son of Macgregor repaired to the house of meeting. At the house he was met by the '*black knight*,' and received with the courtesy usual when lairds or chieftains met. The ferocious monster led his victim into a room where their conference was to be held.—The subject of discussion was fixed to certain contested lands. Like the heroes of old times, the highland lairds and chiefs were, when offended, as courteous as to manners, and blackguards as to language.

Determined to create a quarrel, '*the black knight*' Macgregor the lie. Rising from his seat, and bidding the silent reviler draw, Macgregor was lifting his claymore to stretch the offender at his feet, when, sudden as

lightning, and fierce as tigers, eight armed assassins, who had been secreted in an inner apartment close adjoining, rushed in upon Macgregor. He saw at one glance his fate was sealed, and made a desperate effort to destroy his perfidious host, whose life was saved by the sacrifice of two of his vassals: though savagely assailed by the rest of the recreant gang, such was the strength of his arm, that the whole proved too weak to murder him on the spot. Like the lordly bull beset by dogs he forced his way, streaming with blood, and with the ferocious myrmidons hanging upon him. And he not only reached the sacred pool, but drowned two of the assassins, and reached the opposite shore, but there were five yet remaining, and they, by attacking the wounded warrior in the rear and van, soon dispatched him.—This bloody and perfidious achievement being thus accomplished, the traitor, Duncan Dow, sent the head of his murdered guest to King James; his horse, and his blood-stained plaid, the monster sent to his aged sire; soon after which the '*black knight*' surrounded the dwelling, slaughtered as many of the family and vassals as he could surprise, and having obtained possession of the venerable chief, dyed his white locks in gore, putting him to death in cold blood!

It was thus Duncan Dow treated the proscribed Macgregors, and made himself master of the lands of Glenurchy. And thus, as fortune smiled or frowned, the petty despots warred against each other, gaining or losing land as their enterprises succeeded and failed.

Sir Colin Campbell, a member of the Argyle clan, is proving upon the execrable treason of '*the black knight*' decoyed James Macgregor, who became chief of the clan on the murder of his venerable sire, and made him a prisoner by more suddenly overwhelming him. This venal ruffian gave his prisoner over to the crown lawyers, whose mode of administering what they called law, was but little superior as to form to direct: open murder

and more odious in spirit, because they used the sword of justice as the bravo employs his stiletto. This chieftain being perfidiously taken by Sir Colin Campbell, after suffering all the indignities that such miscreants were likely to inflict, he was juridically murdered at Kenmore. The Earl of Athol, the then chief justice clerk, and sundry other noblemen, were present. Sir Colin himself stood close by the headsman, to see he did his duty effectually! The Scottish historians, speaking of this Sir Colin Campbell, state that he was '*ane great justiciar all his tyme,*' and that he '*caused execute to the deathe many notable flynnaris.*'—The spirit of which, I presume, means, that he was guided in all state prosecutions by the orders of the ruling minions at court, and spared or condemned as he was directed. In that light our Judge Jeffries (*l*) might be called '*ane great justiciary,*'—and so might that detestable villain Lord Grange, whose character has been delineated in a former section.

The harassed and oppressed chiefs of the house and the Macgregor seemed, like Antæus, to gather strength

(1) In the portraiture of Lord Grange, I compared a *facetious* and ferocious judge to a *laughing hyena*. The following anecdote of JUDGE JEFFRIES seems to countenance the comparison: viz.—'I went this day to a wedding of one Mrs. Castle, to whom I had some obligation; and it was to her fifth husband, a lieutenant-colonel of the city—(a bold dragoon!)—She was the daughter of one Bruton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There was at the wedding the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, several Aldermen, and persons of quality, above all, Sir George Jeffries, newly made Lord Chief Justice of England—(the infamous JUDGE JEFFRIES)—with Mr. Justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry! These sports were spent the rest of the afternoon, till 11 at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of Judges that but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney, who was executed the 7th Dec. (1683) on Tower-hill, on the single witness of that monster of a man, Lord Howard of Eserick—(one of the noble Howards!)—and some sheets of paper taken in Mr. Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved!—*Evelyn's Memoirs.*

from every overthrow.—A neighbouring, but not a *neighbourly* chieftain, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, Lord of Luss, distinguished himself by the fierceness and rancidity of his attacks on the envied possessions of the Macgregor; but the latter, though wounded and bleeding, as it were, from a long catalogue of outrages and wrongs, were still unsubdued in spirit; and they retaliated with great energy upon the Colquhouns the injuries they had inflicted. During the heat of this village war such enormous acts of sanguinary cruelty were reciprocally perpetrated, that some less interested chieftains strove in good earnest to bring about a reconciliation; not much, perhaps, from feelings of humanity, as from dread lest the king should determine to release the vassals from their bondage, and break up the accursed system of hereditary despotism in which these monstrous crimes were rooted; a system that was watered by the tears of misery and by human blood.

Alexander Macgregor of Glenstrae was at this time become chief of his clan. His biographers state that he was not disinclined towards an amicable arrangement; that, attended by two hundred of his kinsmen and clansmen, he set out for Balgaidder, the residence of his father, and of the chief of the Colquhouns; of whom the chief, Sir Humphrey, had collected together with all secrecy and dispatch as many retainers, vassals, and all arms as amounted to the formidable force of five hundred horsemen, and three hundred foot.

Macgregor of Glenstrae had early intelligence of treacherous intentions of the Colquhouns, namely, to attack him in his return, and, if possible, cut him and all his followers to pieces, if the result of the proposed conference should be unsatisfactory. The friendly effort proved abortive as respected the restoration of amity; but Sir Humphrey Colquhoun and Alexander of Glenstrae appeared in part in friendship, the latter wisely and cautiously refraining

ing from showing by his conduct he was fully apprised of the design of Sir Humphrey; but such was his dependance on his own courage, and that of his followers, he desired nothing more eagerly than that he might venture to make an attack. Macgregor was too good a partisan general to be surprised: he reconnoitred by his scouts every ravine, glen, wicket, where an ambush might best be executed. He also knew the foemen were in his tract, and hovering round, and that their number were as four to one; and still he was undaunted.—It was about six miles distance from the confluence of the river Glentuin with its lake or loch that the expected attack was made. Aware of the nature of the ground, and the exulting confidence of his foe, Alexander Macgregor divided his slender troop in two parts; with the one he pretended to retire, and him the great body of the Colquhouns pursued. Macgregor continued to retreat slowly and in good order, till he saw from a signal made by his brother, he was got in the rear of the foe. Then began the battle; and such was the valour and activity of the Macgregors, that they slew of the Colquhouns a greater number than the whole force under the command of Alexander Macgregor; an equal portion were maimed; and the rest fled in every direction, even rushing into the waters of the Lomond to avoid the terrible blows dealt out by the fierce Macgregors. Amongst the dead were found many of the principal gentry and burghesses of Dumbarton; and a large number were made prisoners. It is recorded that of the Macgregors only two were killed, but the assertion is altogether preposterous; it is, however, admitted, that many of the Macgregors were dangerously wounded. This victory was fatal to the Colquhoun, and fertile in renown alone to the Macgregors. John Glass Macgregor, who led the division which fell with irresistible fury upon the rear of the disordered Colquhouns, fell in this victory. He was married to a daughter of Sir John Murray, afterwards Earl of Tulli-

bardine ; and was the possessor of fortresses in which La Grange was sheltered by Walter Buchanan, in the ruin fortress called 'the castle of Macgregor's isle,' and fifty farms in Balgaidder. His father-in-law was in favour at court, and he took possession of those lands for the benefit of the fallen chieftain's wife and orphans ; but so inveterate were the enemies of the Macgregors, more than ever inflamed by this signal overthrow of the Colquhouns, that they prevailed on the feeble king to include the family of John Glass Macgregor in the renewed *ukase* which was speedily issued against the devoted clan. As if heaven and earth had decreed the destruction of the Macgregors, an incident arose out of the overthrow of the Colquhouns which soiled with deep disgrace the victory of the men of Rannach ; although it is more than probable the chief was innocent of the foul deed. There was a sort of university or high-school then existing at Dumbarton, where the sons of the gentry resident in the neighbourhood were sent to be educated, many of whom were Colquhouns. When the young students heard of the gathering of their parents and friends with a view to attack the Macgregors, filled with the direful and hereditary spirit of their sires, they panted to dye their feeble hands in the blood of the foes of their clan. Animated with that impulse, when the Colquhouns and their allies mustered in Glenfruin, about eighty students absented themselves from the high-school, and made the best of their way to the expected scene of action. Humphrey Colquhoun, as soon as he heard of this reinforcement, had the lads put into a barn, and placed a guard over them to prevent their sallying out during battle.—When the Macgregors proved victorious, the guard placed over the boys were all killed, and the victor placed some of his partisans to restrain them. Considering the mortal enmity which prevailed between these chieftains of their respective clans, it might appear equally likely that Alexander of Glenstrae gave secret orders for the

of those too forward youths, as that they were lured by one of his clan, named Fletcher, without consent, and contrary to his wishes, were it not that it is obviously his wisest policy to spare them. Macgregor's gallant brother, who contributed so greatly to the victory gained over the Colquhouns, perished at the head of his brave and faithful followers, just at the moment that the women fled, at least such of them as could escape the rage that ensued. The biographers of this renowned chief of village monarchs state, that as soon as Macgregor, the general-*ex-chief*, had placed a guard over the ruins of Dumbarton school, and enjoined Fletcher to save them from harm, that they might all be restored to safety to their sorrowing friends, he went to pay the homage of a silent tear to the memory of his brother John Macgregor, and to give orders for the conveyance of the dead, and the wounded of his kinsmen and clansmen, to their respective homes ; and that this melancholy duty performed, the commander returned to the barn, intending to send the youths with a flag of truce to their friends. And that Macgregor, on arriving near the barn, (m)

The locality is greatly changed since this event took place at Glen-

There was then no road along the right bank of Loch Lomond, as at present time. So precipitous and so woody are the shores of that beautiful lake, that previous to the formation of roads through the heart of the mountains, it was almost impassable. The road leading from Dumbarton into the shire left the present line of road near Fruin Bridge, and proceeded on its easterly course along Glenfruin, touching on the head of Loch Long, and turning eastward, it stretched towards the head of Loch Lomond towards Inverfalloch. It was, as already stated, about six miles distant from the mouth of the river Fruin with the lake, that the Colquhouns treacherously fell upon the Macgregors. The barn in which the unhappy young men shut up stood near the spot where the Colquhouns made their stand. A rivulet ran near the barn, on the banks of which the victor Macgregor is said to have sat down and wept, and perhaps its waters were purpled by the blood of the murdered youths. From that fatal day it has been named, in the Gaelic tongue, *The barn of the young ghosts* ; and is believed, and perchance the poetical illusion still holds its ground

saw in the appearance of Fletcher and his men indications of the massacre of the ill-fated youths ; and anticipating their guilt, he said sternly, in Gaelic, '*Fletcher, where are your young prisoners ?*'—The savage churl, grinning grimly as he spoke, replied in a gruff and savage tone, '*will show you,*' at the same moment extending towards his chief a broad-sword dripping and reeking with human gore ! Petrified with horror, Macgregor drew his claymore and said, prophetically, as it proved, '*Fool ! traitor ! this foul deed of thine thou hast tarnished my honour and destroyed my race !*'—And if Fletcher had not retreated from his presence, his incensed chief would have cleared him two, so keen was his regret, and so fierce his indignation. He then went and surveyed the bodies of the slain, whose fair and beautiful countenances looked like lilies steeped in blood. As he wept over the butchery, he mentally prayed that this blood might lay at the door of the door by whom it had been shed ; and then mournfully retired

amongst the illiterate in the vicinity, that if a Macgregor should cross a rivulet alone after dusk, the ghost of some or other of the slaughtered would flit and hover around his head, and fill his soul with fear.

The young gentlemen and scholars belonging to the public school at Dumbarton used to commemorate, every spring, the mournful fate of many of their predecessors. On the morning of the anniversary of this tragical event, the boys of the two highest classes assembled at the door of the academy, the proctor walking before, and the usher behind, and marched in military array to a field, where, carrying provisions with them, they spent the day.—In the evening, the head boy of the first class was stretched as a corpse upon a plank provided for that purpose, and covered with the clergyman's gown, that was always allowed to be used on this occasion ; and borne upon the shoulders of his school-fellows, the rest followed as at a military funeral, with wooden guns reversed. Arriving at the churchyard, the bier and body were laid on a particular tomb-stone, when his school-fellows set up dismal cries and lamentations, and then dispersed, leaving their comrade where they had placed him ; after which, the supposed corpse arose, and walked slowly homewards. These ceremonies certainly seem to bear a strong allusion to an academical commemoration of the slaughter of the boys at Glenfruin. It was kept up till 1757, when it ceased.

he went to a rivulet that flowed near the barn, and there he sat him down and wept profusely as he mentally anticipated the fearful storm this wanton and cruel massacre was likely to excite against his name and clan. Having, in mournful silence, given vent to his sorrows, he mustered his brave followers, and laden with the spoil of the Colquhouns, and carrying his wounded women, friends, and vassals, upon hurdles, or biers made of platted boughs, he commenced his return to Glenstrae. Not was it long, whoever was in fault, before the murder of the youths of Dumbarton was, by his enemies, converted into an engine that speedily and terribly brought destruction upon the Macgregors. For the Laird of Luss, having, by the speed of his horse, escaped the carnage brought on by his perfidious attack on the Macgregors, he set up to the court of King James such a distorted, artful, and malignant representation of the origin and progress of the battle of Glenfruin, that, aided by the malignant influence of the Drummonds, Argyles, Huntleys, and various other rapacious nobles and chiefs who thirsted after the blood and the lands of the Macgregors, they worked upon the king to that degree, he determined, if possible, to have the whole race exterminated. And to give more effect to this spirit of hatred and animosity, the Laird of Luss sent sixty widows, whose husbands were supposed to be slain at Glenfruin, riding upon white palfreys, and bearing, by way of banners, two hundred shirts, supposed to have been worn by the slain, and steeped in their blood! Thus mounted and decorated, the females uttered the most piercing cries against the Macgregors as they proceeded through the various towns, and Edinburgh itself, till they reached Holyrood house. The enemies of the Macgregors having influenced the king to receive this extraordinary deputation, he listened to their wild and vehement denunciations, and dismissed the half frantic creatures with assurances that their cries of '*blood for*

'blood' should be amply and speedily gratified.(n) Accordingly, in August, 1603, a few months after his succession to the throne of England, the king in council issued another *ukase*, than which a more vicious and barbarous ever emanated from the Russian Czars! By this infernal scroll the whole race were condemned, and given over to military execution, without exception of age or sex; the name of Macgregor was ordered to be *for ever* abolished and by none of their posterity, on pain of death, was it *ever* to be resumed.(o) Such was the tenor of the order in council which was openly promulgated: but its *secret* accompaniments were, if possible, yet more vile and bloodthirsty; for the Earl of Argyle and his clansmen, the Campbells, were enjoined and commanded to pursue, slay, and, if possible, cut off, root and branch, the whole tribe or clan of the Macgregors. The barbarian earl, and rapacious chiefs to whom it was addressed, seemed to exult and luxuriate in the disgraceful task assigned them. With

(n) The females who composed this singular cavalcade, are stated in contemporaneous authorities to have been nothing better than vulgar mercenaries, hired and instructed to act this ludicrous farce; and it is scarcely probable there were so *many shirts* belonging to the whole of the combatants, as they carried upon the poles from Dumbarton to Edinburgh! As the blood *wore out* on the way, it was renewed wherever swine, cows, or sheep were slaughtered. The widows, on their return, particularly at Drymen, are said to have got *tipsey*, quarrelled, and fought with each other. And some of the most zealous are said to have sacrificed so freely to Bacchus, they were obliged to be carried home on litters, or in carts.

(o) The vindictive are always short-sighted. In less than a hundred years after the date of this decree, the progeny of this contemptible tyrant were driven from their realm, and the brightest prince that lineage ever produced became a houseless wanderer in those very solitudes where the Macgregors were hunted down like wild beasts. Too long had those foul edicts of proscription remained on our statutes had they been recalled the next year.—They are however, wiped away, and the descendants of the Macgregors are restored to their rights as men and citizens. And what is not a little extraordinary, the present Marquis of Londonderry, so universally known as Lord Castle reagh, is a descendant from this persecuted clan. Whether this affiliation may be deemed creditable or otherwise, will of course depend upon the political opinions of the reader.

energy that would have reflected the highest honour, had the cause been as good as it was atrocious, Argyle and his kindred butchers accumulated a force far superior to the estimated prowess of the Macgregors, and simultaneously invested all their castles, fortresses, villages, and farms! Every where the Argyle banditti massacred the devoted clan, murdering with indiscriminate fury the chiefs and their families, their kindred and their vassals. A slaughter more terrible, its scope considered, was never committed. It equalled the ferocity with which, some centuries preceding, the Macgregors had butchered and exterminated the devoted clan *ic-Jan-Chui*!—The savages dashed out the brains of the sleeping babe; and its frantic mother, the aged, the infirm, the diseased, all perished that fell within the reach of the savages, who burnt down their dwellings, carried off all that was portable of their wealth, and left in ashes the villages and farms of the Macgregors. It was not in open battle these ravages were wrought, but commonly by stratagem and by surprise. It seems that five of the Campbells would hesitate to attack two of the clan Macgregor in open day; but they traced the latter in the dusk of the evening, and darkness of night, and generally fell unawares upon their victims. The lands of the Macgregors were gorged with murderous bands, by whose cowardly assassinations the survivors of the first massacres were slain, or forced to fly for shelter to precipices and caverns, remote, and almost inaccessible; and there many hundreds perished of the wounds received in battle, of hunger, disease, and cold!—If ever the sufferings of the Macgregors were exceeded, it was alone by the persecutions inflicted on Christians by the Roman emperors. And this was without legal trial, without examination, without any discrimination! Being thus dreadfully harassed and oppressed, it was but seldom the slaughtered and proscribed clan could muster in any considerable number. The son of Campbell of Glenurchy,

at the head of two hundred of the best warriors of his clan fell suddenly upon a party of Macgregors at Ben Duair. Although the latter were less than one-third in number, their courage and skill rendered them more than a match for the Campbells, who were completely defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their leaders slain or prisoners. Of the Macgregors, one of their chiefs, Duncan Abarach, son of the Macgregor whom Duncan Dow, the *black knight*, assassinated at Killin, and also his son, were slain. He was called 'Abarach' from having been reared near Lochaber. Being an athletic, tall, and resolute young man, the assassin, Duncan Dow, from feelings of terror rather than remorse, strove to propitiate his wrath for the cruelty and perfidy displayed in the murder of his father, and his venerable grandfather. By the influence of the Laird of Lochiel, Abarach Macgregor was induced to accept of part of the lands then wrested from his patrimony as an atonement; and till this recounter, they had remained on pacific, if not amicable terms. Thus, in the course of a few years, perished by assassinations and battle four successive hereditary chieftains of one branch of the clan Macgregor!—Amongst the poor vassals the demoralisation was equally great; and thus was this once great and powerful clan reduced to a mere skeleton of its former grandeur and power.

Because the Macgregors who defeated the Campbells at Ben Duair did not offer their throats to their dastardly foemen, the Earl of Argyle, who pilfered a large portion of the lands of the Macgregors whom he strove to exterminate, procured from the recreant prince who swayed the sceptre of Scotland, a new proclamation directed against the Macgregors, wherein all persons who held any correspondence with the Macgregors,—who afforded them comfort, aid, or shelter, were to be fined and punished; and all the fines, which the Earl of Argyle had an arbitrary power to inflict, became, by the letter of this vile law, a

own legal property ! Never surely was common sense and common honesty more outraged than by this decree ! But James and his minions fully understood each other : the pusillanimous tyrant stood in need of the powerful aid of Argyle to check those great Catholic nobles of whom the trembling despot stood in secret dread ; and Argyle and his associates, who coveted the lands of the Macgregors, demanded their possession as part of the price of their *loyalty* and *fidelity* to the crown !

Whilst slaughter and famine thus spread death and desolation in the halls of the fallen and scattered Macgregors, Alexander of Glenstrae, escaping the poniards of the assassins, took refuge in caves and wildernesses. And such was the fidelity of his clansmen, (p) that when a fortune might have been made by betraying him, they risked their

(p) How mean, rapacious, and disgraceful, does the boasted *loyalty* and attachment of Argyle to James I. appear, when compared with the pure and disinterested fidelity of the poor vassals of Macgregor to their chief in the hour of affliction ! FIDELITY seems to have been the distinguishing feature of the best side of their character.—The generous self-devotion of Roderick Mackenzie has been often recited. This young man, who had sought concealment among the mountains of Ross-shire, after the battle of Culloden, was surprised by a party of soldiers sent in pursuit of Charles Edward. His figure, his air, deceived the military so completely, that they were going to secure him, in the belief that they had got hold of the prince. Mackenzie perceived their mistake, and with great fortitude and presence of mind instantly resolved to render it useful to his master. He drew his sword, and the courage with which he defended himself satisfied the soldiers that he could be no other than the Pretender. One of them fired at him : Mackenzie fell, and with his last breath exclaimed, ‘ You have killed your prince ! ’—This generous sacrifice suspended for the time all pursuit, and afforded an opportunity to the unfortunate Charles to escape from the hands of his enemies.—It is well known, that Kennedy, who repeatedly exposed himself to save that of the prince just named, and who, though mean and despised the reward of £30,000 which was offered for the person, dead or alive, of the royal fugitive, was afterwards hanged at Inverness for being a cow. A little before his execution, he pulled off his bonnet, and moved hearty thanks to God for that ‘ he had never proved false to an engagement of any kind, that he had never injured a poor man ; and never refused to share whatever he had with the indigent and the stranger ’

lives to carry him food and intelligence ; and though surrounded by misery in its most appalling shape, they felt more grief for the ruin of their laird than their own suffering. Night and day, from their places of refuge, they watched the motions of their ferocious oppressors ; and whenever occasion offered, put them to death, cutting them off in detail. And this happened so frequently, that they slew a very great number of the Campbells who were ranging the mountains in search of Macgregor of Glenstrae who, with his single arm, stretched three or four of his pursuers lifeless on the ground and escaped, when his destruction seemed inevitable. And whilst his personal valour thus defeated the murderous projects of his pursuers, the subtlety and activity of his scattered vassals advised him of their most secret enterprises, and detected the plots of the Campbells ere they could carry them into execution ; but still the sufferings of the proscribed chief were many and grievous to endure. The chiefs of the Macgregors were all despotic in their rule. But their personal qualities threw a splendour over their character, and valour and suffering endeared them to their followers, as was the case with Charles XII. of Sweden and his subjects. Alexander of Glenstrae could not believe that JAMES STUART, a sovereign, could be privy to the criminality of Argyle ; he steadfastly believed that King James was wholly deceived and misled.—He was ignorant of the innate baseness of that contemptible prince, and determined to quit the recesses in which he lay concealed, and if practicable, make his way to London, to lay his grievances at the foot of the tyrant by whom he and his clan had been thus cruelly treated.

Conformable with this rash resolve, the illustrious exile sent an herald to the Earl of Argyle, stating his ardent desire to obtain an audience of the king, with a view to prove, by the evidence of facts, how grossly his conduct and that of his clansmen had been misrepresented, and how

justly they had been punished! Nothing but the consciousness of guilt could have felt alarm at such a proposal. Argyle was guilty of the most abhorrent crimes, and being irritated by the boldness of this proposal, and fearful of the result, if Macgregor should make his way to the court of James, he determined to *appear* to agree to his proposals, upon condition of the chief placing thirty of his most respectable clansmen as hostages into his, the Earl of Argyll's, hands, if he would give him a safe passport to London. It is astonishing Macgregor could expect anything like honour or integrity from so profligate and faithless a courtier as that worthless earl; but, without his consent, it was impossible Macgregor could descend from the mountains, and pass the defiles and fastnesses of the highland frontier undiscovered. It is therefore probable that the heroic exile thought it the least of two evils, to place himself and his friends in the power of his mortal foe, rather than not attempt to stem the frightful carnage which daily thinned the number of his poor vassals, and menaced their utter extirpation.

Whatever acts of perfidy and cruelty were exercised upon the Protestants by Catholic priests, statesmen, or barons, it is impossible to select a more odious trait of treachery, faith, cruelty, and revenge, than what this *Protestant* Earl of Argyll evinced upon this occasion; for he not only agreed to the terms proposed by the chief of the Macgregors, but fully ratifying them in the name of his sovereign, sent him a letter of safe conduct for himself and his friends, permitting them to travel to England, and the hostages to remain at Berwick-on-Tweed till the return of Alexander of Glenstrae, their chief, from London. Argyle did indeed allow his victims to proceed to *England*; but as soon as they were there, in defiance of a solemn engagement made in the name of his sovereign, and sanctioned by a council of regency in Edinburgh, he caused them to be seized by the military, loaded with chains, and trans-

mitted under a strong guard, and in the most painful ignominious manner, to Edinburgh, where, without the formality of a trial, the entrapped and betrayed v and his thirty friends were immediately hung!—It is possible to cite more atrocious state murders than that of the Macgregors! The recent treatment of the Greeks at Scio, and at Constantinople, is not a whit more execrable! It plainly shows that the royal court of Scotland, and the Scotch courts of law, were at the same level as to talent, integrity, and knowledge, as when James VI of their kings had a poor old poverty-stricken and ill woman burnt to death, to relieve his majesty from a disease which baffled the skill of all his leeches. (q) He pretended that his horrid execution of the Macgregors was to strike terror amongst the disorderly clansmen; but much more likely it was intended to prevent the war of the Macgregors being made known to English state and the price of blood for the thirty-one individuals he betrayed and murdered had, no doubt, an overwhelming influence on that mercenary villain. It was so tremendous an act of iniquity, it astounded not merely the Macgregors.

(q) A Scottish sovereign, named Duff, being sorely afflicted with a disease, various means were used for his recovery; but all proved ineffectual insomuch that he pined away daily, and became apprehensive of approaching death.

While his physicians were endeavouring to find out the cause of his extraordinary indisposition, intelligence arrived at court, that negotiations were held at Forre, a town in Murray, for taking away the life of the king. Messengers were immediately dispatched to the governor of the castle, to inquire into the birth of the report. The governor, in consequence of diligent search, got information from a girl whose mother had incurred the imputation of being skilled in 'the black art.'

Some guards being sent in quest of the old hag, she was found with others, roasting, before a small fire, the king's image in wax! The object of this horrid act was, that as the wax by little and little melted round the king's body, by a continual sweating, might at length totally consume it. The image being found and broken, and the old hag punished with death, the king recovered immediately.

tell the reflecting part of the Scottish nation ; and, instead of intimidating the Macgregors, it only aroused the indignation of the survivors, and urged them, at an humble instance, to imitate the titled chief of the Campbells, and apply upon every principle of truth and humanity to glut savage and insatiate lust of vengeance.

But to proceed with these disgusting instances of savage rule, and stupid legislation :—The juridical murder of Alexander of Glenstrae, and his thirty kinsmen, was fully sanctioned by the Scotch council of state ; and quickly afterwards there appeared another of James's tender edicts, again, to give eclat to assassination, a price was set on the head of every person belonging to the clan Macgregor ! It will presently be seen that the trade in human life flourished to an extraordinary degree, the tombs of ancestors and relatives of the proscribed race being broken open by the worse than vampyres, and the mouldering bones mutilated ; and it is probable the heads of some of the deceased of the Argyle clan were torn from their graves, and sent to the same market ! A more striking instance of demoralising effects of unjust legislation can scarcely be found in the whole circle of history ; and what tends to aggravate the odium of these atrocious acts, they were the work of a reformed king and government !

There is an incident on record, relative to this infernal traffic in the heads of Macgregors, which illustrates the depravity of manners, no less than the ignorance and iniquity of the government of Scotland.

A nobleman of the Argyle clan, a miscreant called Duncan Campbell, of Drumscrag, in Perthshire, was a great dealer in this *regal* and *legal* trade, whence he derived a nick-name of reproach, '*Duncan of the heads.*' This wretch was one of Argyle's favourite agents ; and having collected together a considerable number, he put them into panniers, and slung them across a horse's back. As the avaricious villain was plodding along, from some

inequality and roughness of the road, the heads knocked one against another, and emitted a sound which frightened this *noble scion* of the Argyle tree, who ran away from horrid merchandise, trembling in every limb. A supple clown, who was travelling the same way, and had not the terrors of BARON, or Laird Duncan, asked what it was that frightened him, and what the panniers on the horse contained? With the grin of a demon the wretch replied, 'Why they contain a lot of HEADS that I am carrying to Edinburgh for the amusement of the lords of the realm.' 'And though they are all of one family, it seems they cannot agree one with another.' The pedestrian, pressing as well as he was able the agonising suspicions which forced themselves on his mind, in a careless sort of way asked what heads they were which could not find peace when separated from the bodies on which they were grown?—'Why, if thou must know, I tell thee then,' replied the wretch, 'they are the heads of traitors,—of the Macgregors, those enemies to our gude king.'—In an instant the stranger stretched forth his left hand, and with Herculean grasp dragged the infamous villain from his horse. He then blew a whistle, and two or three comrades came running from the woods that flanked the road. 'This coward is a CAMPBELL,' said the indignant stranger, as he nearly choked the caitiff by his grasp. 'In God's name see if it be truth he utters, that these panniers are loaded with the heads of our kindred, or if it be but in sport.' His comrades quickly obeyed, and to the grief and dismay saw the heads of various of their relations and friends; some that appeared to have been of recent slaughter; others, half decomposed, that had been taken out of their graves!—'Fiend!' said the spokesman, 'it is a Macgregor sends thy soul to hell! And thy soul will I send to the butchers who employ thee!'—Said this, with a look of intense abhorrence the wretch sued vilely for life, and fled in a single blink to a distance.

, they interred the heads thus discovered, those mourn-
 emblems of a fate, which, ere the sun went down, might,
 ought they knew, be their own; and then they for-
 ded to the Earl of Argyle the well-known head of his
 son and relative, whose name, consigned to deathless
 my, is still denominated in highland traditions, '*Dona-
 n nan ceann*,' i. e. Duncan of the heads!—Pity it was
 it was not the recreant earl himself, instead of one of
 retainers, who thus perished.

he proscribed clan abounded with individuals equal in
 ivation to the most polished chieftains of the highlands,
 lived in a style of rude splendour. One of those gen-
 en, his dwelling having been razed to the ground, and
 rassals and family slaughtered, sheltered himself in the
 t inaccessible mountains, till famine, grief, and disease,
 iced him a final release from misery. Seeing their chief-
 in that lamentable state, a faithful clansman, who had a
 -built turf in the Braes of Glenurchy, nobly dared the
 geance of the cruel and despotical king, and received the
 ig chieftain under his roof. There, soon afterwards, he
 r his last breath. The Laird of Glenurchy was one of the
 t fierce pursuers of the Macgregors. The soul of a wolf
 ned to possess his body. Such was his hatred and his
 sty, he would have exterminated the whole family of the
 ntaineer who permitted the unhappy gentleman to expire,
 icked upon a bed of heather, on the earthen floor of the
 t wretched of habitations. Many generations of the
 stry of the unhappy man had been, and with great
 ary pomp, interred in Glenurchy church-yard, and
 e the deceased wished to be buried. But as the laird
 recently caused those sepulchres to be opened, the
 s of the most ancient tombs scattered to the winds, and
 heads of the least decayed bodies cut or torn off, and
 up to Edinburgh for sale, the wary highlander, who
 ed upon the laird in possession as an usurper, and the
 gregors as his hereditary chieftains, durst not venture

to inter the corse in that desecrated earth. He therefore sought out a lonely spot, fit for the grave of an outlaw, far remote from the haunts of men, and under the green-wood tree. There, in the hour of darkness, without coffin shroud, or funeral rite, the generous vassal laid the corse in the earth, and covered it with sods, and those with bushes ; so that if Argyle's blood-hounds should by chance come that way, it might remain undiscovered. Such was the devotion of a poor vassal, performed at the hazard of his life !

If local traditions were to be believed, the soul of the chieftain could not rest in unconsecrated ground. Not only were there rumours that hollow groans, and plaintive sounds as of one in deep sorrow, were heard near his grave, but his ghost presented itself to his foster-brother, named Mackildonich. This person resided many miles from the grave of the deceased. It is to be presumed he had been made acquainted with the death of his foster-brother,—that it made a deep impression on his mind ; in consequence of which he fancied the deceased appeared to him in the same miserable state as when he died, and in the gentlest accents and a face full of unutterable sorrow, related the manner and place of his death, the spot where his corse lay, and implored him, by the affection he had felt for him when alive, to remove his corse from the wood, and inter it with the ashes of his forefathers !

Mackildonich possessed, no doubt, a susceptible heart and a lively imagination. He had borne the warmest affection towards him when alive, and he would not disobey him when dead. His generous heart was fired at the imaginary appeal made to his fraternal feelings, and he hastened to the wretched hut where the chieftain died,—knelt and wept upon the earth where he expired,—next he went to the grave, and removed the sods and earth which covered and concealed his remains. After a short prayer for the future repose of the deceased, Mackildonich took the corse in h

was, reduced by famine and sickness to a mere skeleton, and laid it, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, out of the earth ; then, with truly pious feelings, wrapt it in his plaid, and bore the hallowed burthen fifteen miles upon his shoulders ; and after passing over mountains, glens, and gloomy muirs, reached the church-yard of Glenurchy. With a feeling of morose enthusiasm which suppressed all thoughts save a single one of accomplishing his benevolent purpose before any intruder arrived, he laid the corse upon the holy earth, and having dug a grave, placed it therein, drew it new in the earth, replaced the sods as well as he could, and then made six or seven hillocks, having the resemblance of graves ; and Mackildonich closed his pious labours, and withdrew unnoticed by the blood-hounds of Skye, ere the first beams of day dawned upon the grave of the persecuted Macgregor.(*) There is something

(*) It is rather humiliating to the pride of what is called civilized society, that natural affection thrives and expands so much more luxuriantly amongst the illiterate and demi-barbarous. It might be difficult to find amongst the conflicting nobles and gentry who fell in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, so noble an instance of disinterested attachment as the one just recited. The *Editor of the Aberdeen Chronicle*, in June and July, 1822, gave the following illustrious proof of this axiom in some of our persecuted, destitute highlanders viz. ‘As one of our correspondents was passing along the Hardgate, he observed two women and two girls travelling towards town (Aberdeen) On inquiring of one of the young women whence they came, and whither they were proceeding, she told him they came from the West Highlands, where they could reside no longer, having been turned out of their habitations ; and that they were proceeding to Aberdeen to procure a passage by sea to Inverness ! One of the young women carried a burden on her back. On being asked if she had a child in her plaid, she said, “ No ! it is my grandmother ! ” Struck with the circumstance of a granddaughter travelling with her grandmother on her back, he turned up part of the plaid, and was astonished to behold the pale countenance of an emaciated woman, aged one hundred and two years, and who had been drenched in rain.’ The learned editor did not deign to show a single word of comment either on the brutality of their correspondent in rudely lifting the garment which concealed the venerable parent, or the horrid cruelty of those who had driven this destitute party forth upon

peculiarly striking and grand in this act. It was more heroic than the slaughter of half a dozen Campbells in single combat. It combined excessive toil with extreme peril; and the utter ruin in which the Macgregors were fallen, which was so complete as to shut out hope, excited the disinterestedness of the noble mountaineer high at the boasted loyalty of the Marquis of Montrose, who perished fighting for despotism. This triumph of fraternal affection has been celebrated in the mournful melodies of the Gaelic bards, and richly it merited all the *eclat* that poetry and genius could bestow. What became of the hero by whom it was performed,—whether he fell beneath the slaughterous rage of the Campbells, perished of want, or escaped the carnage and desolation of his clan, are circumstances which I regret my inability to explain. Whatever was his future fate, the generous Mackildonich proved himself one of nature's noblest children. Meanwhile, the progress of carnage and devastation continued almost without intermission, till the Earl of Argyle, the chief persecutor, possessed himself of nearly all the lands of the Macgregors and swoln his treasures by the price he received for the heads of the murdered! Having the ear of the king, this vile courtier obtained whatever proclamations he demanded. The horrid act of perfidy by which he destroyed Alexander Macgregor of Glenstrae, and thirty of his kinsmen, was rewarded in 1607 by a grant of almost the last of the lands which yet appertained to the proscribed. Nor was there the least spark of pity or generosity mingled with these murderous processes. After the Earl of Argyle had

the highway!—Not a single word in praise of their virtuous conduct, or sympathy! It might be unjust to conclude the '*correspondent*' began some act of indecency and insult when he *pre-supposed* there was 'a c'. It is reasonable to conjecture that the whole of the four females carried the ancient woman by turns; and thus borne along, their fortitude and piety formed a more acceptable offering to their Almighty Creator, than the richest temple built by an opulent and voluptuous votary.—EDITOR.

god the chiefs and their kindred, as far as human force and subtlety could effect their destruction, he left their hands to perish of want; or, if preserved by the charity he humane, they were almost generally reared in profound ignorance, and in wretchedness. Thus were they used by acts of a vicious and depraved government to a state of interminable warfare with mankind. They were used by the brutal edicts issued against them. Excluded from the pale of the laws, they had no security for life nor for property. They were hunted down like wild beasts, till, under the pernicious influence of these monstrous iniquities, they became like the persecuted Jews, a wretched and degraded race of outcasts shut out from the rights of citizens, and the common charities of mankind. If the offspring of men thus horribly oppressed had not, even the first generation, been remarkable for the practice of every vice incidental to their forlorn and miserable condition, it had been marvellous. The barbarous edicts issued by a contemptible king and a cabal of infamous ministers denounced them as rebels, thieves, and murderers, when the chieftains and vassals of the clan Macgregor deserved those epithets to a greater degree than the Campbells and Macdonalds; which reduced them to the condition of banditti, and obliged them, even for subsistence, to commit depredations; but a keen sense of irreparable wrongs, and an inexhaustible spirit of deep-rooted vengeance, urged them too frequently to steep their hands in blood. When their execrable persecutors had reduced them to this deplorable state, every act of aggression committed was set forth with the most aggravating embellishments, till scarcely time of any peculiar enormity was perpetrated, but it was attributed to a Macgregor. A sort of mental *malaria* infected the population of Scotland and England wherever the name of Macgregor occurred, and the scattered fragments of this once powerful race of highlanders were reduced to a condition of indescribable misery! I have

already shown by what infernal means the chieftains and their kindred were dispossessed of their lands of inheritance, how they were massacred, even to partial extirpation, by the envious and merciless neighbouring chieftains. And when these atrocities had converted the scattered remnant into banditti, one edict forbade, *on pain of death*, any the clan wearing any kind of weapon, '*one pointless knife*' excepted, wherewith to cut their meat; and in the same year (1618,) by an edict worthy a 'Tiberius, they were '*on pain of death*,' forbidden to meet in any greater number than four individuals!—Considering how many men of science and learning flourished at this time, it seems almost incredible that such barbarian edicts could really and operatively have been promulgated and enforced. And it reflects deep disgrace upon the character of Buchanan, the celebrated philosopher and historian, that he aided and assisted in their composition and execution. So great a mind as his could not be ignorant that the root of the evil existed in the rigid state of vassalage in which the highland clans were held; and it dishonours his name that he let loose the demons of extermination, instead of emancipating the vassals, and wholly releasing them from feudal bondage, and bestowing upon them the elements of learning, whereby he was himself so much exalted above his fellows. However warmly the character of Buchanan may be lauded and eulogised, he acted, as regarded the Macgregors, as the abettor of persecution.

But to proceed with the dreadful catalogue of crimes which followed upon the heels of the edicts of proscription levelled at the Macgregors.

The cruelty and perfidy of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, Laird of Luss, has already been explained in the narrative of the battle of Glenfruin, and the massacre of the young students. Some time subsequently the ruffian fell by the hand of an assassin, and the act was imputed to some of the Macgregors. But it was not by and of a Ma

for that the monster died.—It was believed, in the best
ruined circles, that the Laird Macfarlane was instigated
to assassinate the miscreant by the then Countess of Mar !
Macfarlane was then in a state of outlawry. He had in a
short time slain five gentlemen of the Buchanans ; and he was
to be hung, if taken prisoner. Lady Mar was aware
of the predicament in which Macfarlane stood, and she sent
him private word that if he would assassinate Colquhoun,
Earl of Luss, in revenge of a gross insult he had publicly
offered her in Edinburgh, she would obtain his pardon !
Popular in the bravo's trade, the ferocious Macfarlane
accepted with thin base proposal ; and having collected
a few of his people, proceeded by water to Rosadow.
Humphrey Colquhoun was a coward, and seeing Mac-
farlane, and guessing his errand, he retired to Banachra,
and strove to hide himself in a place under ground ; but
not long, like a staunch blood-hound, Macfarlane pursued
his fugitive, and killed him in the vault where he had fled
for succour ! Such were the *morals* of the Scotch nobility
at that age, that the wife of one of the most powerful
nobles in Scotland sought out a fugitive murderer, who had
killed five of his neighbours ; and she promises, and obtains
pardon from the king, on condition that he would once
more dip his hands in human blood, and to gratify her lust
for vengeance !

To screen the real assassin, and heap new wrongs and
sufferings upon the devoted race, the Earl of Argyle and
the Countess of Mar so managed matters that they made
appear this murder, and some consequent depredations,
as committed by the Macgregors ! And a fresh supply
of heads were called for by their destroyers !

You might imagine the guilt of the titled delinquents who
used the Macgregors, as already described, scarcely ad-
equate to any crime capable of eclipsing the worst of those
they had killed. It will presently be seen that the Robespierre of
the highlands, Archibald Earl of Argyle, had not yet dis-

played all the venom of his black soul. Worn down Macgregors were by a persecution so fierce, destitute and long-enduring, it is not surprising that when a promise for a cessation of slaughter and rapine was made, they should be eagerly caught at, notwithstanding the numerous acts of perfidy and cruelty which the Earl of Argyle and his myrmidons had perpetrated. In this instance, one Campbell was the author, and in part the avenger of the outrage. This individual, Campbell of Auchnabreck, related by marriage with the chief of the Macgregors, he made an honourable and earnest effort to stem the torrent of slaughter and proscription, and stay the vindictive hand of his chief, the Earl of Argyle. The latter eagerly listened to the suggestions of his kinsman, Auchnabreck, and invited him to come to his castle at Inverary, and bring with him his nephew, the young chieftain Macgregor, with him he was lighted with the prospect of relieving the young gentlemen and the relicts of his clan from the potent enmity of the Earl of Argyle, Auchnabreck, unsuspecting of guile, took them with him, and they experienced at Inverary castle a most flattering reception. But, in the dead of the night, Argyle, with a number of armed men, who seized their too confident victims in the hour of sleep, whom they gagged, and instantly hung up on the arm of a tree facing the window where his uncle slept! When Auchnabreck in the morning beheld this horrid act of assassination, he immediately rushed to the apartment of the guilty earl, and if he had found him there, it is probable he would have sacrificed the monster to his just rage; but this contingency the ruffian had foreseen, and as soon as this hellish assassination was completed, set off full speed to Glasgow, as well to secure the blood-money for the death of a Macgregor, as also to elude the stroke of vengeance which his conscience told him he deserved. Where he quitted Inverary, ascertained who the person that had counselled Argyle to commit a deed from w

wild Arabs of the desert would abstain; and whose guilt extended further, for he headed the ruffians who seized the youth as he slept, and helped to hang him upon a tree in the lawn! Panted to avenge this atrocious murder, Auchnabreck made the best of his way to Edinburgh, and he found the fugitives inhabiting a house in the Tron Street (s). With so much address and caution did he proceed, he gained admission, and surprised the recreant earl and the actual murderer in close converse in the earl's sitting-room. As he entered, Auchnabreck bore a drawn sword in his right hand, a cocked pistol in his left. At the sight of him the wretches seemed petrified with terror, the tool instrument clinging to his more guilty suborner. The latter, pale as ashes, made no effort to resist, or to flee, but stood trembling and aghast, as if waiting to receive the stroke of vengeance. Auchnabreck, occupying a position that cut off their retreat, said to Argyle, 'You are a coward and a traitor, Argyle! You are also my chief, or this moment should be your last.—If you move,—if you call for aid, you die! That wretch who now clings to you for safety was the murderer of my gallant nephew.—Be you, that was the tempter of the assassin, his executioner. Kill the reptile this instant, or I'll plunge my sword into your heart.'—Happy in having *any* alternative, the blood-stained peer, suddenly disengaging himself, and at the same time drawing his dirk, drove it home to the hilt in the bosom of the unhappy man whom he had wrought on by flattery and blandishments to commit the atrocious murder of young Macgregor. 'This was the murderer of my guest: and there he lies weltering in his blood! Will this sacrifice atone, Auchnabreck?' said the two-fold villain.—Without answering him, the stern venger drew the dying man into the middle of the room,

(s) This edifice, after the rebellion of 1745, was appropriated to the commissioners appointed to manage the confiscated estates of the rebel nob.

and still retaining his drawn sword, he set his foot to the neck of his victim, and taking off his bonnet, exclaimed 'Shade of my murdered nephew! accept this partial atonement for thy blood shed by a treacherous host!'—Turning towards Argyle, who yet retained the dirk in his hand, he said, 'Lay down your weapon, cowardly executioner.'—As he spoke his fierce countenance half annihilated Argyle, to increase whose terrors, his sword pointing towards his breast, Auchnabreck advanced, till he was so near, he could have pierced his heart. Then he paused, and in tremulous accents said, 'Oh that thou wert not my chief! that I might this moment slay thee, and mingle thy blood with that which has been shed from this less guilty villain.'—Then darting intolerant glances at Argyle, and spurning from him the dead body of Auchnabreck, withdrew unmolested, leaving the guilty chief half annihilated. And thus was the death of a young and beautiful chieftain of the Macgregors, cut off by assassination in the flower of his days; and thus was his revenge avenged.

When James expired, by *poison*, (t) as it was rumoured the year 1625, his eldest son, Charles, who did not escape without suspicion of being implicated in the assassination of his sire, being, from the effect of example and education, filled with the same love of despotic rule as his worthy father had been, he trod in his footsteps as regards the persecution of the Macgregors. If James I. scourged them with rods, Charles, his son, scourged them with scorpions. If the senior despot hurried them by sword,

(t) That James the First, as well as his eldest son, Prince Henry, died of poison, was the general belief at the time, in the court circles on the continent, not alone in Catholic courts, but even in Holland. There are several articles in the '*Hollandsche Mercurius*,' a political publication which has continued upwards of a century, strongly corroborating these rumours, not implicating James as being the murderer of Prince Henry, nor Charles for acting in a similar way by James himself.

me to an untimely grave, his successor strove to reach
 r souls, and consign them and their progeny to eternal
 dition ; for he interdicted the rite of baptism, (u) at least
 numbered it with conditions likely to induce the un-
 py parents to refrain altogether from that ceremony.

Amongst the incidents recorded of the crimes to which
 horrible edicts led which were promulgated against
 race, the following is one. The Laird or Baron of
 was one of the parties named in the proclamation
 1688, who were, by royal command, required to hunt,
 slay, maim, and exterminate the Macgregors. Now
 of these petty barons or lairds were so indigent that
 price set upon the head of a Macgregor exceeded a
 r's revenue ! They were therefore as vigilant as any
 f-takers, or rather any *blood-money men* of the pre-
 t age, to entrap their victims : and the Laird of Law-
 's lands being contiguous to the haunts of the Mac-
 gors, he seized three victims, the price of whose blood
 received, and who suffered death without the previous
 nality of a trial. This act naturally aroused the ven-
 nce of their surviving friends and comrades, and one of
 outlawed chiefs and some of his clansmen surrounded
 Laird of Lawers's house, seized the trader in blood as

) This edict of Charles I. denying the exercise of baptism to the Mac-
 gors, unless they would give a *false name* to their progeny, and abjure
 of their ancestors, was one of the most diabolical acts of that despotical
 unjust prince, who aimed, even in his younger days, at uniting in his
 person the properties and powers of *Prophet, Priest, and King*.
 amongst the Catholics, baptism is considered as the most solemn and useful
 salvation of all their sacraments. With us Protestants it is considered,
 a sacrament it is true, but as the sign of initiation into the Christian
 th. It was, therefore, in the highest possible degree criminal in that
 ill-be Protestant pope to throw so terrible an interdict in the way of that
 created clan. It looks very much like *athrism* engrafted on depravity of
 ; for if Charles had *really* believed that baptism is of DIVINE INSTITU-
 t, is it credible he would have dared to set up his own will, in direct
 nition to that of the Almighty ?

he was asleep in his bed, and were on the point of murdering their prisoner, when the prayers and supplications of his wife, who upon her knees sued for mercy at their hands, obtained a moment's time to pray. Next she was dexterous enough to obtain leave for him to say his prayers in a chapel hard by; and on his way the terrified laird proposed to pay several thousand marks Scotch, as a ransom for his life, which he swore, by all the oaths they could dictate, to pay the next day. At the appointed time the credulous and avaricious Macgregor, who had thus consented to barter vengeance for coin, attended with his partisans: the wily Laird of Lawers received them with great gravity, and began to count out the pieces of money, when at this crisis in rushed a party of military, who soon overpowered the Macgregors, bound them hand and foot, and sent them to Edinburgh; by which exploit he received, after their execution, an accession of wealth, as well as an increase of *renown* as a famous huntsman of his wretched neighbours. It is by no means improbable that the reward paid to this Laird of Lawers, for entrapping the Macgregors, amounted to a larger capital than his whole estate and personals were previously worth. And the same tainted and infamous stream swelled the riches and increased the consequence of the earls, afterwards Dukes of Argyle!—Another of the lairds, who was honoured with the office of committing murder with impunity, was himself caught by a party of the Macgregors at a petty whiskey house at the head of Lochearn, where they had assembled, after having killed a deer in an adjoining wood. This kidnapping baron was Laird of Edinample. Him, by a stratagem, they separated from his myrmidons, whom the Macgregors decoyed into and locked up in a barn; and seizing the trembling laird by his throat, they compelled him to take the dead deer upon his back. They then took the road to Balguidder, driving the baron before them, and sustained many a fall. They halted in the middle of a barren moss:

or heath, several miles distant, when his captors found he could hold out no longer; they stripped him quite naked, gave him a severe flagellation, and let him loose to find his way home in the best manner he was able. The Macgregors had it in their power to have murdered the Laird of Lawer and all his followers, and they spared their lives. The annals of those times show no instance wherein their enemies ever acted towards them with equal forbearance.

About this period, was elevated to the Scotch peerage, a Scottish laird, or puisne baron, named *John Glass*, who was created Earl of Braidalbine. This nobleman could not voluntarily relinquish his old habits of waging private war upon the property of his neighbours; but feeling dubious as to the safety of his carrying on his depredations in person, he instigated Duncan Macgregor, a son of the chief who fell at Ben Duaig, to raise a *creach*, or a general plunder of goods and cattle, from the lands of Sir Alexander Menzies. Having instigated Macgregor to commit this act of depredation, and having received his share of the plunder, being suspected and threatened by Menzies, to screen himself the traitor and coward invited Duncan to his house at Ballach, now Taymouth; ordered some refreshment to be set before him, and as he began eating, a party of soldiers, whom the scoundrel peer had stationed behind a bed in the room, upon a signal given, sprung suddenly upon him and made him their prisoner, mounted him upon a horse, and sent him off, under a strong escort, on his way to the metropolis, where so many of his kindred had been juridically murdered. But the bellicose policy of Braidalbine met with a disappointment. Macgregor of Inverardrain, a relation of Duncan's, although he had formerly been at variance with him, nobly resolved to effect his liberation, or perish in the attempt. He followed his captive kinsman to Falkland, where he found him to communicate his intention. With equal magnanimity Duncan declined his aid, and thanking him for his

igor was consoling his unhappy wife with the transient hope that there could be no danger of their foes approaching so tremendous a hurricane. Just then Inveraw and blood-hounds rushed in upon them, slaughtered every one, without distinction of age or sex, and then set fire to the house to consume their remains.

On the contrary side might be enumerated a series of outrages committed by this clan, but chiefly directed against property rather than lives. And so far did their depredations extend, that there seemed no situation so remote but the outlaws could reach it, and no dwelling so strongly fortified but they could, if they pleased, subdue it. They were now, generally speaking, reduced to the condition of restless thieves, and could exist in no other state, at least in their native country. What claim had their country upon them? The government that refuses protection to its subjects, becomes the parent and the nurse of crimes. And if the history of nations were to be accurately analysed, it would appear that the misery and wickedness of the people have always been commensurate with the vices of their rulers. Wherever a nation is found distinguished by luxury and vice, the fountains of that depravity will inevitably be found in its laws and government.

Amongst the leaders of this ruined and demoralised race, who preceded the celebrated warrior and knight-errant, Rob Roy, were two brothers, Patrick and James Macgregor: the elder of those daring and active freebooters was taken prisoner by Stewart of Athol, with three of his associates, sent to Edinburgh, and there executed. The father of those unfortunates was a near relation of the Macgregors; and the younger brother, James, better known as the subject of that beautiful and pathetic Scotch ballad, entitled Gilderoy, determined to avenge upon this Stewart the destruction of his brother. Most efficiently did he execute his direful purpose, for with his own hand he slew Stewart, and burnt his dwelling. But this

was almost his last exploit. Soon afterwards a sudden ambush was laid for Gilderoy and his followers by a company of soldiers; in spite of his valour and dexterity, Gilderoy himself, and seven of his associates, were apprehended, 'strung with chains,' and almost immediately after their arrival at Edinburgh, hung on a gallows erected on the West Walk. This young man seems to have united in his person two very opposite characters—i. e. a dandy, and a man of high courage and great prowess.—At least that beautiful Scotch ballad, entitled 'Gilderoy,' of which is subjoined, (x) gives that character of his death with as much fortitude on the scaffold as he displayed courage and dexterity as a marauder;

(x) 'Gilderoy was a bonny boy,

' He had roses till his shoon;

' His stockings were of silken soy,

' Wi garters hanging down.

' It was, I ween, a comelie sight,

' To see so trim a boy:

' He was my joy, and heart's delight,

' My handsome Gilderoy.

' The Queen of Scots possessed nought,

' That my love let me want;

' For cow and ewe he to me brought,

' And e'en when they were scant:

' All these did honestly possess:

' He never did annoy,

' Who never fail'd to pay their cess

' To my love, Gilderoy.

' My Gilderoy, baith far and near,

' Was fear'd in every town;

' And bauldly bare away the geir

' Of many a lowland loun:

' For man to man durst meet him none,

' He was so brave a boy.

' At length wi numbers he was taen,

' My winsome Gilderoy.

followers, in the awful hour of death, disgrace their
 L The frequency of these executions in Scotland
 it scarcely fail to defeat the only legitimate end of
 tal punishments, namely, to stem the progress of
 a. It served but to render the hearts of the populace
 up; and as to Gilderoy himself, the beautiful elegy
 ily named, which has been sung by innumerable fe-
 s in every rank of life, and holds, and ever will hold
 rank, has bestowed poetical immortality upon his
 a. Those of judges are forgotten, but his will live as
 as the English language shall endure!

'e are now approaching the age when the ROBIN HOOD
 Scotland, ROY ROY, drew his first breath, to whose
 and animated character these biographical sketches
 subservient. His birth took place during the Protec-
 tion of Cromwell. And one of the most singular features
 in history of this extraordinary tribe is, that having,
 for two centuries, been harassed, massacred, and pro-
 bed by the Stuarts, that the chiefs and vassals ranged
 selves under the royal banners, both in the wars be-
 tween Charles the First and his parliament, and those
 which occurred subsequent to the dethronement of James
 On both occasions, and with the utmost alacrity and
 loyalty, the bruised fragments of this celebrated clan sided
 with their oppressors, and drew their swords against the
 popular cause! A policy so steadily pursued during six
 generations, evinces in the most powerful manner the deep-
 seated attachment of these hereditary and absolute chiefs

' Of Gilderoy so fear'd were they,
 ' We irons his limbs they strung,
 ' To Edinborough thair,
 ' And on a gallows hung.

 ' They hung him high aboon the rest,
 ' He was sae bauld a boy :
 ' There died the youth whom I lo'ed best,
 ' My handsome Gilderoy.'

to that pernicious feudal system which held their vassals the most perfect and profound ignorance and thralldom. There were many, very many chieftains who successively headed this clan, who possessed courage and talents of high an order, that they might have acquired a force more than sufficient to have crushed all their contemporaneous chiefs, and dethroned the feeble monarchs of the Stuart race, if they had been imbued with the generous and patriotic sentiments of Sir William Wallace, or Fletcher Saltor. Instead of meeting their tyrants sword in hand, the liberators of their country, they endured the frightful catalogue of oppressions recited, with inflexible fortitude warring upon the slaves, tools, and instruments of the Stuarts, but never, in a single instance, against the tyrants themselves ! In short, from the most remote ages of the clan, this primordial race have been uniformly, and without a single exception, seen fighting under the banner of despotism, even that by which they were bruised, crushed, spurned, and condemned.

It is generally seen that adversity and suffering soften the human heart. Yet, when the *high-church party* in Scotland drew the sword of extermination against the covenanters, none pursued that unfortunate, brave, and constant race of men, more than the Macgregors ! Nor could the Campbells, or any other of the persecutors of the Macgregors, wreak a more cruel vengeance upon their chieftains and clansmen than these idolaters of pure and unmitigated despotism, wherever they were triumphant, inflicted upon the covenanters. This line of conduct admits, however, of a different solution. The dreadful schisms which followed the overthrow of the Catholic church in Scotland, the horribly brutal excesses committed by the infuriated followers of Calvin, Knox, &c. led to such frightful destruction of the superb Catholic edifices, and to a persecution of the Catholic clergy and laity so ferociously insulting and unsparing, it was more a subject of regret than of surprise.

when a *Protestant king* and government anathematised covenanters, that a Catholic clan, profoundly ignorant, filled with the dross of papal superstition, should have embraced an opportunity to retaliate upon Protestants a part of the wrongs and indignities their forefathers had suffered. And although some of the chiefs of the Macgregor outwardly professed to be Protestants, it was generally found at their hour of death they were Catholics at heart.—Hence, during the cruel warfare waged with the ‘covenanters,’ the Macgregors, with other clans, ranged themselves under the high churchers; and, by the severity of their treatment of that hated race of dissenters, they gained some respite from proscription and slaughter! Charles I. being reduced to straits, meanly sought to conciliate those whom so he would have rooted out from the face of the earth, even rescinded some of his atrocious edicts, but not in the parricidal war he was waging against Englishmen rendered the aid, even of the detested and despised Macgregors, acceptable! But unfortunate tyrants are seldom found basely abject in the hour of adversity. And during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the Macgregors were amongst the most powerful disturbers of public tranquillity, nor could that consummate statesman quell them. Macgregor of Glengyle, with two hundred of his vassals, joined the *ultra loyalist*, the Earl of Glencairn, and at the pass of Aberfoyle met a large part of the English republican army, and defeated them with loss. This division of irregular troops, commanded by Glencairn, was supposed to amount to about five thousand men, chiefly highlanders. Notwithstanding the gallantry and devotion of the Earl of Glencairn, he was superior in his command!—An act of the grossest impolicy; but an adventurous and chivalric nobleman had, by the force of his name and character, and by indefatigable personal exertions, formed that large body of partisans

almost from nothing ; and just as it was becoming, in his hands, likely to produce important benefits to the royal cause, he was superseded in the highlands, and the command given to a Lord Middleton. To show his devotion to the royal cause, the Earl of Glencairn, on the arrival of Lord Middleton, invited him and his principal officers to dine at the house of a laird in Ross-shire, near his lordship's head-quarters, then situated about three or four miles south of Dornoch. At this dinner, amongst other chiefs and lairds, were the leaders of the Macgregors, their kinsmen, assembled as the brethren, allies, and associates of the very men who had imbued their hands so frequently in the blood of their kindred, and devastated their possessions.

After a dinner as plentiful as the state of the country afforded, anxious to propitiate the Macgregors and the rest of the chiefs, whose value as auxiliaries to the royal cause Glencairn fully understood, he addressed his successor in the following manner :

‘ You behold around you, my lord general, these gallant gentlemen, whom I found means to gather under the royal banners at a time when even a few loyalists could not meet without great danger. They are brave, honourable, and loyal ; and they have proved their fidelity by hazarding their lives and fortunes to serve our king, and thus nobly fulfilling their duty. You will, I doubt not, my lord general, induce them to continue their valuable services by paying due attention to their merits.’

The cold and supercilious manner in which this insolent lordling had surveyed this motley circle of chiefs and relatives, encouraged Sir George Monroe to start from his seat and exclaim, ‘ They’—the Macgregors and other highland chiefs, ‘ are nothing but thieves and robbers ! I will bring another sort of men into the field ere long !’—A hundred vengeful chiefs leaped up, and as many challenges were on the point of being given, when the Earl of Glencairn, check-

the ardour of the chief of Glengarry and others, said to him, 'Be quiet, gentlemen, this insult applies to me, as your fault, rather than to you.' Then turning to Sir George Monroe, he said, in a stern but deliberate and composed tone, 'Sir George, you are an atrocious liar and calumniator! Amongst my honourable guests are neither thieves nor robbers, but gallant gentlemen and good soldiers.'—This manly and manly address had the effect of stilling the storm of indignation elicited by the coarse, blunt speech of Monroe: the bitterness of whose sarcastic and opprobrious reprobation of the heterogeneous circle whom he met at the castle, arose from the presence of the Macgregors and other band chiefs, whose names had been for ages held up to public infamy. Lord Middleton, evidently siding with Monroe, commanded silence, and it was settled that the Earl of Glencairn and Sir George should meet on horseback early the next morning. They met, attended by seconds and their surgeons. Having discharged their pistols without effect, the combatants next had recourse to their swords. Glencairn was the more skillful swordsman, or the most fortunate, for he disabled the right hand of his antagonist, who proposed they should discontinue the combat. To this request, which placed them once more on a level, Glencairn readily assented: the battle was renewed, and Glencairn at the first onset cut Monroe on the forehead, so that the blood pouring into his eyes, blinded him from seeing, and he yielded to Glencairn; the latter, either from the ardour of combat, or excessive rage, following Monroe, was in the act of passing his sword through his body, when Monroe's valet, alarmed at his master's danger, threw himself between the victor and victim, and turning the thrust aside, exclaimed, 'Forward! you have had enough of him, my lord!'—Lord Middleton, grieved and mortified at the result of this combat, caused the Earl of Glencairn, the idol of the army, to be taken under arrest; a step which well nigh caused a ma-

tiny. When he was released, offended and disgusted to a high degree, he retired ; and with him quitted the field his own troops, and all the chief partisans whom, with his followers, he had drawn together, and amongst them the Macgregors. Shortly after which dispersion of this valuable force, Lord Middleton found himself unequal to face the foe ; and what at once denoted generalship, he was *surprised* in the heights above L. aber, defeated, and his force wholly dispersed. Such the celerity with which a *court minion* knew how to solve and disperse, by folly, arrogance, and presumption, a brave, powerful, and faithful army, which a man of valour, sense, and military skill, had with so much difficulty and peril gathered together. Glencairn was a brave and gentleman, Middleton a courtier, full of froth and vapour. In all the wars, foreign and domestic, which succeeded, the same sort of *burnished* generals have produced similar insolence, produced similar results.

I have not hitherto mentioned a *forced levy* or tax called ‘ *the black mail*,’ although it forms so prominent a feature in the history of Scotland, on account of the rapidity with which highly important and interesting events have crowded on the heels of each other ; but there occurs a sort of natural interregnum at this period, and I shall avail myself of it to explain, in as brief and comprehensive manner as I am able, the source and nature of this compulsory tax, the enforcement of which brought about the death of many of the Macgregors to an untimely death, and the strength of which Mr. PENNANT, the celebrated topographical and historical writer, and a cloud of writers of note, grounded their coarse and illiberal comparisons between the Macgregors and JONATHAN WILD !

Its origin was of a period so remote that the oldest historians mentioned it as ‘ *an ancient custom*.’ It is probable it took its rise from the appropriation of lands, and the enclosure of the earth. It was created by north

Historians, that the *feodal* system took its rise at the first general introduction of the right of exclusive property, or possession of land, when the Celtic tribes or families, who had taken refuge in the highlands, forsaking the hunter's life, might clear away part of the woods, and commence agricultural labour on an extended scale, and perseverance, as the sole means of subsisting their limited population. At such a crisis may have arisen the election of a *Fear Tighe*, or legal chieftain, of vassalage; and also the annual tribute paid by the weak to the strong for protection, and known in later ages by the name of '*the black mail*.' It was deemed, amongst the hereditary chiefs, a sort of private exchequer, appertaining, with many other injurious and oppressive prerogatives, to the chief and his successors. In the course of time, fugitive clansmen, who had fled from the justice or the oppression of their *Fear Tighes*, or hereditary chiefs, putting themselves under the command of characters similar to the Walter Buchanan mentioned in a former section, set themselves up as protectors of property, and receivers of '*the black mail*.'—Where their claims were resisted they levied their tax by the seizure of persons and property, and driving away cattle. The hereditary chieftains, indignant at the presumption of outlaw rascals, waged an interminable war upon these *irregulars*, killing, hanging, or maiming them, as occasion served; and, at the same time, demanded *black mail* from the persons who had before paid it to the plebeian collectors. Under the best control that the practice admitted, it was a very great evil; and when pillage and robbery were commonly exercised, masked under this disguise, it became intolerably oppressive and ruinous to many individuals.

It will be seen in some extracts attached as an appendix to this division or section, that Sir Owen Cameron, Barraisdale, and other highlanders, signalled themselves, as well as the Macgregors, in levying this compulsory contribution. And though OLIVER CROMWELL menaced Came-

ron and other chiefs with an ignominious death, for sending out *their vassals to rob passengers on the highway*, it appears that wise ruler though it expedient, if not just to sanction the legitimate, that is, the hereditary collection of this troublesome and oppressive tax, in order to suppress the grosser exactions of the lesser. A mode of proceeding differing so very much from the usual straightforward procedure of that great statesman, it must be supposed to have arisen from a conviction he had not power wholly to suppress the evil, and therefore adopted amelioration.

In a history of Stirlingshire, published 1817, and written by the Rev. Mr. Sterling, p. 623, is the following transcript of an official document, confirmatory of this recognition of the right of enforcement of '*the black mail*' by one of the Macgregors, of which fact, perhaps, Mr. Pennant and other writers were ignorant, or they might have refrained from placing the possessors of this assumed power on a level with the execrable wretch Jonathan Wild. The original document ran thus :

' At Stirling, in ane quarter sessions, held by sum jurisdiction of his highness' peace, upon the third day of February, 1659-0, the Laird of Touch being Chyrsman
' Upon reading of ane petition given in by Captain Macgregor, making mention, That several heritors and inhabitants of the paroches of Campsie, Dennie, Baldernock, Strablane, Killearn, Gargunnock, and others, within the Schirredome of Stirling, did agree with him to see and preserve their houses, goods, and gear, free of oppression, and accordingly did pay him; and now that some persons delay to make payment according to agreement, and use of payment, *therefore it is ordered*, that all heritors and inhabitants of the paroches aforesaid make payment to the said Captain Macgregor of the proportiones for his said service, till the first of February last past, without delay. *All consta in the sever*

*oches are hereby commandit to see this order put in
 cution, as they will answer the contrair. It is also
 by declared, that all go (who) have been ingadit in
 ment (perhaps, summoned) shall be liberat, (free) after
 h time as they go to Captaine Hew Macgregor, and
 here to him that they are not to expect any service frae
 h, or he to expect any payment frae them.'—(Just
 .)*

'Extracted be JAMES STERLING, Clk. of the
 'Peace for Archid. Edmonstone, Bailzie of
 'Duntreath, to be published at the Kirk of
 'Strablane.'

will be seen on perusal, that Captain Hew Macgregor
 d that he had made an agreement with the persons
 lained of to *protect their houses, goods, and chattels,*
 had performed his part of the agreement, but that
 who had been benefited by his power and vigilance,
 wards refused to pay the price stipulated; the sheriff,
 fore, ordered them to pay up all arrears; and directed
 who wished to recede from their contract, to go to
 ain Hew Macgregor, and inform him of their will,
 the one was no longer bound to defend, nor the other
 y. It is worthy of remark, that this is the earliest
 al document in which, for the space of two hundred
 y, the Macgregors had been named and described
 'wise than as thieves, robbers, and murderers; and that
 is issued under the republican government. The se-
 , dated in 1663, rescinded some of the diabolical edicts
 d by James I. and Charles I.

nd now to resume the biographical sketches of the
 gregors:

ald Macgregor, father of the deservedly renowned
 , Ron Roy, was a partisan chief, serving under the
 mand of the Earl of Moray, whom he aided in a fray
 est the Macphersons of the North Highlands, with

three hundred of his kinsmen and als. This expedition proved successful. As Donald was returning to Gaig, a forest in Lochaber, which belonged to the Lord Huntley, a forester or keeper challenged Macgregor having killed a deer, an affront which Donald insatiated by killing the keeper also ! who was a Macpherson of the house of Cluny ! The murder seems to have gone off unavenged ; and for the aid that Macgregor had rendered Earl Moray, he was rewarded by a grant of land, which, a short time since, was still possessed by his family. And thus, from the first to the last of this race, by the sword they gained, and by the sword they lost their possessions. This Donald Macgregor, being the guardian of his chief, exercised all the feudal privileges of a superior. In which capacity the rich heiress of a baron, or Laird Cochrane (y) of Kilmarnock, entered

(y) This lady was an ancestor of the present race of Cochranes, from whom Admiral Lord Cochrane, the commander in chief of the navy of the Chilian republic, South America, is about the sixth in lineal descent. The original name of his paternal ancestry, prior to this marriage, was 'Blair of Blair,' I believe in the county of Argyle. In the Gaelic Blair signifies a field of battle. In Grose's Antiquities there is a plan representing the Blair's old family house : the chiefs of which, for more than five centuries prior to this period, had borne the subordinate rank of barons, and possessed the right of holding 'pit and gallows !' Upon the marriage of Blair with the heiress-general of the Cochranes, he took her family name ; and from the addition of wealth and influence acquired, he was soon afterwards created a peer of Scotland, by Charles I. by the title of Earl of Dundonald. After the decapitation of Charles I. Cromwell levied a fine of £5000 upon Earl Dundonald as a ransom for his estates. There was a knight, named Sir John Cochrane, who was involved in the weak and ill-digested effort made by the Marquis of Montrose in conjunction with the Duke of Monmouth, and Fletcher of Saltoun, the latter fled ; Argyle and Monmouth perished on the scaffold ; Cochrane escaped for a time ; and the traditional history of that transaction runs down in the family is, that the Prince of Orange betrayed that party to James II. his father-in-law ; and further, that Argyle evinced the most lamentable want of courage and fortitude. Sir John Cochrane was last taken by a party of soldiers, as he was concealed in a recess

sway with him to protect her lands from the exactions of illegitimate collectors of 'the black mail,' for which service Macgregor was to have annually sixteen bolls, or ninety-six bushels of oaten-meal. This tax was paid many years; and the depredations having entirely ceased which had given rise to the contract, it was discontinued. The chief of the Macgregors, considering his right to re-

sume hangings. The troopers were in the act of thrusting their huge broad swords through, and the next plunge must have pierced him; Sir John therefore threw down the frame by which he had been concealed, and pointing his enormous carbine at Lord ———, the commanding officer, exclaimed, 'Death or QUARTER, my Lord!'—'Quarter!' replied the commander; and Sir John surrendering, was marched prisoner to the Tolbooth,—was condemned to die; but his father, for \$5000, paid as a bribe to some of James II.'s ministers, saved his son's life. This Sir John Cochrane was a republican Whig, and instrumental in bringing William of Orange into the nation. Finding too late the false and hypocritical character of that monarch, and being disgusted by his partiality, and his oppression of the Scotch nation and commerce, he remonstrated; and having obtained an interview with this deliverer, he reproached him in stern and manly language for his double-faced policy, and told him, in plain and intelligible terms, if he continued to act as he was then acting, there would remain no other remedy than to dethrone him, and send him back whence he came!—Sir John Cochrane was of gigantic stature, being six feet four or five inches high; and as he spoke to William III. who was below the middle height, the contrast was very striking. The Blair Cochrane family, with few exceptions, have been remarkable for talent, and scientific and mechanical pursuits. The father of Archibald Campbell, the present earl, was born about the year 1686.—This Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, was a humorist, a man of eccentric taste, dress, and manners. He married in his 56th year to a lady named Stewart, who had a brother, General Stewart, who had a command in the East Indies, in the wars with Hyder Ally. When young she was very handsome, and surviving her husband, enjoyed many years a pension of five hundred per annum from the crown. She lived to be upwards of eighty years old, and died in London about 1810. She had a family of eleven children, of whom several, and amongst them the celebrated Cochrane Brothers, are yet living. This Earl Thomas, lamenting the want of good water in Edinburgh, invented the works by which the water from the Calton-hills was led in pipes up to Old Edinburgh, and deposited in a reservoir, whence dispersed all over the city. It was an invaluable benefit; and the provost and magistrates, when the water was to be first distributed to the private houses of the inhabitants, paid the earl the compliment of a grand

ceive was to last as long as the lady's life, he let loose a band of marauders, headed by his son-in-law, Macdonald of Glencoe, and they plundered and laid waste the property of the lady—prior to her marriage most probably—so that she leased off her lands to a number of persons, and hence arose the numerous lairds who afterwards arose out of that subdivision. From this specimen, the evils arising

public procession and festival. Just as the facetious earl was stepping into his carriage, with all the hereditary and municipal grandees about him, and an immense multitude of spectators, he said to the Reverend Doctor Webster, ' Webster ! I have made water run up hill : don't you think I could ' ride through h—ll rough-shod, without being singed ? ' ' I think not,' said the Doctor ; ' but if your lordship makes the attempt, take care and have all ' your water-works about you.'

Archibald, the present earl, who was named after the Duke of Argyll, his godfather, was the son and heir of Thomas Earl of Dundonald. He was educated at the Grammar School at Homerton, near London. At that time the brothers, Coutts, had just commenced their banking establishment in London. James, the elder brother, lived in his banking-house in the Strand : Thomas Coutts, then a single man, had a lodging in St. Martin's Lane. A buxom Lancashire girl, who was house-maid in James Coutts's household, was often teased by the young Lord Cochrane, to whose family the Coutts's were some way related. The laundry work was then performed in the domestic offices of the dwelling-house, and when the great ' washing-day' came, young Cochrane delighted in getting amongst the women, and splashing them with suds. On one occasion Betty Starkey, offended by some act of rudeness, gave the young lord a bathe in a tub of suds. This same girl afterwards became the wife of Thomas Coutts, and mother of three daughters, one of whom became Marchioness of Bute; another, Countess of Guildford ; a third, Lady Frances Burdett ! As soon as the earl was born, as if it were to find him *pap-money*, he was entered as an ensign in some regiment, and *received pay* ; afterwards he was placed as midshipman on board the Weasel sloop of war, Captain Paisley, and went in her to Senegal and the Gold Coast. On the preceding voyage nearly a third of the crew died of fever and scurvy on board the Weasel. Aware of this mortality, young Cochrane prepared such antidotes, and proposed such regulations to preserve the health of the crew, that there was little sickness, and not a single death. This important service, which ought to have gained a step or two in the service, excited envy ; and soon afterwards, like his countryman, the Honourable Thomas Erskine, son of the Earl of Buchan, who was also a lieutenant in the navy,—he quitted the navy in disgust. Had he

from the tribute called 'black mail' may easily be conceived, and to what atrocities its payment, and refusal of payment, gave rise; for the lands which the heiress-general of the Cochrane felt herself obliged to part with on terms highly disadvantageous, and which would otherwise have formed a part of the possessions of her descendants, the Earls of Dundonald. Such was the probable origin, the

continued, he would have stood at this time, 1833, nearly at the head of the royal navy.

Being young, volatile, and fond of pleasure, his lordship went to visit the court of France: he was uncommonly handsome, and well made, and extremely dissipated. He was at Versailles when the then Dauphin of France, the unhappy monarch who died on a scaffold in 1793, was married. He assisted at all the splendid festivities which occurred; and he assured me, a few years since, that Louis XV. looking somewhat goatish at the beautiful Austrian princess, Maria Antoinette, said, in his (Lord Dundonald's) hearing, 'If that pretty creature ever produces a legitimate heir to my throne, I must be his father.' The old lecher was apprised of some organic defect in the bridegroom, which he supposed would defeat the ends of marriage. This anecdote is worth recording, because the brothers of the unfortunate Louis XVI. including the present king, Louis XVIII. DENIED, in the year 1792, the legitimacy of the young Dauphin and his sister, the present Duchess d' Angoulême. And many persons believed, when 'the pretended Dauphin,' as he was considered, made his appearance a few years since, and was prosecuted by the court, and condemned as an impostor, that he was the REAL Dauphin, and that Louis the desired treated him as Henry VII treated Richard Duke of York, son of Edward IV. whom, under the name of Peter Warbeck, he overwhelmed by suborned witnesses and servile judges, and whom he put to an ignominious death.

But to quit this digressive excursion:—amongst all the blandishments of the court of France, then at the very zenith of its disgraceful and destructive voluptuousness, Lord Cochrane attended to matters connected with philosophy and science. Dining one day with an English gentleman off boiled chicken, or poulets, and salad, they were so much struck with the superior flavour of the fowls, they sent for the landlord, and asked him how they had been fed? 'Upon earthworms,' was the reply. finding them incredulous, he conducted his guests to the yard, where, packed in earth or vegetable mould, done up in hug-heads, were many hundred weight of those reptiles, on which he said he fed his poultry. Lord Cochrane was then convinced; and afterwards trying the experiment on his own estate at Culross, he found it fully answered.—After his father's death, he married the eldest daughter

course, and consequences, of the forced contribution, known in Scotland under the denomination of the '*black mail*.'

I have already shown that it was not till Charles First had felt the iron hand of adversity, nor till destruction stared him in the face, he relaxed his former sense and inveterate spirit of persecution, which led him to aim the utter extermination of the clan Maogregor; and the

of the celebrated Captain GILCHRIST, R. N.—His prolific mind urged him to sink coal-pits, in one of which, by the sudden irruption of a subterranean torrent, he was very nearly drowned, the roaring water pursuing him so very rapidly: he had previously established some salt-works. Not in conjunction with his brother, Captain, now Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, the Earl of Dundonald commenced a more important enterprise '*The British Tar Company*.' If that establishment had met with the support it ought from government, it must have realised a splendid fortune: it failed, and it involved his brother and himself in serious difficulties.

At this time the earl had a noble mansion in Hanover Square, London. At 1782, he had a private audience of George III. of two hours' duration, and he presented to his sovereign a golden casket containing 120 articles of commerce extracted from coal. And it was during these experiments that at his seat at Culross, he discovered, by accident, the inflammability of coal-gas, and its applicability to the purposes of light and heat. The earl took out a patent, but Messrs. Wensor, Accum, and the London Gas-light Company, caused the patent to be quashed, and ran away with the credit and profit of the discovery. Misfortunes seldom come singly. Just as Lord Dundonald was ruined, and his estate, furniture, plate, &c. sold, his wife died, leaving him in dilapidated circumstances, with a young family. The present Admiral Lord Cochrane he always designed for the naval service. Admiral Lord Keith was his friend and patron: his other sons, amid great family adversity, were reared in the army and navy.

To follow the fortunes of this distinguished character would fill a volume; but thus much might be said of him with truth by his biographer, that he was indefatigable in his chemical and mechanical pursuits; that his discoveries of improved methods of bleaching cottons enriched many an industrious and grateful trader; more important still were the abuses he detected in the Royal Dock Yards in the quality of *sail-cloth*, cables, hemp, &c. A base minion, who gained a highly lucrative situation by means too base to be mentioned, undermined the earl, and caused his scientific and economical plans to be rejected, and almost with insult. The earl, having thus lost his patrimonial inheritance, applied to the late Lord Melville for a pension of two hundred per annum to help to rear his family. 'I cannot say

of his ability was not less fatal than his hostility, for by uniting the chiefs of the Macgregors, and the broken fragments of the clan, under the royal banners, it paved the way for the scourging they sustained under the Protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, and more particularly after the revolution of 1688.—In this stage of my progress towards the close of this chapter, I cannot avoid mentioning the character

of his lordship, 'my request was denied, for his lordship never troubled me to give me any answer.'—In the new mode of drying and dressing for which a patent was taken out, the earl was a principal inventor. He established the Plate Glass Company of Ravensworth, in Lancashire; improvements so important, that the proprietors offered his lordship an annual salary of two hundred guineas per annum for life, or two thousand guineas at once. An attorney persuaded him to accept the capital, and costing him his greater part, soon left him cause to regret his election.—Distresses overwhelmed him, and the earl fell into great personal distress.

Amongst all his lordship's misfortunes, a happy feature, that all his virtues were virtuous and brave. When Lord Cochrane had acquired the rank of lieutenant, under Admiral Lord Keith, in the *Queen Charlotte*, he conducted his own expenses within the narrowest bounds, that he might contribute the more amply to the support of his talent-gifted father. The capture of the *El Gamo*, a Spanish frigate, by Captain Lord Cochrane in the *shell* lugger, with only forty or fifty men, was one of the most daring achievements ever performed even by a British seaman. The more important victory of Basque Roads was but an earnest of what his country had derived from his science, talent, and dauntless courage, had not the most malicious and boundless influence thwarted the career of the hero and patriot, and caused him to be '*laid on the shelf*!' When he captured Spanish frigates laden with bullion, his first care was to provide for his father.

I have possession of many of his lordship's letters, and they all bear witness to him a person endowed with the finest feelings. Repeatedly he paid his father's debts, and twice he settled a handsome annuity upon him; each time his father threw up those annuities, and with the utmost rudeness and ingratitude. I can prove that Lord Cochrane bestowed nearly TEN THOUSAND pounds upon his father; and that, at all times, and under all circumstances, his conduct was as eminently pious and generous towards the Earl of Dunmore, as it was heroic and patriotic as respected his professional career. His chief object was chiefly to vindicate his father, and expose the corrupt practices obtained in the naval department, that Lord Cochrane sought for a martyr at St. Stephen's. When Lord Cochrane first went into the house, it was as if, reared as he had been on the quarter-deck of a man of war, he

ter and policy of James II. of whom so many ill-natured things have been said, and whose short reign was clouded by so many calamities. Keeping all these in view, I consider him as an incomparably superior character, either his profligate brother, Charles II. or his subtle and dark-minded son-in-law and successor, William III. I have read in the writings of Dutch republicans, which were written at the time when William, as Stadtholder, was trampling upon the liberties he had sworn to defend, not merely anonymous charges, but direct proofs, substantiating and

could be a match for so experienced a phalanx of lawyers as those by whom he was opposed. He felt warmly, and expressed himself strongly, but not at all times discreetly ; a more honest, upright, independent member, however, never sat in that assembly.

It was Lord Cochrane's heavy calamity to have a father, who shrouded his own brilliant talents by indulging in the vicious habit of excessive fits of intoxication. And when he was thus denuded of reason, dignity, and decency, his greatest delight was to utter execrations against his son!—In his sober moments, so keen was the remorse and shame the unfortunate man felt, that a sort of *re-action* ensued ; and in the tempest of regret, he would again have recourse to ardent spirits, when, of course, new excesses followed. Still Lord Dundonald was not insane ; for when he was sober, his wit, memory, and science, were all unimpaired.

This vicious course embittered every hour of Lord Cochrane's life, after he grew to manhood. And it helped to overwhelm him, when, in 1814, his lordship was accused and convicted of being the author and abettor of a vast and mercenary STOCK-JOBbing FRAUD. But if Lord Cochrane had been guilty of the crimes imputed to him, he would have merited more than all the penalties announced, dreadful as they were. In the next volume, however, will shew that Lord Cochrane was falsely accused, and treacherously convicted ; that he had no more concern in the STOCK-EXCHANGE FRAUD, than the judges before whom he was convicted.

The day cannot be very remote when his lordship, if he lives, will appear on the public stage. The nobleness of his behaviour to the flag of his native country, and the attention he has uniformly shown to British interests whilst holding a chief command in South America, must plead so strongly in his behalf, that his case will undergo a parliamentary and legal revision, the sentence will be erased from the records of the King's Bench,—the proceedings reversed, and his lordship restored to all his honours, and his name in the royal navy of Great Britain, that is, if his inclination should be that way.

contary evidence the serious charges, that the Prince of Orange excited the boldest of the Scotch and English Whig and Whig refugees to undertake to dethrone James II. in order that *they might all be cut off* ! Almost from the day of his marriage with the Princess Mary, daughter of James II. those indignant citizens impute to him a fixed design to possess himself of the English throne. And as Fletcher of Saltoun, and similar English characters who were then in Holland, outlaws and exiles, were the most likely to oppose and thwart his designs, those Dutch writers charge him, William III. with having first excited the Duke of Monmouth to acts of treason and rebellion ; and at the same time, by betraying his projects, ensured his destruction. (x) Nor did his execrable perfidy end here, for he appears to have cited the *energy* of those measures by which the brothers, De Witts, were *got rid of*, and the republican party put down in Holland, as examples and excitements calculated and *intended* to lead James II. to the commission of those arbitrary and illegal stretches of power

(x) The policy imputed to William III. in *destroying* as many of the English and Scotch Whigs and republicans as he could, that he might establish a new system on the foundations of the old, seems to have been recently adopted by a certain great potentate of Europe towards the patriots of Greece. It is the true interest of Great Britain to EMANCIPATE THE GREEKS. If the Greeks, Albanians, &c. were free and independent, they might form, as federative states, a barrier sufficiently strong to set limits even to Russian ambition. But they are apparently *devoted to destruction*, and, *oh shame ! by Christian potentates !* In all struggles for liberty, the boldest spirits are the most prompt and forward. All these, it seems probable, among the Greeks, are to be abandoned to their fate ; so that, whenever it shall suit the views of an autocrat to turn his immense armies against Turkey, he may find the Greeks so weakened, exhausted, and dispirited, as to submit to be yoked as slaves, in common with the Turks, to his triumphal car ! It will be then how the *British flag* will be treated. Exclusion from the Dardanelles, and from the Mediterranean sea, and the *continent system* renewed in Europe, might be its earliest fruits. On the other hand, the fate of a father and a grandfather, and the recollection of the *real* source of the death of the monarch, might have a certain benumbing effect.

which rendered him odious to the most enlightened of his subjects, and shook the pillars of his throne. When matters were matured, then, by his secret agents, the king of *Holland*, as William was termed, set those Scotch and English Whigs in motion by whom the revolution of 1688 was effected: but so imperfect was that measure, that the intrusive king was escorted by a powerful fleet of men of war, and an army no less efficient. His first step on English ground was as an *invader*, and he approached the capital escorted by foreign troops. Whilst he lay encamped near Torbay, he absolutely REFUSED to concede those securities against future oppression which the security of public liberty required; and when the leading Whigs, by whom he had been joined, urged him with more warmth than was agreeable to the cold-blooded general, he gave them to understand he did not come over to England to become the *slave and instrument of a faction*; and if they pressed him in that manner, he would re-embark, and return to Holland. The halter was then about the necks of the Whigs,—the broad axe was suspended as by a hair, they succumbed,—William had his own way; and hence arose that marked deficiency of spirit, wisdom, and even common sense, which left to the crown prerogatives which the people should have retained!—and the incessant disputes between the new king and the leaders of the Whig party, which embittered the future life of this monarch.

There was, perhaps, a much stronger spirit of republicanism existent in Scotland at this time than in England, and there was nothing that William so much dreaded; hence he eagerly seconded the wishes of the corrupt and grasping merchants of Holland for the suppression of the rising commerce of the Scotch nation: and every where as far as his power reached, William III. gratified the hatred he bore towards them. Hence resulted his infamous machinations by which the dawning prosperity of the Scotch

colony established on the isthmus of Darien was blasted, and that colony destroyed!

But if he feared and mistrusted the lowland Scotch, he ~~abhorred~~ the highlanders, and considered the whole race as the most worthless and debased wretches in existence. It was not the *catholicism* of the chiefs and their vassals, but their blind and unmeasured devotion to the house of Stuart. This was their only *crime*; and for this offence, if the clans devoted to the Stuarts had had but one neck, William, with the utmost glee, would have cut it in twain.

No candid person can doubt the *sincerity* of James II.'s attachment to the doctrines of the church of Rome. Let these doctrines be ever so fallible,—be his conduct ever so culpable or irrational, no one can attach to him the odious and loathsome character of a hypocrite. Nor can the utmost efforts of the logician, if guided by the spirit of truth, purge the memory of William III. of the guilt of the most intense cruelty in the massacre of the De Witts, of the inhabitants of Glencoe, nor of the most profound and systematical *HYPOCRISY*. A being tainted with such qualities could not have any religion about him, at least none of which divine inspiration formed the basis, or moral honesty, truth, candour, and integrity, the superstructure.

When James II. had mass publicly celebrated in his palace, his example had the effect of inducing many of the highland chiefs to quit the reformed doctrines, and return to the bosom of a church which, with a proud and unsubdued front, preclaims its possessing the only safe road to salvation! Of the number of the Protestant chiefs who apostatized was the *grandfather* of the vindictive chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, the persecutor of Lady Grange, and upwards of forty families of his kinsfolk and chief tenants in the isle of Sky: the defection spread far and wide in the Hebrides and the Orkneys; but foremost of the adherents of the Stuarts stood the clan Macgregor of Glencoe.

The same demon-like spirit, which had tempted the Stuarts to act with such blind and furious zeal against the Macgregors, nestling in the cabinet of William III. had recourse to the same horrid artifices, illusions, and deceptions, to urge him to complete the work of proscription and death, from which the Stuarts had shrunk back, as ashamed of their past conduct.—There is not in the annals of the Stuarts an action so truly wicked, with the exception of their monstrous edicts against the same persecuted race. But the Stuarts had this plea in their favour, that they openly asserted they held their sceptre by divine and hereditary right, without any regard to the will of the subjects ; that they possessed a moral and legal exemption from error ; but had an indefeasible right to dispose of the lives, liberty, and property of their subjects, in the same manner as the deity !—It was as much misfortune as culpability in the Stuarts to have their feeble minds filled with such monstrous absurdities ; and in no less a degree was it the fault of the so called representatives of the people in not depriving them of the power of acting upon such extravagant and iniquitous principles ; according to which however boundless was their wasteful expenditure, they were not to be checked ; and although thousands and tens of thousands of destitute wretches were known to be perishing of famine, in consequence of misrule, no one was to remonstrate ! The rich portion of their subjects were to be thankful for what they had left, and to hold it in trust for the supply of a needy, wasteful king, and a profligate court. Such were the *opinions* inculcated into the princes, the sons of James I.—But William III. had no such excuses to plead. His ancestors owed their preservation to the bravery and fortitude of republicans, as well as their splendour and subsequent independence : hence his violation of his coronation oath,—his secret plottings against the Macgregors,—his secret orders transmitted to Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, ordering to commence, in cold blood

a general massacre of the inhabitants, evinced a higher degree of wilful, deliberate criminality.

These strictures upon the true character of William III. are derived, not from the declamatory effusions of Jacobinical writers,—not from the pictures drawn of William III. by angry and vengeful Catholic priests and historians, but from the annals of his own times, written in his vernacular tongue; and from many original letters and MSS. written during his life-time, and preserved by the descendants of those persons to whom they were addressed. All that can with truth be said in praise of William III. is, that he displayed consummate skill and courage in opposing the ambitious views of Louis XIV. which threatened the utter extinction of the Belgic republic, and the freedom of religious opinions. In England, he felt and he acted as the king of a faction, not as became the sovereign of a free people.

All that remains to be said, illustrative of the misfortunes of the clan Macgregor, prior to the appearance of *Red Rover*, is to give a slight sketch of the MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Appendix.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

THE character of the Earl of BREADALBANE has been already given, and nothing more need be said to prove him capable of devising and maturing this execrable tragedy. But to the *Campbells* attach the immortal infamy of its execution! That worthless and profligate wretch, Breadalbane, represented Macdonald of Glencoe as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country,

nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the proclamation which extended a free pardon to all persons who had taken up arms against the government of William and Mary, provided they surrendered themselves and took the oaths of allegiance before the last day of December, 1691; and by these and similar invectives he incensed the mind of King William to the highest degree against the highland chiefs and clans, till at last he wrought so far as to induce that monarch to employ a part of the army to murder them in cold blood. But for the better elucidation of this horrid slaughter, it is necessary to go further back than the date of the royal order for the massacre, which was 16th January, 1692.

‘As the highlanders were not totally reduced,’ says Smollet, ‘the Earl of Breadalbane undertook to bring them over by distributing sums of money amongst their chiefs; and fifteen thousand pounds were remitted from England for this purpose. The chiefs being informed of this remittance, suspected the Earl’s design was to appropriate to himself the best part of the money, and when they began to treat with him, made such extravagant demands, that he found his scheme impracticable. The earl was therefore obliged to *refund* the sums he had received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance the first opportunity on those who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negotiation was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a *private* circumstance, (a) which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Breadalbane during the course of hostilities, and the latter insisted upon

(a) The base manner in which this villanous peer tempted and betrayed Duncan Macgregor, a near and highly-valued relation of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, was more likely to have excited Macdonald to ravage the lands of Breadalbane (or Breadalbane,) during the civil war that followed the revolution of 1688, and to thwart the views of that execrable wretch, than any other cause.

ing indemnified for his losses from the other's share of money he was employed to distribute. Macdonald, who allied by blood and marriage with the Macgregors, only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but by his influence amongst the clans defeated the whole scheme, and Earl in revenge devoted him to destruction. The royal proclamation, denouncing military execution against all that not, by the last day of December, 1691, take the oaths of allegiance, afforded a feeble pretext for this cruel and bloody massacre. Intimidated by this declaration, Macdonald repaired, on the very last day of the month, to Fort William, and desired Colonel Hill, the governor, to tender the oaths to him. As this officer was not vested with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them. Macdonald therefore set out immediately for Inverary, the county town of Argyleshire. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the time prescribed by the proclamation was but one day exceeded when he reached the place, and addressed himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Then they returned to their own habitations in the valley of Glencoe, in full confidence of being protected by the government, to which they had so solemnly submitted.'

Such was the state of the case as regarded Macdonald, after destruction, and that of all his race, the bloody-minded fiend, Breadalbane, had resolved, if possible, to effect, unmindful of the means.

Unhappily for the honour of England, the advice of the miscreant was supported by the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, issued a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Mac-

‘ donald’s submission. (b) An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his majesty’s own hand, being transmitted to the master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be most terrible! In the month of February, 1692, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncannon, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle’s regiment, on the pretext of levying the arrears of land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, “*As friends;*” and promised, *upon his honour*, that neither he (Macdonald) nor his people, should sustain injury! In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the masters of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald seeing the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicion to his brothers; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell’s sincerity; (c) nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately to make further observations.—They overheard the common soldiers say the

(b) The Dutch writers, who knew by bitter experience the perfidy and cruelty of King William III. asserted in direct terms it was the intention of that pious monarch to have exterminated all the Jacobite clans by the same expeditious way!

(c) It appears passing strange, after the numerous proofs of hereditary perfidy and depravity of the Campbells, that the least reliance should have been placed on their promises, their professions, or their oaths!

not the work ; (d) that though they would willingly re-fought the Macdonalds fairly in the field, *they held base to murder them in cold blood*, but that the officers re answerable for the treachery. *(e)* When the youths started back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded : they heard discharge of musquets, the shrieks of women and children ; and, being *destitute of arms*, secured their lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot a through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, *who died the next day*, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrinken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this submitted to the government, and had his protection in his pocket at that very time, was put to death without question. A boy of *eight years old*, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, *and offering to serve for life*, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a baltern officer. Eight and thirty persons suffered in the same manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher *the males under seventy* that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to above two hundred ; but some of the detachments did not arrive time enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this cruel massacre, *ordered the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle*

'Common soldiers,' with few exceptions, possess common feelings of pity. And if the young Macdonalds had had courage and presence of mind to have presented themselves to those soldiers, and appealed to their humanity and justice, they might, perhaps, have refused to do the bloody

Every officer ought to have been tried as a murderer ; and if convicted, and gibbeted in the valley of Glencoe.

‘ *and effects that were found in the valley, (f) and le*
 ‘ *helpless women and children, whose fathers and hus*
 ‘ *he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without cover*
 ‘ *food, or shelter, in the midst of snow that covered*
 ‘ *whole face of the country, at the distance of six*
 ‘ *miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with*
 ‘ *and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, si*
 ‘ *ing with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of*
 ‘ *mediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed*
 ‘ *their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such*
 ‘ *complication of calamities, but generally perished in*
 ‘ *waste, before they could receive the least comfort or*
 ‘ *sistance. This barbarous massacre, performed under the*
 ‘ *sanction of King William’s authority, answered the*
 ‘ *mediate purpose of the court, by striking terror into the*
 ‘ *hearts of the Jacobite highlanders; but, at the same*
 ‘ *time, excited the horror of all those who had not*
 ‘ *nounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced*
 ‘ *an aversion to the government (g) as all the arts of*
 ‘ *ministry could never totally surmount. A detail of the*
 ‘ *particulars was published at Paris, with many exaggerations,*
 ‘ *(h) and the Jacobites did not fail to expatiate on*
 ‘ *every circumstance, in domestic libels and private con-*
 ‘ *versation. (i)* The king, alarmed at the outcry which

(f) It will be seen in this, and the preceding recitals, that the Clans
 were ‘ *incorrigibly inured to deeds of murder and rapine,*’ as Braidalbo
 of the Macdonalds; added to which, they were polluted by a degree of
fidy and cowardice, that rendered them, at this period, the most in-
 clan in the highlands of Scotland!

(g) There is nothing so natural to despotism as to seek support in
 blood; but by a divine law of RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE, there is no pro-
 certain of destroying that very despotism! It renders every huma-
 son averse to its sway; it destroys discipline, and weakens and disor-
 armies!

(h) *Exaggerations!* Was it possible for any pen, or any tongue, to ex-
 the wickedness of this deed, or the horrors of that dreadful night?

(i) When King William next visited Holland, just as he entered the
 range of his palace at the Hague, amidst the shouts of his partisa-

‘raised on this occasion, ordered an inquiry (k) to be set on foot, and dismissed the master of Stair from his employments as secretary : he likewise *pretended* that he had subscribed the order amongst a heap of other papers, without knowing the purport ; but as he did not severely punish those who had made his authority subservient to private revenge, the imputation stuck fast to his character ; and the highlanders, though terrified *for a time* into silence and submission, were inspired with the most implacable resentment against his person and administration.’

PROCLAMATIONS OF THE STUARTS.

THE following are a part of the ferocious proclamations issued by the kings of the Stuart dynasty against the chiefs and the clans Macgregor, which are mentioned in the preceding narrative.

Extract of an act of the parliament of Scotland, passed into a law in the summer of 1587.

‘Anent the wicked inclination of the disorderly subjects in the hie-lands and isles, deliting in all mischieves, and maist unnaturally and cruelly waistand, herriand, and

in Holland, as in England, he was but the leader of a faction—several voices exclaimed, ‘*Glencoe! Glencoe! De Witts! De Witts!*’ and got off undiscovered.

(k) There was something like honour in this proceeding ; for if he had punished the ministers with the death they deserved for this execrable massacre, it would but have added to the odium of the deed, and the future historian would have said of William III. he first excited his ministers to crime, and then to screen himself betrayed them to punishment. The best biographical history of William III. is to be found in a voluminous Dutch work, entitled, *Kok's Vaderlandsche Woordenboek*, under the head, ‘*De Witts,*’ &c.

‘sleyand, and destroyand their awen nichtboures,^(l) and
 ‘the chief of the clan, quhair^(m) broken men and limners⁽ⁿ⁾
 ‘dwellis, and committes any waisterful reife, theft, depre-
 ‘dations, open and avowed fire raising upon deadly feuds,
 ‘sall be sued to find caution and soverty under pain of re-
 ‘bellion : and all clannes refusand to enter their pleges to
 ‘be esteemed public enemies to God,^(o) the king, and all
 ‘his trew and faithful subjects.’ To this curious produc-
 tion of Scotch lawgivers werę appended the names of one
 hundred and five and twenty clans, on whose lands resided
 the immense multitudes of *outlaws* who came within the
 limits of this barbarous edict.

In another edict, issued against the chiefs and the clans
 of the Scotch highlands, the preamble states that its object
 was ‘To prevent the Hiershippes of the wicked thieves and
 ‘limners of the clannes and surnames inhabiting the hie-
 ‘lands and isles ; the chieftains of whom are the principals
 ‘of the branches, and worthily (justly) to be esteemed the
 ‘very authors, fosterers, and maintainers of the wicked
 ‘deeds of the vagabonds of their clannes and surnames.’

These enormous acts of injustice, which seemed to declare
 the inhabitants of extensive districts, indiscriminately, to
 be thieves, vagabonds, and murderers, were principally
 levelled at the Macgregors and their family alliances ; ac-
 cordingly, in the early part of the reign of James VI. of
 Scotland, the proscribed Macgregors entered into a bond
 of confederacy with the chiefs of several clans for their
 mutual defence and support ; ‘for the special love and
 ‘amitie between them faithfully to serve ane anuther in all
 ‘causes, with their men and servants, against all wha live or

(l) ‘*Nichtboures*’—Saxon. Next-dwellers : English. Neighbours.

(m) Where. (n) ‘*Limners*’—Sly, subtle cheats and pilferers.

(o) By the time the reader arrives at the end of these brutal and iniquitous
 proclamations, he will have a tolerable taste of the ‘morality’ of this hypo-
 critical and vile monarch, who, under the mask of justice, was committing
 acts of assassination and massacre !

'die, and to maintain another's quarrel, *king inde*, for
'behoof of all our kinsfolk, and ablie us to abide firm and
'stable under all hazards of disgrace and infamy.'—To this
curious document their respective hands '*led to the pen*'
were subscribed: from which circumstance it is evident
that even the chieftains could not write their names!—The
authority before me dates this bond of alliance 1570; but
from the context, I am of opinion it was subsequent to the
date of the preceding proclamations, and grew thereout.

A proclamation was issued in the early part of the reign
of James VI. of Scotland, penned as it is said by Bu-
chanan, (*p*) the justly celebrated poet, scholar, historian,
and philosopher, the elegance of whose writings in the Latin
language has rendered his name illustrious in the annals of
literature, but who seems to have been unable to express
himself in the vernacular tongue of Scotland even with
common precision; (*q*) that is, if the barbarous composition

(*p*) He had been preceptor to James, whom he found remarkable for no-
thing but stupidity. Being one day greatly irritated, he gave the royal
son a severe flogging *a posteriori*, upon which some of the ladies of the
court, who, according to Lord Buchan's anonymous essays, &c. published
in '*The Bee*,' from frugal motives, slept '*sans chemise*,' came running into
Buchanan's room, and snatching up the howling urchin, asked the uncourte-
ous preceptor how he dared to lay a birchen rod on the bare bottom of '*the*
Lord's anointed.' Buchanan, unmoved by their clamours, early dismissed
them with an ironical and coarse admonition to go and *hiss* the part affected
by the wheels were healed, and to rest assured he would never '*spare the*
Lord to spoil the barn!'—'The bairn' was, however, so feeble in intellect,
the utmost abilities of Buchanan could make nothing more of him than a
barred dance.

(*q*) I consider the attainment of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages
essential to the formation of a scholar; at the same time the study of the
English tongue should be considered as a paramount object to an English
student. In both our universities too little attention is paid to the '*vulgar*
lingua.' In the Catholic universities, or classical schools, in Ireland, none
at all: I was once accosted in Latin, by a young man asking charity, as I
was walking towards Kilburn Wells. Struck by the marks of famine in his
countenance, still more forcibly than by his address, I entered into a con-
versation with him, and from the account he gave of himself, I learnt he was

to which I allude, was indeed the work of his pen, (r)—as he was then lord privy seal. This semi-barbarous proclamation is too long to be given entire; the following samples may suffice to display the uncouthness of its style, and the ferocity of its sentiments. It commenced thus: ‘An admonition to the trew lordis maintainaris of justice, and obedience to the king’s grace.’ (s) Of the substance, see the ensuing specimen.

‘And howbeit the bullerant (t) blude of a king and

a native of Bantry, in the south of Ireland,—had been several years in a college at Kilkenny,—but from the ruin which befel his father, who had taken a large farm of Lord B——y on a lease, *all his property was sold up, his family left destitute, and this unfortunate young man, without being able to obtain admittance into the priesthood, was thrown destitute on the world.* The unfeeling agents of the landlord seized ALL the father possessed, when, 1815, produce fell so greatly in price; and this young man, profoundly learned in the study of divinity, was starving in the streets of London,—seeking, as he wandered, a houseless stranger about this vast metropolis for a brother, whom legal oppression had reduced to the condition of a bricklayer’s labourer; and he himself was desirous of taking to the same slavish employment for bread.—I took him off the streets, and strove, as far as my means permitted me, to serve him. I would have employed him as amanuensis or copiest, but, though a thorough Latinist, so totally ignorant was he of the English tongue, he was not competent to write a paragraph without numerous mistakes in orthography and construction. His manners were, I firmly believe, unexceptionably good, as his manners were good. I persuaded him to give private lessons in Latin; but there his broad provincial accent, and illiteracy as to English, interposed.—As a last resource, and a sad resource it was! this truly unfortunate youth, who would have been an ornament to the church, enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment destined to the East Indies.

(r) By comparing this barbarous jargon with the writings of our best English authors in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the immensity of the difference will be perceived in the state of the language in use in Edinburgh and London: in the former, however, the French was *then* the court tongue.

(s) The *profane* title of ‘sacred majesty’ had not yet been assumed.

(t) Many of these phrases have long since become obsolete. And if, in the following definitions, I am correct, I derive my knowledge, not from modern lexicons or glossaries, but from the Swedish, Danish, Frisian, and Dutch living languages, and the slight acquaintance I have with the Anglo-Saxon, the whole of which dialects are the offspring of the Gothic and Teutonic.

agēt about yair hartis quhairof ye lust in yair appetite,
 mis thame lytill rest, daylie and hourly making new
 provocation, zit yat small space of rest quhilk yai haue,
 mides ye executiō of yair cruelty, thay spend in devis-
 ing of generall unquyetness throu the haill cōtrie, for
 p̄ cōtent of it yat yai yameselfis may steill, bribe, and
 M̄, thay set out ratches on euerie side to gnau the pepilles
 mis efter thay have consumit the flesche; and hountis
 it ane of thame *the clan Gregour*, ane uther *the Grantie*,
 id clan *Chattan*, &c.; and sic as wald be haldin
 olding) the halyest amāgis yame, scheu (show) plainlie
 affectionoun (inclination) yai had to banies peice and
 stir (stir) vp troublis, quhē thay bendit all thair fyne
 wit (wits) to stop the Regent (Murray) to ga first north,
 and syne (afterwards) south, to puneis (oppose, punish)
 M̄ and oppressioun; quhē thay sau, that thair counsall
 M̄ (was) not authorisit, in geuing (giving) impunitie to
 M̄ misordour, thay spend it in putting downe of him that
 wald haue put all in gude ordour.'

Such is the most barbarous piece of old English writing
 I ever yet fell under my observation!—This was quickly
 loved by another, not a whit less uncouth in dress, or
 barbarous in spirit, which declared that

'Ye cruel and mischievous proceedings of the clan Grigor,

Boilant—probably from the Latin—warm, flowing, boiling;—'yair,'
 by;—'zit,' so;—'quhairof,' whereof;—'genis' should, perhaps, have
 M̄ 'gieuis,' gives;—'yat,' that;—'quhilk yai haue,' which they
 M̄;—'haill cōtrie,' whole country;—'yat yai yameselfis,' that they them-
 M̄;—'reis,' to take away from; to bereave;—'ratches,' traps, de-
 M̄;—'pepillis banis,' people's bones;—'hountis out,' to single out;—'sic
 wald,' such as would;—'halyest amāgis yame,' holiest amongst them;
 yai,' they;—'banies peice,' banish peace;—'quhē,' when or where.—
 In this explanation but as guess-work, having neither glossary nor foreign
 lexicary at hand.—The termination 'and,' in *destroyand*, *slayand*, is also
 M̄ from the Anglo-Saxon, and held its place for many centuries before
 more modern termination 'ing' came into use.

‘ so long continueing in blood, slaughters, heirshippe
 ‘ manifest reifs (x) and stouths (y) committed upon h
 ‘ ness’ peaceable and good subjects inhabiting ye co
 ‘ eovest (z) ye braes of the highlands, thir mony ye
 ‘ gone, but specially heirafter the cruel murder of
 ‘ Jo. Drummond of Drummondrynych, be certain
 ‘ said clan, be ye council and determination of the
 ‘ defend ye authors yrof (a) quoever (b) wald purs
 ‘ revenge of the same, &c. Likeas after the murder
 ‘ mitted, ye authors yrof cutted aff the said unq
 ‘ Drummond’s head, and carrid the same to the La
 ‘ Mac Grigor, who, and his haill surname of Mac Gr
 ‘ purposely convened upon the next Sunday yraften,
 ‘ kirk of Buchquidder; qr (c) they caused umqll J
 ‘ head to be puted (d) to them, and yr avowing ye sd
 ‘ der, laid yr hands upon the pow (head,) and in l
 ‘ (Heathen) and barbarous manuer, swear to defe
 ‘ authors of the sd murder.’—Such was the preamble!
 a commission, to endure three years, as it is stated
 narrative, was granted to the Earls of Huntley, A
 Athol, Montrose, Lord Drummond, the commenda
 Inchaffray, Campbell of Lochinel, Campbell of G
 rach, Campbell of Caddel, Campbell of Ardinglass,
 tosh of Dunashstane, Sir John Murray of Tulliba
 Buchanan of that ilk, and Macfarlane of Ariquocher
 issued, ‘ to search for and apprehend Alister (Alex
 ‘ Mac Gregor of Glenstrae, *and all others of the*
 ‘ *Mac Gregors*, or yr assistors culpable of the said
 ‘ murther, grever (wheresoever) they may be apprehe
 ‘ And if they refuse to be taken, qr flees to stre
 ‘ (strong places) and houses, to pursue and assege
 ‘ with fire and sword.’

(u) Perhaps hereditary quarrels or feuds. (x) Open robberies. (y) Acts
 of violence. (z) Adjoining, or including. (a) Thereof. (b) Where.
 (c) Where. (d) Put, offered, or presented.

This horrid decree, the reader will recollect, had reference to the summary punishment inflicted upon the insolent Deputy-forester, who had previously maimed and mutilated several young fellows named Macdonald, relations of the Macgregors.

In the year 1596, the paltry despot, James VI. thus expressed himself, relative to the Macgregors, in a letter addressed to one of the creeping reptiles of the age, a Laird of M'Intosh, viz.

‘ Right traist (e) freynd,’

‘ We greet you heartilie well. Having heard by report of the late pruisse (f) given by you, of your willing disposition to our service, in prosecuteing of that wicked race of Macgregor, we haife thought meit (g) hereby to signify unto you, that we accompt the same as maist acceptable pleasure and service done unto us, and will not omit to regard the same as it deserves ; and because we are to give you out of our adin some further directions thair anent,—it is our will, that upon the sight hereof ye repair thither in all haist, and at yr arriving we sall impart our full mind, and hear wt (what) all we haif thought expedient, that ye, before yor arriving thither, sall cause execut to the death Duncane M'Can Caim (h) latelie come (taken) be you in yor (your) last expedition agains the clan Gregor, cause his haid (head) to be transported thither, to the effect the same may be affixt in sum public place, to the terror of other malefactors, and so commit you to God. From Halyrud House, the penult (last) day of — in the year 1596. (Signed)

‘ James R.’

I know not if Horace Walpole has granted a niche for this little in his pantheon of regal literature ; but it is certainly far indeed superior, in point of composition, to any of the

(e) Trusty.—(f) Proof.—(g) Meet, or proper.—(h) His history is not noticed in the preceding narrative.

preceding proclamations, and bears strong internal evidence of being one of James's best efforts. One point is worth particular notice, and that is, the *facility* with which this *ex-parte* and summary judge empowers a *secret accuser* to become an *executioner*! A *natural* sort of transformation in so unnatural a case, as that of one neighbour machinating against the life of another.

In 1603, the declaration of a war of extermination was issued, which has been sufficiently noticed in the narrative. Next appeared another edict, whereby 'all receptors and harbourers, and those who *intercommuned* with the 'clan Gregor, were to be fined and punished.' In 1607, a new edict was issued, impelling new slaughters of the proscribed race; and in 1611 this 'barbarous and thievish 'race' were decreed to be 'rooted out, and exterminated.' The fiend-like persecutors of the Macgregors, thirsting with equal vehemence after their blood and their property, were, in 1613, instigated to fresh acts of blood and rapine; and amongst other indignities, it was enacted, that a Macgregor 'suld at no tyme thairafter beare or wear any 'kynd of armour bot ane pointless kniff to cutt thair maile, 'on payne of deade;' and, horrid to say, by another law, of June in the same year, the Macgregors were forbidden, 'on pain of death,' to meet in 'any gryter (greater) 'numbers than *four persons*.'—Is it possible to find, in the whole range of history, conduct more abominable on the part of kings and lawgivers?

With this, not to saturate the reader with such detestable proofs of a worthless king's depravity, and the general rottenness of his government, I close this black catalogue of crimes, and the fountains of crimes, by which the reigns of the Stuarts stand for ever and indelibly disgraced.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, KNIGHT.

Reputed Highwayman.

When youthful blood flows with too strong a tide,
 Then REASON falls, and holds the helm no more :
 PASSION its place usurps ; and its dire rule,
 That leads to ruin, oft excites our pity.
 Whilst an old lecher, th' heavy debauchee,
 Although by *Shakspeare's* magic pen array'd,
 Of all vile men the most deserves our scorn.
 Not such the knightly-warrior whose good name
 The poet has dishonoured, and impos'd
 Upon a base and worthless counterfeit,
 A wretch obscene, a vapouring bully,
 A caltiff coward, an endless liar !

EDITOR.

THE history and tradition concur in opposing the
 as of Shakspeare's portraiture of Sir John Falstaff to
 merit credit. History mentions the supposed original
 soldier of honourable birth, and high achievements,
 was made successively knight, knight-banneret, and
 knight of the garter ; which last honour was conferred on
 by princes of the blood-royal, and noblemen of the
 greatest power and influence, or upon heroes of the very
 first order. It has, during many ages, been taken as
 granted, that the high-wrought character of Sir John
 Falstaff, as it appears delineated in the plays of Shaka-
 speare, was drawn from the person and biography of Sir
 John Falstolff.—Now the family of FALSTOLFF were, in
 the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of considerable local
 consequence in the eastern parts of the county of Norfolk ;
 they stood many degrees below that class of nobles, who
 could, without personal merit, obtain the highest honours
 and employments in the state. It is reasonable to presume
 that a knight in question had highly distinguished himself in

the wars of his age, and had, in consequence of the laurels he had won, been thus rewarded. The HERO, FALSTOLF appears to have been born at a castellated mansion North Yarmouth, on the road to Eccles, the square tower of which, and some other massive fragment remain. And the tradition of the country, rejecting with disdain the picture drawn by our great bard, has consigned his memory in a manner more suitable to a Bayard or Sir Philip Sydney, than the despicable, though humorous old robber, delineated by the matchless pen of Shakspeare. It is true that traditionary tales do not amount to absolute proof; but when a good and honourable fame has survived the lapse of almost four hundred years, and that, notwithstanding the picture drawn of him by the greatest, and most popular of English poets, it amounts to better evidence of his respectability, than the humorous, but disreputable pictures, that are to be found in Shakspeare. The editor was tolerably well acquainted with that part of Norfolk, *in olden times*, the FALSTOLFFS resided; and not only he, many a time, visited the ruins of the Falstolff mansion, but, amongst the old standard families residing in the neighbourhood, he was always told that *their* forefathers, time immemorial, had handed down an honourable mention of JOHN FALSTOLFF, as one of the greatest warriors of his age, as a liberal and munificent nobleman, and a pious Christian. In the possession of a family residing near Burgh Castle.

(i) The editor has taken many a solitary walk round and upon the majestic ruins. The figure of the outward wall, when complete, was a perfect square; but vast masses had fallen from the elevated ground, where the line was traced, to the level of the estuary below. To the best of his knowledge—and he has nothing to assist it—the area included about thirty acres of land; the surface was much broken, and the last time he saw it, with a fine crop of wheat almost fit for the sickle. The surface of the ground was very uneven, probably from attempts made to discover hidden treasures. Abundance of Roman relics, such as instruments of sacrifice, pious funeral urns, fragments of the vermilion-coloured ware,—ashes as well human, as of cattle. The wall itself had evidently been constructed by building two walls with stones of unequal size, in a parallel line.

a Bible, printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and on the under lid was written, in the old court hand, a piece of '*the greute and goodo knyghte, Sir John Palstap, agaiuste the foull lyer of Will. Sheakspere.*'—The thing bore every external mark of being a couple of cen-

turies up the interstice with the common rubble-stone of the country; and a torrent of cement made of lime, sand, water, &c. was poured into the whole, filling up every hollow; and thus, when it hardened, a solid mass was formed, equal in hardness to most rocks, and superior to them. From the parts which had fallen, it appeared that planks of timber had been laid transversely, as well beneath the facing walls as the cavity, no space being left in the cement or mortar. It also appeared from those fragments, that the military architect had not deemed it necessary to sink the foundation, the wall, according to present appearances, being built on the surface. Its breadth at bottom seemed about nine feet,—at the top broader than the walls of Chester, and about twice as tall as broad at base, like the most ancient part of those, namely, a little to the east, and near the house of Mr. Betenham, bookseller and engraver, where the wall's cornice is supposed to remain entire; like these, the wall of Burgh has no parapet. Ivy of the largest growth has overgrown those walls, and out, and snakes innumerable, as well as other reptiles, insects, and wild animals, have made it their fixed abode. At regular distances are solid circular towers, like those seen at Chester, and flat on the top. The wall, outside and in, was faced with flint stones, wrought in squares, and intermingled with Roman brick, laid horizontally.

When this fortification was erected, the drudgery was probably performed by subjugated Britons. From Yarmouth church this ruin lies about a mile distant to the S. W.; and about a mile and a half to the N. E. is a place called Causton, where the ground begins to rise, and there the Romans had another fortress; so that the mouth of this broad arm of the North sea was guarded by these forts, and by the galleys stationed to keep off marauders.—Many a legendary tale of ghosts and spectres that appeared, and of masses of molten gold that had been found, were told to the editor as he passed the vicinity of this interesting spot.—The present state of Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Cheshire, Lancashire, display broad deep estuaries, where, in days long past, to roll its waves, but where towns and churches were built, and where innumerable herds of cattle grazed. By the supposition of the ancients, the lower parts of Holstein, Schleswick, Jutland, *Denmark*, as the isles, Zealand, Funen, &c. are termed,—and Sweden and Norway, were covered by the sea; and the chief mountains, and higher grounds, formed so many islands rising above the waves.

turies old, and the person who showed it said there was an old story connected with it, stating that it was written by a parson who had been educated at Oxford, upon a charter founded by Sir John Falstolff.—This occurred in 1804. In 1811, the editor being again in that neighbourhood, made inquiries after the Bible, with a view to copy the inscription over again—for he took a former copy, which he lost—but could learn nothing of the book, the person who formerly had it being dead, and the family dispersed. As well as I can remember, it conveyed a severe censure upon ‘W. Shakspeare,’ for ‘revylynge’ a much better man than ever belonged his race; and as to the slight biographical sketch it contained, it stated that he was born heir to a plentiful fortune; received an honourable education; held high posts in Ireland and in France; was a ‘faire knight amongst the flower of English knighthood; that he was blessed with great wealth, high honours, lived reverently and died lamented, after bountifully endowing the universities, and doing other great works of charity and love. Such was the tenor of a writing either pasted or written on the cover of an huge Bible.

The account given of ‘*the greate and goode Sir John Falstolff*,’ by Caxton and other writers, runs thus—‘Edward’s father, Sir John Falstolff, dying before he was of age, his son and heir became ward to the then Duke of Norfolk, in which state he received the usual education of persons of his rank, wherein dexterity in feats of arms was more attended to than literary acquirements. Thomas of Lancaster, second son of Henry IV. afterwards created Duke of Clarence, was, about the year 1401, sent into Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and it has been asserted that he was accompanied by the young knight, Sir John Falstolff, who was about twenty-four years of age. There are historical notices of a distinguished knight of that name, who was serving with the governor of Ireland from 1401 to 1408, towards the close of which year :

Falstolff married a rich young widow, of noble
 ge and high rank. In the successful invasions of
 ce, this nobleman was alike enterprising and enga-
 ; as a soldier, he commanded several expeditions of
 moment; and, as a statesman, he was invested with
 offices of great trust, and obtained a high degree of
 arable renown, remaining in that distracted and de-
 id kingdom till he waxed in years, and sighed after
 ousable retirement, being anxious to enjoy, in peace-
 est, the evening of his life. It was in 1410, being
 more than three-score years of age; and he shone
 scarcely less lustre in his retreat than in the noon of
 tive life as a warrior. He is described as a polished
 man, as a man of unbounded hospitality, and active
 warm benevolence,—the idol of his tenantry and ser-
 vants. He bequeathed considerable legacies to construct,
 help to construct, the school for philosophy and law
 at Cambridge; and at Oxford his name is held in cherished
 remembrance as the bosom friend, and co-benefactor to
 Wadham college, with its illustrious founder, Wainfleet,
 the name of FALSTOLFF, as one of its greatest well-
 doers, is annually eulogized in an anniversary oration. It
 is said of this illustrious character, that “*retirement
 did not obscure his reputation,*” nor bodily infirmities
 en the exercises of his benevolent spirit; and he died
 at a ripe old age of fourscore years and two, 1459.’

The character of Sir John Falstolff, as described in the
 11th Bible, might be relied upon as being genuine, if
 the noble Shakspeare was, in his own life-time, much
 reproved for taking such licentious liberties with the cha-
 racter of this venerable warrior, and benevolent nobleman.
 Historians, and the commentators on Shakspeare, differ
 widely in their opinions and illustrations; some of them
 assigning the whole disgrace, which has befallen the name
 of Falstolff, to an accidental resemblance between the
 name and the persons of the two knights. One strong

argument in favour of the innocence of the 'genuine' knight is the dissimilarity in age, and that the name of *Sir John Oldcastle* was, in the first place, given to the personage since immortalized as Shakspeare's Sir John Falstaff: Nothing in real life can be more different than the two characters. The Falstaff of Shakspeare is a vapouring, lewd, cowardly lying, and drunken dabbacher; whilst the Sir John Falstolf of Norfolk was grave, discreet, valiant, and sober and his name, at home and abroad, every way honoured and being truly illustrious.

After these preliminary observations, the editor gives the life of Shakspeare's Falstaff,—the wit, the buffoon, the bully; and the highwayman, as it appeared in the latest edition of Johnson's *Lives of Highwayman and Robbers* of which the materials have evidently been gleaned from the plays of Shakspeare.—Viz.

' Sir JOHN FALSTAFF was born at Potten in Bedfordshire. He early associated with Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards immortalized as a successful king by the name and title of Henry V.; and the celebrated robbers, Poins, Bardolph, Gadshill, and Peto, committing many depredations in company.

Shakspeare has humorously described the person of Falstaff: 'When I was about thy years, Hal,' (says Sir John to the prince,) 'I was not an eagle's talon in the waist, I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring; a plague of sighing and grief; it blows a man up like a bladder.' For Sir John, you must know, when he said this, was not such a skeleton as he describes.' Though he was tun of man, a trunk of humours, a baulking hutch of beastliness; a swollen parcel of dropsies, a huge bombard of sack, a stuffed cloak-bag of guts, a roasted martingale tree ox, with a pudding in his belly.'

'Informed that some pilgrims, with rich presents, were on their way to the tomb of St. Thomas-a-Becket, and also that some wealthy merchants were riding up to London, the

two and Poins agreed that Falstaff and three more of their
 ig should rob them, and that, in disguise, they two should
 be the thieves. Accordingly, when the four had got posses-
 sion of the shining metal, which was the prey of the pil-
 lars and the life of the merchants, the prince and Poins
 asked them with fury, put them to flight, and stripped
 them of their spoil.

One day after, Falstaff and his companions happened
 to meet the prince and Poins at a tavern, when Falstaff
 began to extol his valour, and to exclaim in the following
 manner: 'There live not,' quoth he, 'three good men un-
 touched in England, and one of them,' meaning himself,
 is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world,
 I say.' His highness asking the occasion of this bravado;
 'Why,' says Sir John, 'here are four of us have taken a
 thousand pounds this morning; but a hundred! a full
 hundred! fell upon us, and took it away again. I am a
 rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them
 two hours together. I have 'scaped by a miracle: I am
 eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the
 hose, my buckler cut through and through; my sword
 lacked like a hand-saw; here, look at it, I never dealt
 better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of
 all cowards, I say still.' Upon this the prince and Poins
 burst out into a loud fit of laughter, and told them the
 whole adventure.

The civil wars commencing between the houses of York
 and Lancaster, Prince Henry was called home to defend
 his father's throne. Unwilling to desert his humorous
 companion, he made him a captain, and ordered him to
 Shrewsbury. The forces of Henry IV. and Hotspur
 Percy, met at Shrewsbury. The morning before the bat-
 tle, Falstaff desired the prince to defend him, if he should
 happen to fall. To which the prince replied, 'nothing but
 a Colossus could do him that service, and he owed Heaven

‘ a death ;’ meanwhile, desiring him to say his prayers, and take his leave.

‘ To this Sir John replied, ‘ The debt to Heaven which
‘ you speak of is not yet due ; and I should be loath to pay
‘ him before his day. What need I be so forward with him
‘ that calls not on me ? Well, ’tis no matter, honour pricks
‘ me on. But how, if honour pricks me off when I come
‘ on ? How then, can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an
‘ arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No.
‘ Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is
‘ honour ? A word. What is that word honour ? Air, a
‘ trim-reckoning. Who hath it ? He that died o’ Wed-
‘ nesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No.
‘ Is it insensible then ? Yes, to the dead. But will it not
‘ live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not
‘ suffer it. Therefore I’ll none of it. Honour is a mere
‘ scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.’

‘ During the battle, Falstaff removes as far from danger as possible. The prince and Hotspur met, and a terrible conflict ensued ; and one Douglas, a Scotsman, attacks Sir John, who falls down to prevent farther injury. The prince kills Hotspur, and laments Falstaff, whom he supposed to be slain. But when Sir John found it convenient he starts up, wounds the dead general in the thigh, and taking him on his back goes in quest of the king, to claim the honour of killing him. He was met by the prince, who fancied he saw his ghost, but Falstaff soon convinced him it was even he, both safe and sound.

‘ Sir John was a second time called to the field, and was careful to allow the heat of the battle to be over before he led on his men. Fortunately, however, he met Sir John Colville of the Dale, and made him prisoner. By this accident Falstaff got possession of the noblest prisoner that was taken in that engagement. History has, however, neglected to record any reward that was given to Sir John for this instance of valour.

‘ To relieve the attention of the reader, we shall now relate a different adventure of Sir John. There were two wealthy inhabitants of Windsor, whose wives were among the merriest of the place, and Sir John, by their fascinating and open manners, conceived that they were in love with him. He wrote each of them an amorous epistle. The ladies met to contrive how to be revenged of him. It was agreed that one of them should encourage his addresses; and make an assignation to meet Sir John. He obeyed the summons; but he had not long enjoyed the conversation of his friend, when the other lady rushed in upon them, and informed Sir John that the husband was coming, with several of his neighbours, threatening vengeance against him. Upon this, Falstaff entreated that he might be concealed in a basket of foul linen, and carried away to the washerwoman, or any where, to evade the fury of the enraged husband. The knight was covered in the basket, and two servants, who were previously instructed how to dispose of him, hastened away, and tumbled him into the Thames in shallow water. Concerning this adventure, Sir John addressed his servant in the following language :

‘ Go, fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in it. Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher’s offal, and to be thrown into the Thames ! Well, if I be served such another trick, I’ll have my brains ta’en out and butlered, and given to a dog for a new year’s gift ! The rogues sleighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch’s blind puppies, fifteen i’ the litter ; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow ; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man ! And what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy ! Come, let me pour in some sack

‘ to the Thames water, for my belly is as cold as if I had
‘ swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.’

‘ The two ladies, in order to satisfy their husbands, produced the letters sent them, and all were eager to be more completely revenged. For this purpose one of them made an assignation with him in the forest, where the men, women, and children, in the dress of fairies, were ready to attack him, and almost pinch him to death; and then discovering themselves, he was exposed to the ridicule of all the inhabitants of Windsor.

‘ But leaving the region of poetry, all historians agree, that instead of his being a coward, a glutton, or a drunkard, he was a brave commander, and on account of his valour was knighted by Henry IV. with a pension of four hundred marks. His dispositions, however, led him to the highway. He commenced his depredations alone, but soon after joined the persons before mentioned. They were well mounted and formidable. Scarcely any traveller was safe within an hundred miles of London.

‘ Sir John one day meeting with a farmer, after a whimsical farce of making him kneel down and pray for money, robbed him of twenty pieces of gold, and addressed him thus: ‘ What a hypocritical rogue are you, to endeavour
‘ to cheat me your companion at this rate! Is this the
‘ agreement we made when we went to prayers? How few
‘ people are just upon earth! Well, to punish you for your
‘ wickedness, I shall keep what heaven has sent into your
‘ pocket; but, that you may not want upon the road, take
‘ what I have got by praying, and when you have got
‘ home, acquaint your neighbours with what an honest
‘ gentleman you met, who gave you eight shillings and
‘ sixpence, when you endeavoured to cheat him of twenty
‘ broad pieces.’

‘ Not long after this adventure, Sir John and some of his companions met with the hangman upon the road, who had been performing his duty at Kingston. They robbed

him of what money he had, dragged him into a neighbouring wood, and suspended him upon a tree as an enemy to all their fraternity.

‘On that same day Sir John obtained information that a wealthy merchant was to pass that way. He dressed himself in woman’s apparel, and when he came within sight of his prey, he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and lying down, raised the most hideous and mournful lamentations. The merchant was moved with seeming compassion, and approaching, inquired the cause of her sorrow. He was informed that she had gone with her inhuman brother to see some of her relations, and that he had abandoned her in the state in which she was now found, and implored the assistance of the merchant. The merchant soon began to use the language of flattery and passion ; while Sir John, in his disguised character, lamented the improper freedoms of the merchant, crying, ‘I am undone, lost, ruined for ever ! Alas ! dear Sir, what do you mean ? What would you do with me ? Is this your compassion ? This your kindness to a poor miserable creature ? What ! rob me of my honour, dearer to me than my life ! For heaven’s sake, Sir, forbear.’

‘The merchant, however, continued importunate, while Sir John sobbed, cried, and bewailed his hard fate. But when the merchant was about to proceed to extremities, to his surprise this female drew a dagger from her bosom, wounded him in the arm, disabled him, rifled his pockets of several purses of gold, and rode off with his booty.

‘Upon another day Sir John, in company with one of his companions, met two friars : He robbed them, and even stripped off their robes, assigning for a reason to his associate, that there was no habit a man could rob in with more safety than that of a religious one. My advice then is, that we assume the sheep’s clothing, and make the best of our way to the curate’s house. Never doubt of success, and leave the conduct of the affair to me. The plan being

formed, the friars went to the curate, were generously received, and entertained with cordial hospitality. In morning they arose, and went to the curate's chamber, informing him that it was their custom to say mass at time, and requested that he would join in their devotion. The good man arose, opened his door, was instantly knocked down by the villains, who bound him neck and hands, opened his trunks, seized his books, the keys of the church, and extracted whatever was valuable, and went off with their booty.

' At another time, Sir John was attacked by two robbers to whom he was unknown. Sir John was summoned to surrender his money or his life. Accustomed more to receive than to give, he instantly seized one of their swords, struck the fellow upon the arm, and then furiously attacked his companion. He fled: Sir John pursued, and constrained him to submit to his mercy. He however spared his life; but severely reprimanded him for encountering who was his superior in that occupation. He therefore robbed him of a large sum which they had acquired upon the robbery. To be the more completely revenged, Sir John bound him, wrote his crime upon a piece of paper, and fastened it upon his breast, and left him exposed to every passenger.

' He was not long in this position before he was discovered, carried before a magistrate, committed to prison, tried at the next assizes, and condemned. Thus was Sir John the means of bringing one of his fellow-criminals to see the due reward of his deeds.

' Sir John followed this disorderly course of life, in company with Prince Henry and his other associates. The prince acted a very conspicuous part, and even sometimes attempted to rob his father. At another time, he attempted to release a prisoner, and struck the Chief Justice on the bench, and was for this insult committed to prison. The prince submitted, and the justice was applauded. The judge was, however, very apprehensive, upon the de-

father, and the accession of the son, that the latter retaliate such an instance of severe equity. The king assumed a stern countenance, and warmly chid worthy judge. He with dignified warmth defended himself, justly maintaining, that upon the bench he represented his father, whose dignity was insulted by the prince's bad conduct. Then requesting him to make the law his own, he bade him consider, now that he was a judge, whether he would suffer his dignity to be profaned in the character of any of his judges!

At the agreeable surprise of the judge, the king replied, 'You are right, justice, and you weigh the matter. Therefore still bear the balance and the sword: and may your honours may increase till you do live to see a villain offend you, and obey you as I did; so shall I repeat my father's words: "Happy am I that have a son so bold that dares do justice on my proper son; not less happy, having a son that would deliver up treachery so into the hands of justice." You did it me, for which I do commit into your hand the royal sword that you have used to bear; with the reverence, that you still do use the same with like bold, and impartial spirit, as you have done 'gainst me. As for my hand, you shall be a father to my youth, and I will humble myself to your wise directions. I will not disappoint the expectations of the world, and frustrate the promises of the vulgar. My tide of blood, that has proudly flowed in vanity until now, shall now turn back unto the source, and flow henceforth in formal majesty. The wisest men of our nation shall form our council, of which you shall be chief; and I will mingle in your solemn debates, and peace and war become familiar to us, and England shall be the best governed nation in the world.'

When Sir John Falstaff heard of the advancement of his son, he was greatly elated, and promised himself great success and advancement. He was then at the house of

one Justice Shallow, an old acquaintance, who lent him one thousand pounds to support his dignity, until the king should provide for him. He posted to London, and was fortunate enough to arrive in time to the coronation. When his majesty passed by, Sir John, with his wonted air, exclaimed, 'God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal! my sweet boy! my Jove!'—But greatly was he astonished when the young king, with a stern countenance, thus addressed him: 'Old man! I know thee not! Fall to thy prayers! How ill do grey hairs accord with a fool and jester! I have long dreamed of such a kind of man as thou art, so surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane; but being awake, I do despise my dream. Hence! make more thy grace, and less thy body; leave off gormandizing; know thy grave doth gape for thee thrice wider than for other men: Reply not to me with a fool-born jest: presume not that I am the man I was: as heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive, that I have turned away my former self; so will I those that kept me company. When thou dost hear I am as I have been, then approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, the tutor and the feeder of my riots; till then, on pain of death, I banish thee, as I have done the rest of my misleaders, not to come near our person by ten miles. For competence of life, I will allow you, that lack of means enforce you not to evil; and as we hear you do reform yourselves, we will, according to your strength and qualities, give you advancement.'—The king kept his resolution, and soon gained the hearts of all his subjects.

'But Sir John was become grey in vice, and he renewed his former courses. Neither the threats nor the promises of his sovereign could effect his reformation. Sir John Falstaff continued his depredations till he was apprehended and committed to prison, tried and found guilty; but the king, being unwilling he should suffer death, changed his sentence into that of banishment. His haughty spirit could

not, however, sustain the affront, and he died before the period fixed for his departure. Such was the fate of an extraordinary character, which has been immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare.' P. 58, a. 65.

It is not, however, Sir John Falstolff, the hero and the statesman, that is intended to be exhibited amongst these portraits, but SHAKSPEARE'S FALSTAFF; and incomparably the best picture of him is to be found in the works of that great bard, the immensity of whose genius, and the infinite variety of whose wit, has conferred upon his name as large a share of admiration and applause as ever fell to the lot of any poet of the ancient or modern world. And whilst the editor is conscious that many of his readers may possess the plays in which these parts appear which he is about to give, yet there may be more who have them not; and, assuredly, they lose part of their interest even by *reference*. To be felt, in all their richest flavour, requires them to be attached to these imperfect sketches of the characters of the two knights.

EXTRACTS FROM

KING HENRY IV. PART I.

ACT I. SCENE II.—*An apartment of the PRINCE'S.*

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks

the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta : I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are 'squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning: got with swearing—*Lay by*; and spent with crying *Bring in*: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips,

ed thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff skin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a me and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would reach; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, at thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, all there be gallows standing in England when thou art ag? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty robe of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a beaveridge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a green cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy Moor-dutch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young man,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with civility. I would to God, thou and I knew where a com-

modity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I marked him not : and yet he talked very wisely ; and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration ; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal.—God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain : I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one ; and I do not call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins !—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ! This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse ? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar ? Jack, how agrees the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg ?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word ; the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs ; He will give the devil his due.

c. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with
AL

ten. Else he had been damned for cozening the

c. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by
clock, early at Gad's-bill : There are pilgrims going
to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to
London with fat purses : I have visors for you all : you
may disguise yourselves for yourselves : Gadshill lies to-night in
the forest ; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in
London ; we may do it as secure as sleep : If you will
will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not,
stay at home, and be hanged.

Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home, and go not,
forgive you for going.

c. You will, chops ?

Hal, wilt thou make one ?

ten. Who ! I rob ? I a thief ? Not I, by my faith.

There is neither honesty, manhood, nor good fel-
lowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood-royal, if
thou dost not cry, Stand, for ten shillings.

ten. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a mad-cap.

Why, that's well said.

ten. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art

ten. I care not.

c. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me
I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure,
that he shall go.

Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and
ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move,
that he hears may be believed ; that the true prince
(or recreation sake,) prove a false thief ; for the poor
of the time want countenance. Farewell : You
shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, hallow summer. [*Exit Falstaff*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peter, and Gadshill, shall be those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if I do not rob them, cut this head from off my shoulder.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exposure of themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like that they will know us, by horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the noses to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that the same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: he'll say he fought with thirty, at least, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of these lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

seek'd humour of your idleness ;
 when will I imitate the sun ;
 with permit the base contagious clouds
 to cover up his beauty from the world,
 when he please again to be himself,
 wanted, he may be more wondered at,
 shining through the foul and ugly mists
 of air, that did seem to strangle him.
 Ten year were playing holidays,
 it would be as tedious as to work ;
 when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
 nothing pleaseth, but rare accidents.
 on this loose behaviour I throw off,
 by the debt I never promised,
 much better than my word I am,
 much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 illumination, glittering o'er my fault,
 show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 that which hath no foil to set it off.
 offend, to make offence a skill ;
 ripe time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

ACT I. SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. The Boar's Head.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

1. WELCOME, Jack. Where hast thou been ?
 A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance
 hurry, and Amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—
 And this life long, I'll sew nether-socks, and mend
 and foot them too. A plague of all cowards !—Give
 up of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant ?
[He drinks.

P. Hen. Didst thou never see *Titan*! a dish of butte-
pitiful-hearted *Titan*! that listened at the sweet tale of the
sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There
nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet
coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a vil-
lanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou
wilt, if manhood, good, be not forgot upon the
face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There be
not three good men unchanged in England; and one
of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad
world, I say!—I would, I were a weaver; I could sing
psalms or any thing:—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of the
kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects
before thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair
my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the
matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and
Poins there? [To Poins]

Poins. Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward!
I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call
thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could
run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the
shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you the
backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!
Give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:
I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou
drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards at
say I! [He drinks]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have taken a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* [*Shows his sword.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all could not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gods. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gods. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; and I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gods. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my

old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. For rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust me. I made me no more ado, but took all their steel points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These men in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close; came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven or eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets the gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou art a brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou where'st obscene, greasy, tallow-catch.—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Sen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in a green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to

us. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-
all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on
lion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If rea-
are as plenty as blackberries, I would not give you
a on compulsion—I!

len. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this san-
coward, this bed-preaser, this horse-back-breaker,
go hill of flesh;—

Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried
tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath
: what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath,
w-case, you vile standing tuck;—

len. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and
hou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me
out this.

us. Mark, Jack.

len. We two saw you four set on four; you bound
and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how
tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set
four; and with a word out-faced you from your
and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the
—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as
with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy,
I ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What
art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and
y, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what
g-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from
an and apparent shame?

s. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou

By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made

ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to be the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but I was an instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life. I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the tit of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you; he says, he comes for your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit]

P. Hen. Now, sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair;—so you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph;—you are lions too, ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it; and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.—

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made

Eucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will no budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when

then comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of

England prove a thief, and take purses ? question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile so doth the company thou keep'st : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears ; not in pleasure but in passion ; not in words only, but in woes also :—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore ; and now, I remember me, his name is Falstaff : If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month ?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ?—If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand :—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry ? whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearst thou, ungracious boy ? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man : a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost

then converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting
 batch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that
 huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that
 roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that
 reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that
 reiny in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and
 drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon
 and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty,
 but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things?
 wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you:
 Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth,
Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my-
 self, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the
 more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he
 is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly
 deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!
 If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host
 that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then
 Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord;
 banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet
 Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant
 Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is,
 old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company;
 banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess and BARDOLPH.*]

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle stick:
 What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house : Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras ;— the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff ; what's your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here ; For I myself at this time have employed him. And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal ; And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen I have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*]—What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: Read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Here then is the finest display of a lewd, fat, and humorous old man that ever was drawn by mortal pen. Every part seems so natural, it is next to impossible but the poet drew the portrait from the life. And so rich, so poignant with genuine attic wit are these pages, that the preceding matter, indifferently—the original, or the borrowed—are, in interest and in quality, as inferior to those of the bard as small-beer to sparkling champaign. It is indeed SHAKESPEARE'S knight,—but not the KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF!

A JUVENILE CULPRIT;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF THOMAS ANDERSON.

‘ Learn to be wise by others’ ills,
‘ And thou shalt do full well.’

THOMAS ANDERSON was the son of reputable parents in the city of Aberdeen, in Scotland: his father was one of those unhappy people who went over to the Scotch colony formed at the isthmus of Darien, when it was destroyed, at the instigation of the Dutch, by William III. of England. His son, being left at Aberdeen under the care of his mother, was apprenticed to a glazier. The case of the boy was pitiable: his father had been a gentleman, and he had himself been educated in the manner in which gentlemen, a hundred or six-score years since, were educated in that remote part of Scotland. It was scarcely to be expected he could bear the drudgery of so mean an occupation without repining: he took it greatly to heart, but continued two years with his master. Instead of reconciling himself to a state imposed upon him by misfortunes, he grew more and more restless; and being full of that spirit of enterprise which distinguish his countrymen so greatly, although, unhappily, directed to a wrong course, the rash young man absconded from his master, and from his mother, robbing them both. From his poor widowed mother he took thirteen guineas, and a gold watch, endeared to her, no doubt, much beyond its intrinsic worth, as having belonged to her husband, the father of this unhappy youth. Being thus provided with funds, the fugitive obtained a horse, and the utmost

speed to Edinburgh. Sensible of the risk of being pursued, and the ignominious fate which awaited him if taken, he sought diligently at Leith for a vessel bound for London,—was successful, and on the fifth day found himself a sojourner in that city where so many of his countrymen, from the lowest conditions in life, had made their way to a high state of opulence and apparent respectability.

But his was not a mind calculated to make way by slow degrees: he had no more relish for dependance, servility, and honest though humble labour, than he had had in Scotland. He was not, however, devoid of caution, though destitute of fortitude. As soon as he had landed in that vast metropolis, this enterprising youth hired a furnished room in an obscure spot in the vicinity of Bur-street, Wapping, and there he deposited whatever luggage he had brought with him. Upon examining the state of his ill-gotten funds, he found his stock was reduced to twelve guineas, exclusive of his mother's gold watch. Determined to see the 'great town,' he put the watch in his fob, and a couple of guineas in his purse; and fearful of losing himself in the attempt to penetrate into the city through the streets, or desirous of taking a view of London from the Thames, he was conveyed in a boat to Blackfriars' stairs, (there was no bridge till sixty years later,) thence he walked to Fleet-street. He had not proceeded far in that celebrated promenade for male and female sharpers on the look-out for prey, before his provincial appearance, attracting the notice of a courtesan, in a broad Scottish dialect she accosted him, asking him how he did?—He stumbled excessively at the salutation, thinking he was already detected, and about to be delivered over to justice. Observing his surprise, though not aware of its cause, the woman said, with well-dissembled modesty, 'Excuse me, Sir, I took you for a Mr. Johnson of Hull, a near relation of mine, whom you very much resemble.'—This close and her speech having removed his fears, he began, with

the eyes of a wild youth released from maternal restraint, and bent on a voyage after false and illusive pleasure, to notice the female who had thus startled him. If he had not been a perfect novice in such affairs, he would, at first glance, have been aware of the unfortunate class of females to whom she appertained. But he was a mere boy as to years,—his passions were all afloat,—and the experienced courtesan noticing his fitness for her purpose, allured him into a free discourse, and then to a place of infamous resort, where the mistress of a house of accommodation invited them to tea. His *dulcinea*, being close pressed by the amorous boy, after the sham coyness usual on such occasions, agreed to pass the night with him; but to *deceive* the *respectable* matron of the house, she said he must describe himself as her husband. Heated by wine and lust, he agreed to this proposal; pretended his companion was his wife, that he was just come from sea,—received the congratulations of the abbess,—had a supper provided, drank freely, and, at an early hour, went to bed. Thus, in rapid progression, young Anderson robbed his master and his widowed mother, made his way to London, fell into company with a female sharper, and passed the second night in London at a brothel situated at the lower end of Salisbury Square.

Unused to such excesses, the profligate youth slept, whether naturally or from the effects of drugs, till eleven o'clock the next morning. When he awoke, he was not a little amazed to find his bed-fellow gone! Casting his eyes about, he quickly found that he was robbed of that which by robbery he had obtained; for the gold watch and his money were both gone! The door he found locked on the outside; but looking on the floor, he saw lying there a key and a letter. When, with a trembling hand, he opened the latter, it informed him that the writer, who subscribed herself '*Jane Johnson*,' had been *stealing* the last three years, upon the town; that after *the* *stealing* had

said overnight, he had made her a present of all the
 he had left; that she had told the landlady, as she
 out, she was gone to buy him some linen; she advised
 to keep to the same tale, for as she was three pounds
 for lodging, and he had, the overnight, owned her
 wife, she thought it candid to apprise him, that he
 not be sued; and so considerate was she as to ad-
 him to keep to the same tale, that he might get away!
 old him that she considered he had paid *dear enough*
 frolic, asked him to forgive the scurvy trick she had
 him, and closed her epistle in these words, '*I am*
next time you meet me.'

The grieved and mortified youth felt a bitter pang when he
 ad in how base a manner the gold watch, chain,
 and seal, which had belonged to his unhappy father,
 een stolen by his hands from his widowed mother,
 est. He was horror-struck, for he had taken it, not
 he intention of for ever depriving his mother of that
 ble and highly-valued relict, but in the view of raising
 upon it, if his necessities should reduce him to that
 ient. He intended to pawn it, and to redeem it the
 pportunity, and restore it to her. Its loss afflicted
 much, it brought home to his conscience the enor-
 of his crimes so forcibly, that he shed penitential tears
 ents, and was so agitated, it was some time before
 old recompose his mind sufficiently to think on the
 means of getting out of the den of vice, disease, and
 r, into which folly and wickedness had led him.—But
 he re-considered the tenor of the note, grieved as he
 he saw that the unhappy female, whose bosom yet re-
 in the wreck of innocence, health, and fame, some
 sent of humanity and pity, had given him good ad-
 although upon an evil occasion. Assuming therefore
 of carelessness very ill according with the emotions
 conscience-scourged bosom, he bade the old bawd
 Mrs. Johnson,' *when she came home with the linen,*

that he was gone to the coffee-house to read the papers, and should be back immediately afterwards to breakfast !

Such were the adventures that befel this youth on second night past in the metropolis of England !

With a heavy heart, young Anderson went to the Thames side again, half inclined to throw himself in : he called a boat, and desired to be rowed back towards Wapping. he sat ruminating upon his unhappy state, and his prospects, he recollected that there was in London a celebrated, although not a very *worthy* character, the executor Jonathan Wild. He communicated his loss to the wretched man, but not its source, from whom he gained such information as fully explained the nature of Wild's occupation ; namely, obtaining back, from the hands of common thieves, valuables of any kind, of which any person had been recently robbed in London or its vicinity.

Jonathan Wild had just then opened his first public office, which, with singular propriety, he fixed near the Old Bailey, the scite of Newgate, and of the Sessions-house, where the thieves with whom he negotiated were confined and judged. Having apprised that anomalous being of his errand, he did not wait long for the honour of an audience. Being extremely desirous to regain the watch and apparels, he told, without reserve, the mode in which he lost it ; and described the person of his false mistress, with accuracy that probably might have led to her destruction if the situation of the plaintiff had been such as permit a prosecution. Anderson found Jonathan completely a man of business : he promised to be diligent, and told Anderson to call again in a short time : but his fate decreed him a very different destination ; for as he was endeavouring to thread his way home by land, in order to save boat or coach-hire, and being fearful of missing his way, he had already asked several persons the road to Bur-street, and was yet no further on his way than the middle of Chancery side ! He was there politely accosted by a gentleman

g, well-dressed man, who said, smiling as he spoke, 'Wise, young gentleman, you are a stranger in this city. I have heard you, five or six times, inquire way to Bur-street, Wapping. It happens that I found that way. If you allow me, I shall willingly be your pilot.' Anderson was at this time in so dejected a state, and in so querulous a mode, he cared but little what were the true character or views of the stranger. He was not without his suspicions,—for the trick that had lately been played off upon him by Miss Jane Johnson had given him a lesson, as regarded street acquaintance in London, he was not likely very readily to forget. He hoped, therefore, that it might lead to some advantage if he received the advances of the stranger with equal civility, and they walked in company till they had reached the immediate locality of his temporary home.

'We must not refuse to take part of a pint of wine with a young man,' said the insidious guide. 'I like your manners and person. I can perceive you are a gentleman!' In the hope of flattery this that displayed his science in the art of life wherein he moved. 'I fear,' continued he, 'you are not as fortunate as you deserve. Perhaps I may be able to serve you. At all events, assure yourself your situation shall not be worsted.' Young Anderson heard him with respectful silence, and in few words thanked the stranger for his kind intentions and civilities.—They went into a tavern, asked for a private room, and called for wine. As this house was in the vicinity of the Scotch church, Anderson's countenance changed several times as the waiters entered, a circumstance which passed not unobserved of his watchful companion, who looking him full in the face, said, 'My dear boy, of whom are you apprehensive?' This is not a *Scotch tavern*. You are perfectly safe here.' This address redoubled his confusion; but as there was so much gentleness in the speech, he was not much alarmed. As the wine operated, and the

stranger wormed himself into his good opinion, young Anderson gave him a general outline of his biography, glossing over those parts which the imagination of his artful and experienced companion supplied. When he had closed his brief narrative, the stranger said, ‘ You were
‘ born and educated a gentleman ; you were cast down by
‘ an adverse turn of fortune’s wheel, and your friends, very
‘ injudiciously, placed you in a mean and servile situation.
‘ You took French leave, and have, no doubt, very substantial reasons for wishing to avoid an immediate return !
‘ Lastly, you came to London in the determination to live
‘ as gentlemen live.’—There was an archness and good-humour in his manner that encouraged Anderson to act ingenuously, and he answered with firmness in the affirmative !
‘ Give me your hand, my boy !’ said the senile sinner. ‘ I
‘ am the very man to put you in the right path. I have
‘ lived as a gentleman, these twenty years, on no other resources than my experience and knowledge of mankind.
‘ You seem to be a spirited lad !—Are you willing to receive
‘ instruction ?’ Anderson said briskly, that nothing was more wanting, and related his late adventure. His comrade laughed heartily, and told him, in three days’ time, if he had spirit, he should be in possession of a good watch and chain of three times the value, and apparel, and servants, all suitable to a nobleman’s estate. ‘ You say,’ said he,
‘ you came from Aberdeen. Do you know any nobleman or
‘ gentleman of very large fortune in that neighbourhood,
‘ whose heir-apparent you resemble ?’ ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ that
‘ I do ! There’s the Honourable Bob ———, the son of
‘ Lord ———, whom I am said greatly to resemble. I
‘ know him well, his family history, and father’s establishment of servants. We are nearly of the same age and
‘ stature !’—‘ Excellent, my boy ! Thou art born to shine
‘ in the great world, I can plainly foresee ! Thou art to
‘ be the Honourable Bob ——— ; and here’s to your ho-

'a very good health and prosperity.' Anderson laughed, and at the wit and conviviality of the stranger. A good supper was served up, and as they ate their repast the senior knave told the Tyro what the plan he had in his head was ;—for him to assume the name, arms, and style of living of this Honourable Bob ———, to raise up money and goods in his name, chiefly of value, and easily converted into cash.

As easy as Anderson was, and readily as he closed with the villainous scheme, he yet felt strong qualms of conscience : he could not conceal from himself that by this designing project he might bring ruin upon honest and industrious tradesmen and their families. He felt he was entering upon a course of life more infamous than that of a highway robber, and every way dastardly and cruel. Yet he determined to commence swindler in the style proposed, if his associate could raise capital for his equipment, with this reserve, however, to get off if possible before the explosion arrived, to go abroad, and try by honest industry or legal speculations to raise his fortune, and then to reimburse the losses he might occasion : but he also intended to return his father's watch to his afflicted mother ; and the example of the sandy foundation of his *best resource* ought to have deterred him from venturing upon a course of life so truly wicked and degrading, in the face of his intentions to quit it the first opportunity.

We resume the narrative. after spending the evening together, and making an assignation for the next day, the two companions parted, mutually convinced of each others' design, and each secretly resolved to make the best of the future, regardless of his associate's sufferings. Such is the conduct of men who associate for some villanous object. The tie that binds them is as little to be relied upon as a rope of sand ; and if, in the case of this kind of characters, there should by chance be one who would act with fidelity in such a con-

tract, that one would be sure of falling a victim to the perfidy of his comrades. There have been many extraordinary instances of generosity, fidelity, and self-immolation, amongst bands of robbers and outlaws of all ages and countries; but rare indeed, if at all, amongst professed swindlers (*k*) are any such traits discoverable.

At their next interview, Anderson's tutor, whose name is not recorded, introduced two or three of his comrades. When he saw them, and noticed their hard, keen, bronzed countenances,—when he marked the approving smile when the senior delineated the aptitude of their scholar, he felt so humbled, so severely self-reproved, he almost wished the earth to open and swallow him up. They conversed in a language they thought unknown to him. One of them having objected to trust Anderson with their funds, said, '*He is but half a convert! Mark how he reddened as he was taught how to conduct himself: if he colours at the bare thought of the enterprise he is about commencing, how do you think he will act in case of danger? he'll sell us every one.*' 'Hold your tongue,' said the tutor and advocate for Anderson, '*these are but the last sparks of expiring honesty. I'll be bound, in six months' time, there will not be a greater or more expert cheat in all London than this red-haired chicken from the North.*' Anderson having been accustomed to converse with a Dutch skipper at Aberdeen, had attained enough of knowledge of that language to understand them. He could with difficulty refrain from letting them know he perfectly understood all they said. But the desperate state of his affairs, and his inability to give any reference whereby to obtain a situation as a clerk or servant, kept him silent. He detested the new-comers,—he did not now like his patron, and he was more than ever determined '*to cut and run,*'

(*k*) This denomination was derived from the German noun *ein-Schwindler*—i. e. a juggler, sleight-of-hand man,—common cheat.

the first moment he could secure a booty competent to pay his passage and his outfit to the plantations, or to Jamaica.

In a very short time after these consultations, Anderson was fitted out as suited the rank and fortune of the individual whose name and additions he had assumed. An apartment in a fashionable part of the town was hired; one of his accomplices, whose face was not familiar to the town, acted as his valet, and two footmen were hired, and clad in the livery of the young Scotch nobleman, who was entitled to a large fortune upon his coming of age. The gang of swindlers by whom he was thus decorated as a decoy, spread in every place, where credit was intended to be asked for, the most artful and seductive stories respecting the young Scotch laird; allured by which, goldsmiths and jewellers,^(l) silk-merchants, mercers, tailors, and every other kind of tradesmen whom the rich and great usually employ, were quickly caught. A knavish Scotch merchant, who was in the secret,^(m) and who expected to participate of the spoil, answered the inquiries which were directed to him in a way that kept himself clear from any legal responsibility, and fully answered the ends of this swindling circle. Anderson was allowed to possess some of the plate and jewellery, as well as fine body linen, clothes, and other

(l) A young gentleman, who is now a writer in the Bengal establishment, in the year 1813, took up plate and jewels of a well known *nauroux jeweller* residing in ***** Street. The young man could not obtain more than twenty per cent. advance upon them at a pawnbroker's —the tradesman threatened to prosecute him as a swindler! But if he charged so enormous an advance, in the hope of plundering an extravagant, thoughtless young man, he was much the greater criminal and swindler of the two.

n, This is a common practice amongst traders of the *knaveish* sort, and these, by far, outnumber the honest. In 1820, a singular connexion of this kind occurred at Liverpool, between a Methodist and a Jew, which led to a complete trial of skill. The Jew had had the advantage of a London education, and had made many a brilliant campaign amongst the dissipated *beaux-monsieurs* of the west end of the town; but the Liverpool Methodist proved a full match for him! The plan was to cheat in partnership, and go

essentials of nobility. Amongst these was a magnificent diamond ring, and a very sumptuous gold watch and appendages. Just as they were meditating a very grand stroke against a Jew money-lender, which was in negotiation, and which was intended to be the finale of these operations, some of the trades-people communicated the arrival of the supposed Scotch heir to an editor of one of the then existing journals, who announced the arrival of the gay and magnificent laird to the fashionable circles.—This incident struck Anderson with terror: he foresaw the embarrassments to which it must inevitably lead, and taking time by the fore-lock, he resolved to be off with as much of the spoil as he could; and so sly was he in his operations, that he removed, undiscovered, plate, jewellery, fine clothes, linen, &c. to the value of about four hundred pounds, out of the property fraudulently obtained.

Having no confidential friend, nor even an acquaintance on whose integrity he could rely, Anderson was much perplexed how to get off his share of the spoil, and his person; and he ran an imminent risk before he recollected an inn in Holborn, where it struck him he might be safe: thither he drove; and lucky for him it was that he did not delay, for he had not been absent from his splendid lodgings two hours before there were many *very* pressing inquiries made for his *honour*, which could not be parried; and which led to the discovery that he had already taken the alarm, and made off with the booty! The whole cheat was then discovered, and that same night a description of the sham-nobleman was advertised, with a considerable reward for apprehending him.

Meantime nothing could be more wretched than Anderson, although not aware how tremendous was his danger. He was in the immediate vicinity of Jonathan Wild, and he fancied, every step he heard, was that of an officer coming to apprehend him. He could not rest; he counted the hours as the drowsy watchmen called them; and con-

mince, depicting his future fate, according to his past career, he began to calculate, if he should be taken, and tried at the Old Bailey, in how many days he might be carried along Holborn in a cart, upon his way to Tyburn to be hung ! He thought of his injured mother's sorrows, brought, perhaps, to the grave by his crimes ; and he made the most solemn resolution, if he swept the streets for his bread, never more to be concerned in dishonest transactions. In the midst of these pious resolves he fell into a dose ; and sleeping sound, it was late ere he awoke.

Being extremely timid, he judged it prudent to keep as much as possible out of sight ; he went to the inn muffled up in his great coat, and he obtained a peruke of a colour different from his own hair. Pleading indisposition, he asked for breakfast in his room ; and, with an air of perfect indifference, for a newspaper. His orders were obeyed. He wisely forbore taking it up whilst the waiter was in the room. As he went away, with a palpitating heart he opened it, and almost the first article that struck him was a full and tolerably accurate account of himself,—of the frauds he had committed under the assumed name of the *Honourable Robert J——*, and a reward of fifty pounds for his apprehension. Though his heart sunk within him, Anderson had sense enough to show a fair exterior. His bed-room fronted the street ; and he sat, securely disguised by changing the colour of his hair, occasionally at the window. The perturbation of his mind had occasioned a little fever, and he pleaded a cold as the cause for desiring an apothecary to attend him. The latter prescribed some slight remedies, just enough to sanction his keeping in doors.—He next pretended he wanted a suit of mourning, on account of the death of a relation, and which he would have had made but for this indisposition. And he took, at chance, the name of a gentleman's son residing in Devonshire, who came once a year to that inn. By this ruse he eluded suspicion. A tailor was sent ; he was

measured in a morning-gown, and in a short time the morning suit came. He then, still pleading indisposition, sent his chamberlain to bespeak a place for Bristol ; and though inquiry had been made at the very inn where he put up, and prudently had he played his cards, he was not suspected, and the chamberlain having punctually obeyed his orders, the young adventurer got safe off. The same good fortune awaited him at Bristol. He found a vessel nearly ready to sail : he made up an excellent story of his motive and object in wishing to visit Jamaica. He pleaded sorrow at the death of a near and dear relation as a reason for leaving out of company. And the vessel lying at anchor in the Severn, off Peel, and being completely ready for service, he went with the captain on board ; the anchor was weighed, and to his inexpressible joy, they cleared the channel without cross or accident.

As they were near Kinsale, a heavy gale came on, amongst other damage, the rudder post was injured. This forced the captain to put back, and have the state of the vessel properly ascertained, before he ventured forth into the Atlantic ; he therefore made for Cork. Supposing himself out of danger, and not thinking it prudent to remain on board, lest by over precaution he might create misapprehension, Anderson appeared glad of an opportunity to renew his stock of vegetable, and other essential comforts, prior to leaving the coasts. Fortunate for him it was that he was for asking the master of the coffee-house at Cork to send him a London paper, the waiter was sent to the post-office, as a mark of respect, it was first handed to our adventurer. He opened its pages very carelessly,—but to his horror and amazement, he saw that the officers of justice had traced him through every double, to Bristol, had ascertained the ship on which he had entered, and learned that the FELON had escaped, the ship having sailed on prior to the arrival of the runners ! He also learned

his associates were all in the hands of justice, and great part of the property recovered.

So severe was the shock, it was with the utmost difficulty he could help fainting away. Yet he had self-command to avoid manifesting emotions likely to excite suspicion. Pretending to be seized with a violent pain in his bowels, he asked the master of the house to show him to the privy. It was situated in a garden; he had to cross the inn yard. Having read the narrative, trembling as he went on, he first defaced the passage; next, wrapping a stone in the paper, he flung it with all his force deep down into the still. He then returned: he was asked for the paper,—he felt in his pocket,—it was not there. It was then supposed he had dropt it in the yard, or, that being on the point of quitting the Irish coast, he had secreted it: and to his infinite satisfaction, and the regret of those whose curiosity he had thus disappointed, he learnt it was the only *morning* paper of the day in Cork! Having thus narrowly escaped destruction, when he rashly thought all danger, except the danger of the seas, were over,—Anderson, in his heart, ejaculated a fervent thanksgiving, and again made a solemn vow never more, in riches or in poverty, to act dishonestly. And it was his nightly prayer that he might be enabled to inform his mother of his reformation, and indemnify her for her sufferings, and every one whom he had injured.

Upon his arrival in the West Indies, he settled himself in a respectable lodging-house kept by a very worthy widow woman. He lived very retired,—went regularly to church, and became, in every respect, correct in his deportment. He was, however, become, unknown to himself, an object of mistrust. The arrival of London papers exposed the transaction; and many smiled, and some frowned, as they read the cheating tricks he had played upon the tradesmen of London. He scarcely showed himself in the news-rooms; frequented none of the public

places, but generally past his time in reading, or walking early in the morning, or late in the evening.

Anderson thought his landlady often noticed him in particular manner ; and every hour, when they sat together at their meals, he expected every day she would address him as the sharper who was advertised : he was, however very agreeably deceived.

He had often seen the captain and the mates of the vessel in which he had arrived, and they always bowed to him, and treated him with respect ; he therefore concluded they had no suspicion who he was. But in this conclusion he was again in error. For one day after dinner, as the captain, the widow, and himself, sat at table, eating their desert, the widow said, in a mild and serious tone, ‘ You bear so strong a resemblance to the person advertised in this paper,—handing it to him,—that myself, and my friend captain, have fully made up our minds you are that person.’ Seeing the blood rushing to his cheeks, and then forsaking them, she said with a smile, ‘ Don’t be apprehensive of danger or of insult ! You’ll meet with neither. We both wish you well, and feel convinced you are penitent, and were drawn in by bad associates. If you deal candidly, we are ready and able to serve you.’ It was some minutes before Anderson could speak. When he had, in some measure, recovered himself, he owned a fact which he could not, with any hope of belief, deny. They then asked him what line of life he purposed following ; and feeling convinced, by their own observations, that his errors had sprung from the impulse of wounded pride in the first instance, and desperation in the second ; and also that the hair-breadth escapes he had had from being apprehended and brought to an ignominious punishment, and a keen sense of the degradation that attached to such proceedings had wrought most powerfully on his mind, they had contradicted the suspicions that attached, and struck of Anderson as a very respectable young man. The result of their

deliberations were, that they procured him a situation as clerk on an extensive sugar plantation, where his conduct was so becoming, he was soon removed to a place of greater trust; and from that, in the course of three years, he became manager of a very considerable estate for an absent proprietor. In the course of a few days after acquiring his first place, he wrote a letter, filled with expressions of shame and remorse, to his deserted mother; and after waiting six months, to his inexpressible joy, a letter, superscribed by her own hand, was put into his!—He burst into a flood of tears at the sight of her well-known writing, but they were tears of joy that she *yet lived*, and that his vile treatment of her, and his robbery of his master, had not broken her heart, nor hurried her to the grave. But greatly indeed was he shocked to hear that she had quitted Aberdeen, and had sold off her furniture to pay his master the money he had '*made free with,*' as her gentle phraseology termed the robbery; lastly, that her health was very much shattered; and that as her greatest sorrows had been caused by his misconduct, so she hoped, by his steady pursuit of wisdom and virtue, and constancy in his good resolutions, he would smooth the path to that long home to which she believed she was fast descending.—It would be useless to attempt delineating his feelings, for they were so acute as nearly to unhinge his mind. He realized a hundred pounds, and remitted it to his mother in products that he knew would, upon sale, increase it one-third. He wrote by different ships once every two months, enclosing testimonials of his good conduct from his employers. Prosperity seemed to attend every thing he undertook. At the end of the fifth year's residence in Jamaica, he courted and married a rich young widow; but he did not deceive her as to his former errors.—Without touching her fortune, and from his own honest gains, he remitted to his mother ample funds to pay principle and interest of all the debts he had contracted in his swindling speculation. Having thus prepared the way

for a reputable return, and being quite independent as to fortune, he proceeded to England with his wife, and found his beloved mother living, and in better health than he expected for the happiness she felt in seeing him right himself after so dreadful a plunge in vice, and above all, his punctual remittances, part at a time, of funds to pay off the debts he had so shamefully contracted, enabled her once more to lift her head, and reflect with pride on the noble effort her son had made to regain his lost situation in society.

But how many chances, to one in his favour, were there *against* him? and how many hundred unhappy youths have been cut off by savage laws, whose intentions to reform and to refund were sincere as his own, but who had not the same good fortune!

An instance of a generous, kind, and worthy young man, who was cut off in the dawn of life for a single offence, will be found in the following case, which is strictly true, though I believe it has never yet been seen in print, the particulars having been communicated to me by the extraordinary individual who strove in vain to save him.



A RUSTIC DELINQUENT;

OR, THE VICTIM OF TEMPTATION.

Although his crime correction sharp requir'd,
 And on the gallows-tree the youth was hang;
 Yet was this criminal an angel bright
 With him compar'd who thirsted for his blood.
 His fate has many a feeling heart deplor'd,
 And countless tears at his sad tale been shed.
 Whilst the old wretch, that urg'd his hapless death,
 Liv'd hated and despis'd, till life became
 A curse: and when he died—far off and near—
 Deep execration—e'en beyond the grave,
 His name—abhorr'd—pursu'd! A monster dire,
 Whose stony heart, by AV'RICE possess'd,
 Nor pity soft, nor gentle mercy knew,—
 And none deserv'd.

EDITOR.

BUT the year 1780, a young husbandry labourer having married a young woman before they had any thing with to begin house-keeping, they were very much short; and what added to their difficulties was, the husband lost a great deal of time by sickness. When he recovered his health, his wife, whom he loved with the truest affection, and who appears to have been worthy of him, was approaching a period of peculiar and tender affliction, and for which they had not been able to make provision. This heavy trouble weighed down his spirits; he was not of nothing but the hardships to which he was to be exposed; he knew not one to whom to apply for relief. Their relations were all equally poor as themselves, and besides they blamed the improvident young

couple for *their imprudence*. Yet they were both arrived at full maturity; and it is the heaviest of all reproaches upon the government of a rich and fertile land, when honest and industrious young couples are deterred from early marriages by the fear of want!

The generosity of the gentleman whose lips first made me acquainted with this affecting tale, concealed the name of the husband and wife; I shall therefore call one Jamie, the other I have named Jane. He worked for a close miserly hunk of a farmer, an old bachelor, a few miles distant from Jedburgh, an ancient and pleasant town, delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed, and in the venerable grammar-school of which, the illustrious and patriotic poet, JAMES THOMSON, received the first rudiments of a classical education.

In the midst of his mental distresses, and as the harvest was gathering in, Jamie, unhappily for him, chanced one day to see his master hide some gold coins, in a chest which, by a strange chance, he left open. Up to that moment, no man's character stood fairer than Jamie's. He was poor, but he was honest; and he never thought poverty an insupportable evil, till the prospect of his Jane being so severe a sufferer created a temptation he had not power to resist. He calculated how much would buy a bed and bedding,—how much was necessary to bring her through her lying-in; he calculated also what time it would take him to replace that which he meant to steal. Five guineas appeared to him enough to cover all his wants, and furnish a cottage. He knew the old man from whose hoards he meant to take the sum he wished would not feel the loss, should he discover it, at least that it could not reduce him to distress; and the consciousness that it would lift from a state of misery her whose existence was incomparably dearer than his life, reconciled him to the deed, and he robbed his master.

When he presented one of the pieces of gold to his be-

loved wife, she looked steadily in his face, and asked him how and of whom he had obtained that splendid coin?—Jamie knew how stern were her notions of honesty: he felt assured she would rather have retired to a hovel, and made her bed of straw, than he should sully his name by a dishonest deed. He had therefore, and perhaps for the first time in his life, to tell a deliberate lie: to pacify her, he named a person, residing in a distant part, and whom he said he had met by chance. Having not the least reason to believe him capable of uttering a wilful and premeditated falsehood, her beautiful blue eyes lighted up with joy, and tenderly embracing her husband, thanked him for his kind care and solicitude for her sake. Ah! had she then known in what manner the fond young man had obtained that piece of gold, she would have rushed through flames of fire to have replaced or restored it. Another and another followed,—and the husband still found means to make his Jane believe it was the same kind friend that supplied him with a loan to the amount of five guineas. Jamie was not a hardened sinner; his conscience smote him every falsehood he uttered, and the *possibility* of detection, and the dread of public shame overwhelming her for whose sake he had thus sinned, threw a gloom on his countenance which distressed his wife. Whenever she addressed him, the cloud vanished, and he would fondly chide her for forming imaginary troubles, or assign some trivial cause; but still it returned, and settled round his brows like the mists round Skiddaw that portend a storm.

The storm came,—suddenly and terribly it burst upon his faithful, his beautiful bride. As she sat one evening preparing his homely supper, two constables arrived, having her husband in custody, and followed by a train of villagers, men, women, and children!

A heart-piercing shriek, and a spring into his slowly-opened arms, was the spontaneous effect of this tremendous sight. ‘Loose my husband! loose my husband!’ she ex-

claimed. ‘Why do you hold him thus? Why is he thus treated?—My husband is not, cannot be dishonest!’—A deep groan burst from his agonised bosom;—in his features gloomy horror sat enthroned; and the big drops chased each other down his cheeks. He said, in a voice almost inarticulate, ‘They must not loose me, my James!’ ‘I have been dishonest!’—At this terrible denouncement she sunk senseless to the floor,—her wretched husband bent over her, and prayed to the Almighty to be his shield and protector in this dreadful hour, brought on by his guilt. The constables were so much shocked they shed tears, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowded cottage; but its mistress shed more than all the rest combined. Youth, and a strong constitution, soon recalled her fleeing senses:—‘Ah! my dear James, thy love for me has ruined thee for ever! It was for my sake he committed the crime. Oh my dear, my generous man! how could you be so terribly kind? I’ll sell these goods, I’ll sell my wedding-ring, and all I have on earth, to make up the money. Oh take all, take all,’ she cried, ‘but spare, oh spare my husband.’ As she spoke she fell on her knees before the constables, and implored them to remain in the house whilst she went to the master whom he had wronged. To this they consented, although the orders they received were, after searching the house, to make the best of the way with their prisoner to the castle or gaol in Jedburgh.

A short time brought her to the door of his master, who was at that instant repelling the entreaties of several of his neighbours to have mercy on his servant, and spare him. As she entered, she threw herself on her knees, her hair dishevelled, her bosom heaving, and her eyes swimming in tears. Never did a fiend look with more malice upon a damned soul, than this callous old wretch looked at the supplicating woman. ‘Get from my sight,’ said he, ‘thou daughter of Beelzebub. It was *thy pride* that tempted him to become a robber,—and I should rejoice to see you

‘hung on the gallows-tree.’—Saying this, the old man arose, took her by the arm, and pushed her away, against the door to with the utmost fury!—For a moment, struck by this savage repulse, she paused, and wringing hands, looked up to heaven for succour and guidance. Scarcely recollecting that whilst she stayed her husband would be torn away, she set off with a rapidity not to have been expected from a woman in the last month of gestation. The loneliness of death, notwithstanding the speed she had taken, sat on her cheeks, and the gloom of despair dimmed her eyes. As she entered, she ran to her husband, and said, ‘All is over, Jamie! Thy cruel master will kill me. Thou must go to prison. May I not go with thee? May I not share thy dungeon and thy chains?’ ‘No, my Jane. No! I that have dishonoured and betrayed you, must alone go to the dungeon. I alone am worthy! Farewell—farewell! heaven guard and shield thee!’—Saying this, he kissed her pale lips, and leaving her faint, in the care of her neighbours, he withdrew with the constables, and never saw her more! When the poor young creature came to herself, her eager gaze at the sight of her Jamie,—the dreadful truth flashed upon her mind that he was taken away to gaol. In despair, she tore her hair, she smote her bosom, and gave the reins to sorrow, cried and raved, till excessive grief brought on a premature labour. Dreadfully prolonged were her pains,—at the end of forty-eight hours gave birth to a dead child, and within two hours after died her last! Amidst all her agony, the thoughts of her husband’s situation seemed to occupy all her thoughts. Her last words were, ‘I die thankful! I can see my Jamie here! I am assured God will forgive me and we shall meet in heaven!’

The humanity of the poor cottagers supplied a coffin and shroud, and her funeral, though mean, was attended by a numerous train of real mourners. Nothing but sobs and

groans were heard as the earth was thrown back into the grave. Carefully was it banked and turfed, and strewn with flowers; and impressive was the lesson thus read in her melancholy end, to the younger part of the assistants, on the awful consequences of Jamie's dishonesty. But whilst the elders condemned his conduct, in their hearts they execrated the unfeeling barbarity of '*auld Donald*,' whose determination to prosecute the wretched offender was not in the least degree extenuated by the death of the criminal's wife and child.

This barbarian was seventy years old and upwards, and never had he, during that long life, been known to do any action that the law could punish: never any act of benevolence or grace! As a husband, he lay under the imputation of having suffered his wife to die rather than pay a nurse, or allow her proper nourishment, or medical aid. He had outlived a numerous progeny,—he stood alone, like a blasted tree in a desert; he had no friend, no associate. It was not to be wondered at that he starved every one round him, for so excessive was this disease of the wretch's soul, he actually begrudged himself food! He would indeed lend money to the needy, but it was always on usurious terms, and he ruined and sold up every soul whom he assisted. So much was he detested, not a creature would work for him who could get a day's work elsewhere; for the overdriving wretch was not contented except he could wring two days' labour in one day's time: he paid less than almost any other, and never gave a crust of bread away, or a drink of small, very small-beer, which was the most costly beverage he ever allowed himself. But when the unfortunates who owed him money, or wished to borrow, invited him to a feast, he fed like a hungry hog, and swilled large draughts of the most costly liquors given by his hosts. Nothing agreed with his stomach *at home*, but the meanest and cheapest at other people's tables, and at other p
most costly
with his sto-
re. Abroad
s' cost, at

thing was too luxurious. When he went away, crammed with village delicacies, he had been heard to exclaim, '*Fools make feasts, and wise men go to eat them.*'—A labourer had worked thirty years for this living monument of avarice and cruelty. He continued with him, because, poor as was his pay, and hard his task, it was constant employ. When this poor man felt his strength decay, when he found he could not perform the usual quantum of labour, he asked leave to drop one hour's time in each day's toil. 'Very well, Andrew,' said he, 'I'll talk to thee on Saturday night.' Saturday night came, and Andrew, looking anxiously in the face of the man-devouring monster, asked if he would please to allow him that respite. 'Aye,' said he, 'Andrew! I mean to give thee time enough. Thou needest not come again. I have hired a stout young fellow in thy place!' This stout young fellow was the prisoner in Jedburgh castle!—Andrew was thunderstruck. This master had had all his strength during his youthful manhood, and the maturity of life; and now, at the very first symptom of decaying power, he was cast away as nothing worth. A tear trickled down the cheek of poor Andrew as he withdrew, but he knew the wretch too well to offer remonstrance, or use any supplication!—As he retired, the monster was heard to say, '*I have had thy marrow, Andrew, and the de'il may take thy bones.*'

In all his usurious contracts, it was his constant rule to break every agreement, and every promise, to which a neighbouring writer to the signet assured him he could not be held by the law; and even when the law could compel the performance, if the parties were indigent, he would still oppress them by every base chicanery. Nothing delighted the vulgar wretch so much as the opportunity to insult those better born and bred, whom misfortune or imprudence reduced to the humiliation of being beholden to him, or in any way subjected to his power! Malignant as

a fiend, it was his greatest delight to inflict indignity upon indignity, to force them to endure the mental torture that a purse-proud upstart has the power of inflicting upon those subjected to his sway. He suffered a brother of his to linger years in gaol for a small debt, for which he might not have been arrested but for the reputed wealth of this isolated, stony-hearted wretch. Yet this man, who was a man only in form and visage,—for his soul was so anti-social, it left room to suppose it had, in some former state, belonged to a devil of the first order of malignity,—was the most constant of all his fellow-parishioners in his attendance at kirk,—his responses were the loudest, and his manual of devotion the most minute,—he was the first to kneel, the last to rise,—the first to enter the kirk, the last to retire. And he never failed to partake of the holy cup, when the sacrament was administered ; it was often remarked that he drank *deeper* than any of his neighbours. He called himself a *Christian* ; but his heart was so wholly dead and cold to all social, all charitable, all benevolent feelings,—and as the great founder of Christianity enjoined all his followers to lust not after riches, lest it led them to perdition, but to love their neighbours as themselves,—it results he could not be a Christian ! Nor, by the same test, could he be termed an HONEST MAN ! No ! Wherever a man is seen who gives himself up to this hideous vice, he is not, and *he cannot* be, an honest man. For HONESTY does not consist in the strict performance of a contract *he dares not break*, but in a strictly honourable and conscientious discharge of his duty, whether pledged by his word or sign, and doing unto another as he would be done unto. This, and this alone, is moral honesty. A man may deserve the gallows for a hundred mortal crimes, if tried on this principle, and by this test who lifts his head aloft, and says, ‘ Becau the law can-
‘ *not* reach me, I am an honest man.’

I am thus emphatical in my denunciation of AVARICE, because it is the leading vice of the age ; and because, as the

records of our courts of law daily prove, the character of our traders is become so *debased*, that they think it no dishonour whatever, no blemish to their character, to violate any agreement, verbal or written, that *their attorney or lawyer* may tell them can be broken with impunity! So numerous are such acts of fraud and knavery, the good old character of the *Thoroughbreds* of Queen Bess's 'golden reign' are laughed at as *fools*, and commercial *swindling* is carried on under the inspection and guidance of *attorneys and lawyers*!

To quit this definition of *AVARICE* and *HONESTY*—and return to the wretched prisoner, who was confined in a strong room, high aloft in a tower of the old castle at Jedburgh,—it is scarcely necessary to say, he felt additional horror and remorse, when informed of the premature death of his wife and his child. The pangs of a heart so susceptible, and so wounded, cannot be described. He lay in a sort of stupor,—in a kind of subdued existence, loaded with chains, strong enough to bind a wild bull, till the day of trial came.

Careless as to life, the unhappy young man gave himself no pains to elude the stroke of *justice*, or disappoint 'Auld Donald' of his victim. When he was placed at the bar, every one pitied him, and many who knew him, wept. Pale, emaciated, he was reduced to a skeleton; his fine curly locks, that so late were black as the wing of a raven, were turned grey in places by mental misery. His fine features were deeply furrowed,—his eye sunk in his head,—he was placed at the bar; and the trial, if such it could be called, where it consisted *only* of the proofs of guilt, began. 'Auld Donald' appeared as chief witness.

This man was meagre, tall, and large-boned! In his prime of life his hair was red as the hair of a fox; his eyes were grey and small,—his complexion remarkably florid; and time having bleached his locks without thinning them, they flowed, white as snow, upon his shoulders. His fea-

tures bore an indelible stamp of sternness, malice, and most excessive mental hardness. His eyebrows black and white as snow ; his eyelids half closed, by almost continual frowning ; his features were uncommonly coarse, his cheek-bones remarkably prominent ; he had what was called a spoon nose ; his mouth was large,—his lips thick, his enunciation slow, loud, and formal. His swine eyes seemed to lighten up as he saw the shrunk-up figure and settled look of shame and despair impressed on the features of his victim at the bar.

Every thing the keenest malice could dictate, this secutor urged. He proved the felony to the fullest satisfaction of the court, not alone by his own oath, but the confession of the prisoner, whom he accused on oath of having *opened the chest by a false key*. This was false, at cost the prisoner his life ! who, offering no defence, calling any witness, was found guilty, and he was sentenced to be hung. Then, and not till then, a smile was seen play upon his lips ;—his eyes were suddenly illumined, he bowed to the court, and said, ‘ I thank you ! Your sentence is just. I robbed my master ; but, as I am about to die, I declare I found his chest open. I did not pick the lock. All I ask is a speedy day for my execution. I am at peace within me that I have made my peace with God ! I wish to join my wife and child. Master,’ said he, ‘ Donald, I forgive you,—and may God forgive you too.’

A murmur of indignation ran through the court as the prisoner was led away,—next, every eye was bent on the hoary wretch, who, bronzed as was his heart, seemed almost tounded. As he passed the portals, the yells, hisses, groans, by which he was assailed, were loud as thunder. The ferocious wretch, terrified by the angry eyes beamed upon him, precipitately returned to the court to implore protection. Coldly and repulsively it was answered. With difficulty, however, his life was spared. Covered with mud, which hung in clots upon his grey locks,

scolded and execrated at every step, his life and limbs were used, and his carcass was ultimately rescued ; but his character was, if that were possible, rendered infinitely more odious than ever.

The criminal courts in Scotland are careful not to hurry a convict out of the world in the rapid manner they are flung off at the Old Bailey. Ample time was allowed to the unhappy man, in defiance of his wishes and his lawyer.

During this awful interval, a young man, a native of Edinburgh, who possessed equal genius, courage, and sensibility, touched to the soul by the sufferings of the condemned prisoner, conceived the bold and difficult project, merely to release him from chains and bondage, but also him a passage to another country. He was then but seventeen years old, very handsome in person, well made, of a noble countenance, and most prepossessing physiognomy. He had, long before this period, given proofs of uncommon talents; his soul was filled with lofty sentiment,—his attachments were distinguished by ardour and constancy,—his antipathies were equally vehement and lasting. He detested ‘Auld Donald;’ he loved his victim.

When he first contemplated this exploit, he took some weeks’ time to arrange his plan ; and he wrote to some friends of his family who were in England, stating his intentions, and requesting their aid to receive the fugitive, and obtain him a passage to some foreign land.

The young enthusiast having secured an asylum, sought an opportunity to visit the prisoner ; and being a pious young man, and pretending that his object was to read pious books, and condole with him,—his family being so very respectable, if not very wealthy,—he was readily favoured by the magistrates with an order of admission.

The captive was not insensible to his kindness, even when supposed he came merely as a religious consoler ; but

so firmly was his mind made up to die, he could not, during many visits, be wrought upon to make a single effort to live. He accused himself of having murdered his wife and his child. Life had no longer any charms for him ; but the grave, many attractions. It was the road to felicity,—to another and a better world, where he should for ever be united to those so dear to his heart ! Such were the first effusions of a broken heart !

The young visitor, with a judgment far beyond his years, did not suddenly oppose his inclinations ; but having, by unwearied proofs of a warm solicitude in his fate, gained his confidence and esteem, then he began, by slow degrees, to inspire him with an inclination to live. An advocate so young, so generous, so eloquent, was not likely to plead in vain. Poor Jamie owned to his friend he had no longer a wish to die : but how was it *possible*, loaded as he was with chains, bolted to the stone floor, and forty feet from the ground, the stairs secured by iron doors, the windows by massive bars, he *could* escape ?

His young visitor was then learning the watch-making trade. He produced a file made of a bit of the main-spring of a watch. With it, in a short time, he cut one of the window bars in two. With a drill he pierced it through ; he had brought with him a pivot to fit,—he pieced it together again ; coloured the new metal like the old, and left the window apparently as he found it.—This was one evening's work.

The poor prisoner, lost in amazement, could scarcely believe it was a human being by whom he was visited. He comprehended at one glance the *possibility* of escape ; but gratefully thanking young G—— for his exalted generosity, declined the attempt, lest he should destroy his benefactor. Here began a new contest : ultimately the young gentleman prevailed. And, in the course of a few evenings, every fetter, bolt, and manacle, was cut, and re-joined by screws, imperceptible to a cursory view. The

whole of the window bars were served in the same way. When all was prepared, young G—— gave him a knife made in a particular form, calculated to cut or stab, and not recoil. 'Escape if you can,' said he, 'without hurting the keeper. Remember what I risk for you. If he seizes you, kill him! The law that condemns you to die, and every one who aids in its execution, are guilty of murder, should you be executed.'

It was in a December night, and during one of the severest storms that had been known for years, that G—— appointed for the attempt. The hurrican blew so loud, the old tower shook. Above the prisoner, the gaoler slept: a trap-door opened in the centre, through a thick wall, into his dungeon; and the gaoler's window, without bars, was immediately over the window of the cell. The gaoler was provided with a blunderbuss and pistols, that were always kept loaded. It was therefore a perilous enterprise for a youth of seventeen to engage in. Not at all daunted, but firmly resolved to save the captive, or perish, at the appointed moment he had a ladder reared; he mounted himself to the window, and gave the signal! and he descended in safety. Presently, as he lay perdu, he heard his captive descend; but just as he had almost reached the ground, the gaoler rushed from the tower door and seized the fugitive. Without killing him he could not spare; and such was his humanity, he suffered himself to be retaken rather than take his life. He was beaten most cruelly,—confined in another cell in heavier fetters; whilst G——, almost broken-hearted, retired to his bed!

When the state of the irons and bars were examined, every one was amazed, so beautiful and so delicate was the mechanism. It was in vain attempts were made to criminate G——. The prisoner persisted it was all his own work; and perhaps the tender age of his generous champion, and admiration of his talents, courage, and heroic

devotion, prevented the magistrates instituting a prosecution.

This attempt accelerated the death of poor Jamie, so far it was merciful. When the condemned sermon preached, heavily ironed, he was led to church. The midst of the service, he made an effort as bold as it was at first successful. He snapped, by physical strength, his handcuffs asunder, knocked his guards down, leaped from the pew, and a lane being readily made by the congregation who favoured his efforts, he escaped out of church. He had gained such a space of his pursuers, who were obstructed in the church, he *might* have escaped; when three drovers, returning from the South, with a ferocity that would have disgraced savages, knocked him down and retook him! He was dreadfully cut, and much bruised and bled profusely; and again carried back to his prison, where he lay not long before the horrid sentence was executed upon him!

Such was the offence, the sufferings of Jamie, and the noble though *illegal* efforts of a generous youth made to save him! And what a picture of the effects of our code of penal statutes is here displayed!—What is caused by the ferocious and unsparing disposition of the wretched prosecutor, whose vices were so black, that it is scarcely a viler character to be found in the annals of human depravity!

GALLIARD,

THE SELF-CONVICTED MURDERER.

This hapless man, by ardent love inspir'd,
 Impell'd by envy, and by vengeance fir'd,
 Aim'd at his rival's life ;—his blood he shed,
 And basely rifl'd whom his arm struck dead !
 What tho' no human eye the deed survey'd,
 Nor wretch suborn'd his principal betray'd,
 And dark concealment cast its deepest shade ;
 Yet conscience, that "*makes cowards of us all,*"
 Ordin'd the sin should rue, the sinner fall.
 'Twas conscience rack'd the guilty lover's breast,—
 Her scourge, incessant plli'd, allow'd no rest.
 In vain the wretched mourner strove to pray—
 In vain, by tears, to wash the stain away !
 Pride check'd the penitence for blood thus spilt :
 To God, but not to man, he own'd his guilt.
 'Twas his own hand the proof of crime suppli'd,
 By his own hand the haunted murd'rer di'd !
 Stern RETRIBUTION thus the wretch pursu'd,
 Whose hand the earth with GORDON's blood imbru'd !

Editor.

WILL not go so far as to affirm the detection of this
 red of blood was effected by a special interference of Pro-
 dence, but it is one of those very remarkable cases of
 secret murder unexpectedly and wonderfully brought to
 light ; and which illustrates and confirms the grand moral
 truth, that wickedness is folly ; crime, ignorance ; and that
 there is an invisible, but inevitable connection, between enor-
 mous delinquency and commensurate punishment ; and this
 is a divine law that the strongest cannot break, nor the

cunning elude, whereby offenders, even in this world, are made to bear an *executioner* in their own bosom ; whose law can torture the mind worse than the rack can pain the body ! This beautiful and sublime moral system of RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE impresses on the reflective mind its divine source more fully than legends, traditions, or the most ancient of human records. It was finely expressed by St. Pierre in 'his Beauties of Nature,' in allusion to the African slave-trade, that where the tyrant fixes his fetter round the ancle of the slave, DIVINE JUSTICE rivets a chain round the neck of the despot !

The melancholy catastrophe to which these observations are preliminary, took place in Guernsey, in the year 1726. A young merchant, named John Andrew Gordier, suddenly disappeared at the eve of his marriage with a beautiful, modest, and accomplished young lady ; their love was reciprocal ; they were the pride of their parents and kindred and beloved and respected by all their numerous friends and acquaintance. And so firmly were their hearts united in virtuous love, that the same blow which murdered young Gordier, destroyed his mistress, who, like a bruised lily, drooped and died.

The murderer of Gordier was a friend and equal of his named GALLIARD, a young gentleman of unblemished character, then serving as clerk or apprentice to Mr. L. Roche, an eminent and wealthy trader, to whose eldest daughter young Gordier was affianced. This lovely girl was the misfortune of Galliard to adore in secret ; he never told his love, but fed in secret a flame which acquired so much power it overcame his reason and his virtue. The unhappy youth brooded in silent agony over his hapless love. And to such an ascendancy had this ill-fated passion attained, just as the bridal day was fixed, that was for ever to grieve her to Gordier, it became wholly and absolutely master of his reason ! His health declined, his cheerfulness forsook him. Gradually he withdrew from gay and happy

domestic circles of which he formed one of the brightest ornaments. He saw, with unspeakable horror, preparations making for the marriage of Miss La Roche and Gordier. He did not attempt to supplant his happier rival, so well was he convinced of the fidelity of his beautiful mistress; but after many plans revised and rejected, which comprised the murder of Miss La Roche, of her lover, Gordier, and of himself, he at last resolved to assassinate his rival, in the hope that he might be able to conceal the deed, and trusting to the effects of time, and silent and delicate assiduity, to efface from the bosom of Miss La Roche the image of Gordier, and induce her to transfer her affections to his murderer!—Such were the selfish motives which impelled Galliard to act in a manner so incompatible with the natural goodness of his heart, the gentleness of his temper, and urbanity of his manners.

Although he could not control his love, he was so perfectly master of himself, that he concealed the terrible motions by which his mind was racked from every human eye, even from the young lady who was the idol of his heart, her sister, and her mother; and when they rallied him on the sudden change which had taken place in his demeanour, whatever might be the excuse he set up, or the explanation he gave, it fully answered his purpose, and satisfied those whom he wished to deceive. In this the unhappy Galliard acted indiscreetly: if, instead of thus concealing his sorrow to his own bosom, he had disclosed the fatal passion which consumed him to some friend, it would have relieved his almost bursting heart, and by possibility might have averted the dreadful extremities to which the gloom and monotony of solitary and abstracted suffering led or drove him. His situation was similar to that of Werter, prior to the marriage of Charlotte to Albert: but he different stood his Charlotte; for, instead of having pledged her hand to a man whom she could not love,

however great his moral worth, Miss La Roche (n) rished towards her lover the most entire affection. Under such circumstances, absence was, perhaps, his next refuge, if he had not fortitude to endure the sight of union. Unhappily, his wavering and troubled mind, unable to relinquish all thoughts of obtaining her whilst he lived, came to the horrid determination of secretly making away with Gordier.

This dreadful purpose once formed, he took his measures with the most deliberate caution. About a week prior to the day fixed on for the nuptials he left Guernsey and went to England by the Southampton packet; but instead of going to London as he gave out, he disguised himself as a French smuggler, and going to Weymouth, obtained a passage in a lugger belonging to an English smuggler, from which he landed on the south side of Guernsey. Having been educated at Rouen, Galliard was perfectly master of the Norman idiom, and by the addition of false whiskers, and a wig, he so transformed himself that he might have walked through St. Hilliers a dozen times, undiscovered by his most intimate friends and acquaintances; and there he remained, in strict incognito, gleaning all the information he possibly could,—watching every movement of his devoted rival, and inflexibly resolved to cut him off prior to the day appointed for the nuptials.

In those islands, where so many of the old Norman language and so much of the language and customs still remain in force, a marriage, even at the present day, is the occasion of expensive and long-continued festivities, and a course of balls, concerts, and revels, amongst the wealthier classes, in honour of the newly-married pair. This expense

(n) I was told in Guernsey, that the name of the lady was *Le Roche*; that a descendant of her family settled half a century since in Rotterdam, Peter Roche, Esq.

of festivity was bitter as death to the misanthropic
 rd of Galliard; and in all probability nerved his arm,
 steeled his heart, to the perpetration of the horrid deed
 which his soul was bent. And the high esteem in which
 rival was held, and the eagerness of his most intimate
 ands to see his bride, of whose beauty and goodness of
 position so much had been said in praise, instead of
 tending his heart, and weaning him from his fell project,
 did rather to feed his malignity, and accelerate its per-
 ration.

Whilst the wretched and solitary Galliard was thus a-
 p to pangs such as innocence never felt, the lovers were
 eling in those fond anticipations so natural to their age
 situation: the marriage ceremony was to be performed
 St. Pierre's, and three days and nights passed in Guern-
 ; and then, wind and weather permitting, the bride-
 was to convey his bride home to his mother's house
 St. Hilliers, where another round of feasts and rejoic-
 s were intended to take place. As to Gordier, he was
 enraptured at the near, and as he thought, the certain
 spect of the full possession of the woman whom he
 sed, he knew not how to contain himself; he was weak
 enough mentally to chide time, because its flight was not
 elerated to propitiate his wishes. This youthful pair
 said to have been as much distinguished by genius and
 mt, as by beauty and accomplishment, and their mutual
 union was embellished by cultivated intellect; and their
 e-letters, which were in existence twelve years since,
 re spoken of traditionally as displaying all the tenderness
 & pathos of the most honourable love and gentle minds.
 rd what renders the fall of Galliard the more lamentable,
 was, up to this period, distinguished by superior talents
 & cultivation; and amongst his more convivial com-
 sions, he was called the young philosopher.

The islands Guernsey and Jersey are supposed by na-
 talists to have once formed part of the continent: their

shores are precipitous ; and the ebb : of the tide is such, that rocks which stand detached, and tall as the towers of country churches, and a mile or two distant from the island, are rapidly covered by the flood, causing the most dangerous and difficult navigation, full of whirlpools and conflicting currents. It was a favourite amusement of Gordier, as also of Galliard, to seek those spots where, in case of storms, the waves of the ocean, driven amongst these rocks and excavated shores, displayed its agitated bosom in its wildest grandeur. Thither the day preceding that fixed for the wedding, Galliard retired to breathe to the winds and waves the pent-up passion which consumed him ; and thither also repaired Gordier, not to view the storm, but to breathe all the fond and silly things which an overheated imagination, strongly tinged by a romantic genius, inspired. Nothing could be more singular than for these two individuals to repair at the same time, and to the same spot ! It was, of : possible events, the most auspicious to the design of Galliard, who, secretly and silently approaching his victim, struck him from behind so tremendous a blow it crushed his scull, and he fell upon his face, stunned, if not dead. Then drawing a small sword, which formed a part of the murderous weapons he possessed, he passed it through the body. He next rummaged the pockets, and secured his pocket-book, and found in it several letters written by the affianced bride. In that of the latest date, she informed her lover that M. Galliard was still absent, and that there was no chance of their having the pleasure of his company at their nuptials. She also mentioned the gloom and abstraction he had recently shown, and told Gordier she feared his studious habits were likely to affect his mind, and wished he had been at home, and could have been induced once more to mingle in their social parties, as it might afford a remedy for the melancholy to which he was giving himself up ; -- and she added, in a jocund way, that she had a story to tell of her sister

would not feel inexpressibly shocked if Galliard were to declare himself her lover ; and for her part, nothing could be more congenial to her wishes, for she respected Galliard for his own worth, and knowing the friendship he bore towards him (Gordier,) thought such an union would be agreeable to him also.

It is within the range of probability, that if Galliard had by chance picked up this affecting letter prior to the murderous deed, it might have given another turn to his gloomy and horrible state of mind, and averted the meditated assassination, if it had not taught him to subdue the unhappy flame he had too fondly cherished : but then it was too late,—there lay his friend weltering in his gore, and slain, basely and treacherously, by his hand ; the marriage was now *for ever* prevented, and time and assiduity might, be calculated, assuage the sorrow of the widowed virgin. He therefore dragged the body into a deep recess of the rocks, and with great bodily labour stowed it away in a small cavity, situated far up the side of a rock, and so situated that it was very unlikely any human being should attempt to ascend, even if any very singular event should lead a wandering foot to its base ; and the sea having deposited a quantity of sand and shells at the bottom of this cave, there was ample depth to bury the corse. This sepulchre faced the sea ; no vessel nor boat was in sight ; and the murderer having thus sacrificed his friend, and plundered his corse, he withdrew that same evening in a French boat, that landed him on Portland Beach, near Wick ; thence he proceeded to Southampton, resumed his proper apparel, and took his passage home to Guernsey, where he arrived to witness a scene that must have filled his soul with remorse ; for he saw the mourning bride, pale as the lily, apparently stretched on the bed of death, her mother kneeling on one side of the bed, her sister on the other, and her father, Mr. La Roche, hanging over his lovely

debilitated frame, her anxious parents looked forward with gloomy apprehensions of a speedy dissolution.

This occurrence alarmed Galliard excessively. He was one of the first who heard of the discovery of the corpse of his friend Gordier ; and to be out of the way, he instantly proceeded to the French coast. After the funeral, &c. had taken place he returned, and offered his condolences to the whole family in a manner that became so intimate a friend of the deceased ; and his conduct towards the drooping maid was marked by the utmost deference and tenderness. As much as her delicate state of health would permit, he was admitted into her presence ; and he sought, by the most respectful attention and unremitting assiduity, to wean her mind from the dead,—to encourage more cheerful thoughts, and to engage her once more in social parties. But all his efforts were vain ; and it was but too evident to the disappointed being, that the source of her toleration of his company and conversation was the deep sorrow he so unequivocally expressed, when she lay, as it was supposed, at the point of death ; a sorrow which she attributed as much to his friendship for Mr. Gordier, as to sympathy in her sufferings.

In this state, year after year rolled away, and Gordier and his murder were in a manner forgotten, except by his conscious assassin, and the disconsolate young lady, whose settled melancholy seemed immoveable by caresses, advice, or remonstrances. Galliard having established himself as a merchant, unable to relinquish the hope of possessing the young lady, applied to her father for permission to pay her his addresses. The overture that was alike agreeable to her father and her mother, who had witnessed the poignancy of grief Galliard had displayed, deemed him, in every respect, an eligible match for their daughter. Their utmost persuasions could do no more towards effecting their object than to induce her, from a wish to avoid giving pain by a direct denial, to receive his visits ; but never, in

a slightest degree, did she encourage his passion.—On the contrary, she told him that the *hand* which had murdered her only lover *had murdered her*, and that she felt assured he was far advanced in an incurable decline; and entreated him, as a friend and as a gentleman, to spare her the mortification of listening to protestations of which any single man in the island might be proud, but which occasioned her an inexpressible pain either to endure or to reject. Such, however, was the cruel infatuation of Galliard he would not relinquish the pursuit, although, from the more rapid decline of her health and spirits, it was evident he was accelerating her death! When her parents saw what the result was like to be, too late they regretted their ill-judged interference, and with all the gentleness and delicacy that the occasion required, hinted their wish to Mr. Galliard that he should entirely desist from an utterly hopeless suit. It was so that Galliard felt the avenging hand of retributive justice, which had left him no other result than incessant and unutterable remorse, and the most unqualified disappointment of those hopes and expectations which had so long filled his mind. But Providence had not yet worked its purpose;—he ordained that the murderer should himself put into the hands of the injured young lady a damning proof of his guilt, and make the mother of the murdered her the instrument of his detection.

When time had mellowed the grief which overwhelmed the widowed mother of Mr. Gordier, and she understood the constancy of the amiable Miss La Roche, whom she considered as her daughter-in-law, and that she was in so precarious a state of health as left no reasonable grounds for any expectation of her recovery, Mrs. Gordier determined to pay her a visit, that they might mingle their tears, and allow her an opportunity of personally expressing those sentiments of affection, of esteem, and admiration, which her matchless constancy deserved. She had yet a brother, and an only surviving son, and those accompanied the old lady

in her voyage to Guernsey. The grateful mother had, however, protracted her voyage so long, and the progress of internal decay in the young lady became at that period so rapid, she was near losing the opportunity she sought of conversing with the intended bride of her murdered son, and hearing from her lips every particular of their last interview. For when her arrival at St. Pierre's was communicated to her parents, such was the feeble state of their unhappy child, they were afraid of the presence of Mrs. Gordier proving too painful to her mind, and accelerating that crisis they were fully convinced could not be distant. Upon consulting the medical attendant, he forewarned them of the danger there was, even of immediate death resulting from the interview, unless the young lady was previously acquainted with the visitor's wish to see and converse with her, and upon what subject; nor did he conceal his apprehensions that the renewal of the melancholy topic might be expected to give so great a shock to her declining health, as to hasten her death. After maturely considering how to act for the best, the young lady's mother mentioned, as the news of the day, the arrival of Mrs. Gordier, her brother, and her son. She did not seem in the least shocked, but said, feelingly, 'Poor old lady! I wonder she has survived the blow occasioned by the horrid calamity which bereft her of her accomplished and virtuous son! If I were able I would pay her my respects immediately; for next to you, my parents, I feel towards her the greatest degree of veneration and respect.'—This was sufficient; they acquainted her that Mrs. Gordier wished for nothing so much as the pleasure of visiting her. As if the young lady had felt conscious her last hour was nearer at hand than her afflicted parents imagined, she eagerly pressed that '*her mother-in-law*' might be invited to come as soon as convenient; and she added, the earlier she came, the more gratified she should feel.

The old gentlewoman, attended by

her and her son-

son, repaired to the house where lay the almost expiring
lid ; and so painful were the emotions of Mrs. Gordier,
ted by her interview with the parents, who mourned
r child, though yet existent, as one numbered with the
l, that it almost unfitted her for the severer pang of
ing from her lips the interesting particulars of her last
versation with her murdered son. And no sooner was
. Gordier and her son ushered by her parents into her
ber, than the strong resemblance they bore to her
dered lover, more especially the son, overpowered
so completely she gave a faint shriek and fainted. By
er treatment she soon revived ; and notwithstanding
. Gordier's wish to defer their conversation till the next
she would not consent to delay the explanations they
to exchange. But when she had to detail the particu-
of their last farewell,—and when, amidst sobs and
s, with a tremulous voice she repeated his last words,
pourtrayed her alarm when he came not at the appointed
r, her feeble frame shook ; and whilst a flood of tears
ed down her pallid cheeks, she again fell back in a
on, and from which she was with difficulty recovered.
o Mrs. Gordier, her emotions were not less violent,
ough from her firmer state of health she did not faint.
wept almost incessantly, and often her own narrative
interrupted and broken through her inability to give
rance to her feelings. She shed tears for the dead and
the dying ; for she saw the probability that this painful
rtion would accelerate the death of the faithful and ge-
ous creature whose grief had broken her heart.
sort of pause succeeded to the storm of sorrowful
ings excited by this melancholy interview ; and Mrs.
dier, looking at the bed and furniture of the room,
ch was particularly tasteful and costly, the invalid said,
his was to have been my bridal bed—it will soon be my
ath-bed ! One of the last presents your son gave me
is this watch,' pointing to the pocket in the head-piece,

where it hung. ‘It has been my constant companion. After my death, I have arranged that it shall be returned to you.’ But the latter part of this speech was lost upon her auditor, who, fixing her eyes intensely upon the chain and its costly appendages, pointed to the largest of these, and bursting anew into tears, said, ‘That jewel, containing my son’s miniature, he had made in Paris. He said he should defer the gift till the morning of his wedding-day!’—‘Are you *sure*, my dear Mrs. Gordier,’ said Miss La Roche, in the most vehement and agitated manner, ‘are you certain you are not deceived? I had not *that* jewel from the hands of your son.’ ‘I am perfectly sure it is the very same!’ said the weeping mother. But almost before she could utter these words, the hereto mild and placid features of the young lady assumed an appearance of horror and affright of the wildest nature,—and pushing the jewel from her, apparently in an agony of terror and abhorrence, she gave a faint shriek, and falling back into the arms of her weeping guest, almost immediately expired, evidently endeavouring, but in vain, to articulate a word which seemed, by its terrible recollections, to be that of the individual from whose hands she had received that splendid toy; and whom, by the horror and amazement this explanation excited, was simultaneously considered as the murderer of Mr. Gordier! Every person present was powerfully affected, first by the sudden death of the young lady, and next by the mystery which, connecting the jewel with the murderer of her lover, excited the most agonising incertitude and surmises. The first care was to see if it were possible to recall the fleeting spark of life; but every effort failed, and the unhappy parents shed mingled tears as they kissed her corse, praying the Almighty to complete the discovery of the secret murderer, who had blasted the youthful hopes of their then blooming daughter, and barbarously shed the blood of her affianced spouse.

It formed a most distressful part of the *su* results of the

oul murder committed by Mr. Galliard, who was then become an opulent merchant, and generally esteemed as a man of spotless integrity, that it not only caused the sufferings and the death of this virgin bride, but by the circumstances attendant on her last moments, it excited in the mind of the distressed and agitated mother of Gordier the most cruel and unjust of suspicions. Notwithstanding he had seen his intended bride die before her eyes, in a state of premature decay, brought on, as she had herself admitted, by excessive grief, she could not divest her mind of a lurking suspicion that remorse of conscience might have produced that grief, instead of innocent affection. So powerful did this horrid suspicion become, that Mrs. Gordier either could not, or would not disguise its existence; and her only ground for entertaining it existed in the circumstance that her son had bestowed much cost and pains to have the ornament fashioned agreeable to his wishes, and had declared his fixed resolution not to give, nor mention the elegant present to his bride, till the morning of their espousals.—That morning had never arrived,—the toy was in the possession of her for whom it had been prepared, and the young lady, during the tender scenes she had with painful accuracy related, had never once alluded to this beautiful little piece of mechanism,—had never once referred to the striking portrait of her murdered lover that it contained; and when his mother, with streaming eyes, mentioned the intention of her son not to present it till his wedding-day, a sudden tremor seized upon Miss La Roche, and pushing it from her as a thing which excited horror and loathing, she expired. If to these mysterious circumstances are superadded the violent emotions of a mother who was doubtfully fond of her son, the injustice of the old lady may, on the score of error in judgment, be deemed pardonable by the reader. Not so with the parents of the lovely and virtuous girl who had untimely perished, the victim of hapless love. Her gentleness of disposition,

her excess of affection and of sufferings were so well known to them, they could have easier forgiven an attempt upon their lives, than throwing so foul and unnatural an imputation upon her whose corse was not yet cold when this aspersion was cast, and that too in the very chamber of death.

The suffering families had of course opposite feelings, and there was a coarseness, a want of delicacy and forbearance in Mrs. Gordier, which was highly indecorous and insulting. Her son, who was present, defended his mother, observing, that although the deceased might be wholly innocent, yet the possession of that curious toy, and the apparently studious omission of Mr. Gordier ever having given it, were sufficiently ambiguous circumstances to warrant the suspicions which his mother avowed. Seeing on what pivot the mystery hinged, the sister of the deceased, who had not been present when her sister died, mildly and sorrowfully said, she esteemed herself fortunate in being able conscientiously and triumphantly to redeem her beloved sister's honour: 'This important trifle,' said she, with strong emotions, 'was never presented to my injured sister by her murdered lover; several years after his death, it was given her by Mr. Galliard, who had, with the sanction of her parents, never with her own concurrence, paid his addresses to her; and in his endeavours to gain her affections, he offered her this elegant present, which she refused; indeed,' said she, 'it was obtruded upon, rather than accepted.' The sister did not appear to hold Mr. Gordier as the murderer, for she observed that he might know the jeweller by whom this curious toy had been made, and to him to make another, and thus there might exist, undesigned, the most entire resemblance without any identity. The sensible and modest young woman, by this explanation wrought an instant change in the feelings and sentiments of all present, except Mrs. Gordier, who repeated her former

was that the toy concealed a *portrait of her son*, very irably delineated, and richly set in brilliants; and, an infallible test of identity, she desired young Gort to look for the secret spring: 'If such be there,' the weeping widow, 'the cover will fly open, and over the likeness of my unfortunate son.' The young man touched a spring, open flew the toy, and layed a beautiful miniature, richly encircled with diamonds. Neither the sister, nor any of the family, had before seen the portrait, or knew of its existence: consternation was as great as the discovery was singular and important. The awful veil which enveloped the face of that horror which the deceased could neither honor nor express, and which caused so tremendous a shock it terminated her existence, was now rent asunder, her innocence was as fully established as her constancy sufferings. The guilt of Mr. Galliard was then added by a general burst of horror and amazement; for no sensible being could suppose, that if the suspected person were aware that the trinket contained a portrait of his loved rival, he would have presented it to his intended; and, on the other hand, his ignorance of that circumstance denoted guilt. The horror Miss La Roche had so instinctively expressed both in her features and her actions, her attempts, not only to spurn the jewel from her, to articulate the name of the hated donor, were now accounted for to the satisfaction of every person present who unanimously concluded that she died in the full belief that Galliard, who had given her that jewel, and for years together, had persisted in paying her his dues, was the murderer of her lover! Such a display, and so singularly made, was sufficiently pregnant with frightful associations to have overturned the firmest notions lodged in a sound body; it was therefore no longer wonderful that it extinguished the feeble and quivering spark of life in Miss La Roche.

The next subject of consideration was in what manner

to proceed as respected Galliard. The Gordiers were for suddenly seizing his person, and searching his desks and repositories of papers; and this, under all the circumstances of the case, was the plan that would have been pursued; but a clergyman who was present, and whose feelings were less agitated, his mind less influenced by prejudice, and his judgment more acute, calmly urged the justice and the policy of proceeding, in so tremendous a charge levelled at so respectable and irreproachable a character as Mr. Gordier, with all possible coolness, delicacy and forbearance. He avowed the same earnest wish that the foul murder might be traced to the right fountain, and the guilty be brought to public shame and an ignominious death; at the same time he implored both families to reflect on the indelible stain that even an avowed suspicion of such an act might leave on the character of Mr. Galliard, in the world's opinion, however clearly he might vindicate himself in the eyes of the individuals who were then consulting. 'Let his innocence be ever so pure, and his whole life after ever so virtuous and blameless, never more can Mr Galliard retrieve his character, if once these circumstances transpire.'—The cruel injustice which Mrs. Gordier had so recently committed against the deceased, sealed her lips although she made up her mind that Galliard was the murderer of her son; her host and his family had the same feelings, but their judgment was tempered by mercy and wisdom, so emphatically impressed by the horrid imputations which for a moment had rested on the honour of that angelic child.

The worthy minister had the satisfaction of seeing his counsel adopted. A messenger was despatched, requesting the immediate attendance of Galliard, who was not surprised of the death of the young lady whom he had so long persecuted with his unwelcome addresses, nor of the dark clouds which had gathered round his fate—Deep and terrible must therefore have been the shock. The

unhappy maid stretched a corpse on her bridal bed, and an abrupt and unqualified charge of having murdered and plundered her lover, was urged with all the vehemence of an impassioned and agitated mother. His mind was, however, so well poised, that neither the melancholy spectacle of that lovely and amiable young woman, cut off in the flower of her life by his criminal conduct, nor the averted looks of the whole circle before whom he stood arraigned, were capable of throwing him wholly off his guard. He did not show any stronger marks of sorrow or amazement, than the most innocent person so accused might have exhibited. In a cool, dignified, and collected manner, the conscious culprit acknowledged his intimacy with Mr. Gordier who had been so cruelly murdered, but affirmed that he had not seen him for many days prior to that lamented occurrence, having been out of the island on business, as the family well knew, under whose roof, and in whose presence he stood. The mother of the assassinated youth, unable to curb the indignation and hatred that overflowed in her agonised bosom, at the calmness and audacity of a person whom she then believed to be the murderer of her son, exclaimed in a tone of confident reproach, 'Look at 'this jewel' monster! it presents an infallible testimony of 'your guilt. It was in my unhappy son's possession at the 'moment of his assassination, and you gave it to the lovely 'girl, whom, as well as my son, you murdered.'—The splendid toy being open, Galliard looked at it with the same composure that he had heretofore displayed, and solemnly averred he had never, till that moment, beheld the article exhibited, and of course could never have presented it to the deceased. 'Good God,' said her agitated sister, who had hitherto remained a silent but most rigid observer of Galliard's tone and manner, 'how can you deny this 'allegation?' Then closing the cover of the miniature, and showing it in its external form, she said, with an earnestness and solemnity of manner which visibly wrought on

Galliard, collected as was his aspect, ‘ This jewel you gave
 ‘ to my sister, and in *my presence*.’ She named the place
 and the hour, and added, ‘ My deceased sister steadily
 ‘ refused its acceptance,—you urged her anew,—she retained
 ‘ it, unwilling to give you the slightest encouragement.
 ‘ Nor was the dear girl prevailed on to accept it. I prevailed
 ‘ it on her watch-chain, and prevailed on her to suffer
 ‘ remain there.’ Galliard’s fortitude evidently failed
 when he recognised the jewel, and beheld the important
 evidence it contained : his faltering voice, and quivering
 lip, in despite of all his hypocrisy and audacity, betra-
 nounced guilt and terror ; but quickly recollecting himself
 said it was not likely, being himself ignorant of what was
 concealed when shut, he should know it when open. He
 then acknowledged, in the most firm and tranquil manner,
 the truth of every thing the sister of the deceased had
 alleged. And then, as if suddenly recollecting a thing forgotten,
 he said, ‘ This trinket I purchased of *Levi* the Jew,
 ‘ whom you all know, and who has travelled these islands
 ‘ more than twenty years, and no doubt he can tell you
 ‘ whom it passed into his hands.’—This declaration
 changed the current of suspicion, averting it from Galliard,
 and setting full upon the Jew ; and the clergyman, in a
 exulting in what he termed the full, complete, and apparently
 satisfactory manner in which Mr. Galliard had rebutted
 the imputation cast with such vehemence on his
 character by Mrs. Gordier, addressing himself to her, he
 said in a gentle and persuasive manner, ‘ I hope, madam,
 ‘ you will now be calm and patient till this horrid affair
 ‘ undergone the most minute investigation. The justification
 ‘ of Mr. Galliard is clear and convincing. The Jew
 ‘ alone appears at present to be the guilty person : he is
 ‘ now in the island, and shall soon be apprehended.’—In
 this conduct the clergyman evinced a striking want of
 discrimination, as well as of liberality ; for the very same
 arguments he had so eloquently applied to Galliard’s case

some few modifications, applied to the absent Jew. religion should have inculcated an equal degree of ty towards all men ; and the more liable was the character of the Israelite to suspicion, the greater should have the caution and forbearance exercised ; for if an imputation of this horrible kind could never be wiped off from the merchant of such high repute as Mr. Galliard, how was *inherent Jew* to hope to redeem *his* character, after publicly degraded and taken into custody ? Were not as great a probability of the innocence of the *Jew* the merchant whom he had so eloquently defended ? It is evident that the murdered man was *robbed*, and that left it very probable that the delinquent might have been *the Jew* the article in question. The very same considerations which had led the clergyman so ably to defend Galliard, ought to have suggested the utter improbability of the Jew, if guilty of, or privy to, the assassination of Gordier, offering for sale the very remarkable trinket which had been taken from his person, not only in the same place, but to an individual so intimately known, not alone to the family of the deceased, but also with the family of the young lady whom he was about to wed. As to Galliard, the ignorance of the trinket containing the portrait of the murdered man, and his having, during so many years, made his addresses to the young woman whom the murdered man was to have wedded, and the palpable confusion and embarrassment in his looks and manner when the sister, during the spring, showed him the portrait in the identity which he had had in his possession, were points of circumstantial evidence of incomparably greater weight against Galliard, than the bare *ipse dixit* of that individual against Levi the Jew. The minister of religion, therefore wanting in Christian charity, that he did not use the adoption of the same delicacy and precaution towards the wandering Jew, instead of counselling an immediate arrest upon so tremendous an accusation, and

that accusation adduced by a man circumstanced like Galliard.

Resuming all his wonted self-command, Galliard assumed the air of a deeply-injured person, admonished Mrs. Gordier to beware how she gave way to passion and prejudice; and so artfully did he conduct himself, and with such masterly dexterity did he turn aside suspicion, and fix it upon an innocent stranger, that Mrs. Gordier, with an unaffected humility, at last entreated his pardon, putting her rashness to the impetuosity of her temper, and the horrid circumstances which had acted upon it. At the close of this admonitory lesson, Galliard had the audacity to add, that he hoped Mrs. Gordier would be very guarded in her language respecting him, after this voluntary acknowledgment of her former error, intimating at the same time his resolution to prosecute for defamation any one who should henceforth dare to impugn him. The hypocrite then went to the bed-side where laid the blighted and withered beauty, of whose sufferings and whose death was no less guilty than of the murder of her lover, and shedding over her cold inanimate remains a profusion of tears, he pronounced an eloquent panegyric on her beauty, her virtue, and her talents; and then, after having remained some hours, he took his leave, every one, even the mother, acknowledging their fullest conviction of his innocence. But although he had allayed the storm which lowered so portentously on his first entrance, he was indeed far from being insensible of the perils by which he was beset; and the wonderful discovery made by the mother Gordier of her son's portrait in the trinket, which he had torn from the vestments of the deceased, and had, unknown to what it contained, presented to the fair lady for whom it was designed,—and the preservation of the young lady's life, so long enough to exchange explanations,—and the affecting manner of her death, when the dreadful secret burst at once upon her that the man who had, with much tenaci-

reed his protestations of love upon her reluctant ear, and
 rose hand that he had so often urged her to accept as a
 band, was stained red as crimson with the blood of her
 rer, were circumstances which proclaimed, in a language
 t to be misunderstood, that the hand of Providence had
 ought about these events, and would no doubt render his
 imate detection and conviction no less ignominious, than
 i guilt was enormous!—When he arrived in his chamber,
 agony he suffered was so intense, it would have been,
 ording to his own confession, impossible for the most
 perience*d familiar*, had he been in the dungeons of the
 quision, to have inflicted physical torments more exqui-
 t than those he endured. He foresaw the probability
 t the Jew might be able to set up a strong defence,
 the ground of the utter improbability, if conscious to
 own the trinket ever had belonged, of his offering it for
 e in a spot beyond all others most likely to lead to his
 action; and the wretched criminal could not but tremble
 t some strange event should unveil the fact of his hav-
 ; under the disguise of a French sailor, been in the
 and when he was supposed to be absent; that he had
 t Gordier in a lonely and retired spot, and had there
 rdered him. And thus did *conscience* effectually punish
 sinner, occasioning him greater sufferings than could
 sword of temporal justice. From the time he had com-
 ted the foul deed, he had never enjoyed tranquillity: he
 ed to have succeeded as a favoured lover to the rival he
 l destroyed, and he had never been able to eradicate
 rdier's image from the faithful heart of his mistress,—
 or able to obtain even a smile of approbation; and he
 r the amiable and lovely girl slowly wasting away from
 intensity of her grief for the loss of her generous lover.
 d the circumstance of his having, although years after
 commission of the crime, presented the trinket he had
 on from the corse of his murdered rival, struck him so
 ibly, that he could account for his want of common

prudence no other way than by construing it as a token of the operation of an eternal law, which renders, even in this world, every crime productive of its own punishment. With a mind tortured by reflections such as these, a stranger to rest, a stranger to repose, he could only drowse, and his dreams presented such horrid images of yawning graves and bleeding bodies, of gibbets and skeletons, that he could scarcely distinguish the creations of a diseased and distempered conscience from realities.—He was indeed a penitent ; but the pride of a cultivated mind was such as counteracted his penitence, and even plunged him into deeper crimes, if such was a possible event ; and to ward off, even for a short time, the sword of justice, he rashly ventured to fix an imputation, as false as it was cruel, upon an innocent man, whom, by another strange oversight, he specifically named, who was living and near at hand ; whereas if he had had presence of mind to name some one who was dead, his falsehood had been less liable to detection.

It has been remarked by ancient and by modern moralists, that those of the wicked whose crimes seem to prosper,—who set justice and morality at defiance,—who commit coolly and deliberately the most appalling offences, and seem so entirely callous of heart as to retain no feeling of shame, of mercy, compassion, or remorse, are reserved by Providence to suffer eternal pain in another state of existence, and to undergo a punishment fully adequate to their crimes ; whilst those mixed minds in which good and evil stand nearly on an equilibrium,—whose failings are great, and whose virtues are neither few nor feeble,—whom strong passions lead into crime, but whose natural goodness of heart leads them to repentance and expiation, are visited in this world by *the effects of their offences* with such a degree of punishment, as supersedes the necessity of consigning to eternal punishment hereafter. A system of ethics which seemed to be verified in the fate of Gal-

ard. Up to the moment when an incurable passion for Miss La Roche, whose affections were pre-engaged, the life of Galliard had been as blameless as the most correct and respectable of his equals in life; and after the act of assassination and robbery, again his wandering feet, in all points but *one*, returned to the path he had forsaken. Nay, it is probable that the consciousness of the stupendous iniquity of his conduct, in the murder of Gordier, rendered him more studiously and systematically upright in every other transaction. He became eminent for the apparent purity of his conduct,—was one of the most regular attendants at divine worship,—he partook of the sacrament with solemnity of manner that presented a model worthy of imitation, yet wholly free from fanaticism; he was never, or very rarely, seen to smile, or to partake of gay amusements.—Courteous, almost to an extreme, to the poorest, he evincing not only a benevolent, but a virtuous mind, aiding the destitute, consoling the afflicted, raising up the oppressed, clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; but still all these fine qualities could not atone for one mark of guilt,—could not restore to life the fine youth whom he had so treacherously murdered:—they might impart some consolation to his own mind,—they might neutralise the sharpness of remorse, but they could not restore his *own self-esteem*, nor could they quench the *eternal fire*, which mentally glowing, inflicted incessant pain without producing callosity, or admitting of a respite. He had the fortitude to desist from his hopeless courtship; and, his intercourse with the unsuspecting idol of his heart, was guilty of the most atrocious hypocrisy and perfidy; and, when as uncommon a chain of circumstances as ever led to the discovery of murder had so nearly produced his detection, he did not hesitate, *to escape disgrace*, to endeavour to fix the guilt upon an innocent stranger! Such is the strange mixture of good and bad qualities which

alternately predominated in the tortured mind of Galliard—
But to proceed.—

Some days elapsed ere Levi was apprehended upon a charge of having murdered and robbed Mr. Gordier many years preceding. The terror and dismay of the Jew was so evident, that almost every one who witnessed his agitation set him down at once as guilty; and if the old Norman laws had been in force, and Galliard had been one of the jurats of the island, he that was the secret murderer, might, in the name of the king, and under the sanction of the law, have inflicted such *torments* upon the accused as to wring from him the most ample and circumstantial confession of a crime which he had not committed. Those times were, however, happily for the poor Jew, passed away; and Levi's repeated and solemn asseverations that Mr. Galliard *dared* not make oath in his presence, and before a magistrate, of his (Levi's) having sold him any trinket whatever, still less the one said to have been plundered from the dead body of Mr. Gordier, was fully verified.

After having destroyed every paper or other memorial remaining in his possession, which might, if in the possession of his enemies, have proved his guilt, Galliard felt his confidence in himself utterly fail. If, without being confronted with Levi, he had merely been required to draw up a narrative of alleged facts, and swear to their truth, all that he had nerve enough to perform; or, if he had not prevaricated as regarded the trinket, nor betrayed strong and visible marks of guilt, he might perhaps have trusted so far to the buoyancy of an unblemished character, of great wealth and general esteem, as to have endeavoured to confront the Jew, and publicly swore to the truth of a tissue of inventions. But the direct charge of murder urged against him by Mrs. Gordier, and the almost supernatural mode by which the truth had so nearly been brought to light, rendered him hopeless of being able to go through the scene undetected. He looked with *anxiety* at the

chances of success and of failure, and saw the latter so overwhelmingly superior, he determined not to risk the attempt. It was generally supposed that remorse of conscience produced this determination : more probably it was the result of a close self-examination; and having fully ascertained his own want of firmness, and standing in dread of the lynx-eyed suspicion and researches of the Gordier family, he made up his mind to inflict justice upon himself, that is, to serve his own body as he had treated his unsuspecting victim, and become his own executioner ! (a)

(*) There are two fountains, exclusive of insanity, whence spring the determination to commit this deed. The good man, overwhelmed by sudden misfortune; the guilty man, on the approach of shame and punishment. The only standard to judge by is their past life and actions.—The death of Castlereagh, from every appearance, was the result of that fearful labyrinth into which his policy had led him! How infinitely inferior in philosophy and fortitude was this man to the captive who perished at St. Helena!

When Castlereagh was at Chatillon with the Ambassadors of the Allied Powers, after some successes of mine, and when I had in a manner invested the town, he was greatly alarmed lest I might seize him, and make him prisoner. Not being accredited as an Ambassador, nor invested with any diplomatic character to France, I might have taken him as an enemy. He went to Caulincourt, to whom he mentioned that "*he laboured under considerable apprehensions that I should cause violent hands to be laid upon him,*" as he acknowledged I had a right to do. It was impossible for him to get away without falling in with my troops. Caulincourt replied, that, as far as his opinion went, he would say that I should not meddle with him; but that he could not answer for what I might do. Immediately after, Caulincourt wrote to me what Castlereagh had said, and his answer. I signified to him in reply, that he was to tell Lord Castlereagh to make his mind easy, and stay where he was: that I would consider him as an Ambassador. At Chatillon (continued Bonaparte) when speaking about the liberty enjoyed in England, Castlereagh observed, in a contemptuous manner, that it was not the thing most to be esteemed in England; that it was an usage they were obliged to put up with; but that it had become an abuse, and would not answer for other countries."—Vide '*A Voice from St. Helena.*'

When this minister was exulting at Belfast, a few short years since, and when he announced that the captive Napoleon should die upon the rock whereon he was a prisoner, how little did he dream what was to be his own end!

The next morning an elderly woman, who served his housekeeper, went to his bed-room door, and finding it shut, and not hearing him stir, knocked repeatedly, still no answer was given. She had noticed how remarkably gloomy and dejected he appeared the overnights, and felt, as she said, a strange prepossession of calamity, the reality of which is often as incontestably proved, is difficult to account for. She went to the residence of the minister to whose friendly mediation her master stood much obliged, and she found him in a state of horror and dismay yet stronger than his own; for he had just learned that, in consequence of Levi's apprehension, some smugglers who lived at Wick, on Portland Beach, had come forward to prove having seen Galliard at Southampton in the disguise of a French sailor, just at the time of the murder; and their mention of that circumstance in Guernsey, connecting itself with other unfavourable rumours, had caused all the original suspicions of Mrs. Gordian to return; and herself, brother, and son, were then consulting with a magistrate on the steps proper to be pursued to prevent the guilty from escaping shame and punishment, the innocent from being sacrificed.

So greatly was the Reverend Mr. ——— shocked at the confirmations of the guilt of Mr. Galliard, which seemed to arise and concentrate in every quarter, he was truly the object of pity. Although scarcely able to walk, he sent immediately to the elegant abode of his unhappy friend, the door of whose bed-room he found locked; and as no voice was heard, however loud they knocked at the door, a constable was ordered to force the door, where a dreadful but not unexpected spectacle presented itself,—the wretched Galliard laying, dead and cold, stretched on the floor, the jugular artery cut through on the left side of his neck, and a penknife, with which he had perpetrated this act, lying amidst the clotted gore which had issued from the wound!

On the table were two packets: the one addressed to the clergyman; the other to the Hebrew pedler, whom he had so unjustly accused.

In the former, the unhappy man traced with a pencil severely just a portraiture of his delinquencies, from the first rise of his unhappy passion, to this its dreadful termination. It was from this confession the particulars of the murder of Mr. Gordier were gleaned. He acknowledged the utter failure of every illusive hope, and his firm belief that it was by the interposition of a law of nature, such as I have sketched, which renders vice subversive of happiness, and crime its own avenger, which led him to rifle the pockets of Gordier, and to give to Miss La Roche the trinket that so wonderfully led to the discovery of his guilt. He stated that the next moment after he had struck the fatal blow, and while the blood was pouring from the cleft head of Gordier, he was struck with such keen remorse that he threw himself on his knees by the side of the bleeding body, and calling in a frantic manner on Gordier by name, strove to recall him to life to confess his crime, and kill himself by his side. But all consciousness was for ever fled; and when his first mental agonies had a little subsided, seeing the deed was done which no mortal power could undo,—the hopes of attaining the hand of Miss La Roche soon slanted those compunctuous visitings of nature; and he rifled the pockets of the dead of the fatal trinket, and his pocket-book and papers. His money, watch, rings, &c. he left upon the deceased; the corse, with infinite toil, he dragged up to the cavern, where, by tremendous stormy weather, and an extraordinary high tide, it was washed up from the sands in which it was buried. He described in the most vivid colours the mental tortures he had endured, which he said were so terrible, that had it not been for the effects of a pride he could not subdue, he would have joyfully confessed himself before a magistrate, and resigned his life as some expiation of his enormous guilt.

In speaking of Miss La Roche, he described her as being the most virtuous and constant of womankind. He execrated his own selfishness in persecuting her with his addresses, when her delicate frame was wasting under an incurable disease, arising from blasted hopes and excessive grief. ‘And here again,’ said he, ‘is another striking proof of the force of the law divine by which I am punished; for it was to possess that lovely and amiable girl I murdered her generous and fond lover, and all the harvest I reaped was to see her pine away,—to see her firmly reject even the most distant hint of the passion that consumed me,—to feel that it was torture to hear expressions of love from any lips but those I had for ever sealed in blood! And lastly, mine was the dreadful punishment to find that it was the belief that I, that had with such persevering cruelty sought her hand, was the assassin of her adored Gordier! The dear girl,’ continued he, ‘died at the instant of this horrid discovery.’ This eloquent and elegantly written letter concluded thus: ‘None but those who have experienced the impulse of ungovernable love, can pardon the crimes I have committed to obtain the incomparable object by whose charms my senses were inflamed. But thou, O Father of mercies! wilt forgive my rash attempts to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition it seems to thy eternal laws.’

In the letter addressed to Levi the Jew, he expressed horror and compunction at the contemplation of the false charge he had levelled at his life and fame. This he said arose from pride and false refinement. He had lived all his life in the enjoyment of an unblemished reputation, and he could not endure, in the presence of the families whom he had so dreadfully and irreparably injured, to confess himself the criminal he really was; that he had no other object than to gain a little time to destroy some papers, arrange others, and settle his private affairs.—In the most solemn manner he declared—but God alone! with what sin-

—he never intended the charge should be supported by evidence ; (p) but as soon as those points he had said could be arranged, to exonerate Levi in the fullest manner, indemnify him for his sufferings, proclaim his innocence, and terminate an existence that was becoming insupportable. This letter, if its contents were as noble as tradition states, was probably considered as an equivalent for the ignominy that Levi endured, and the danger of being destroyed by the incensed islanders. *ever might* have been the *motive* that animated Galliard—this false denunciation of an innocent man is one of the bad traits in his character, although it is by no means probable but he stated the truth when he ascribed it to the influence of false pride.

In this instance a Jew was placed in jeopardy by Christian injustice ; Trenck gives the following picture how a knot of knavish Jews do to an innocent German Christian ; viz.

A German violin-maker, in London, intending to return home, had left his wife a silver coffee-pot, which was left standing on the table in the parlour. Some one knocked at the door, and two Jews entered. One took a violin, the other, while he was conversing, snatched up the coffee-pot, and ran. The German looked round, and missed the coffee-pot. The other Jew said to him, "Do not be uneasy, my friend ; go on, and I will make my comrade give you back your coffee-pot. It is only a little trick ; he is a mad-headed fellow." The poor German went on his way, and the Jew, who brought him into a chamber, where were found other Jews, and his coffee-pot on the table. He took it, and said, "God be thanked, I have found it once more." The Jew answered not a word ; the German returned home with the coffee-pot. Forthwith went five Jews to the justice, and swore that the German had entered their parlour, and stole thereout a silver coffee-pot. A constable attended to the German's house. The Jew said, "That is my coffee-pot."—"That is yours," says the other. The German was taken into custody, being destitute of witnesses, was hung upon the evidence of five Jews. "I was with the poor fellow in prison, (said the Baron) who told me the whole story himself, and I actually saw this honest man hung." Such is the story of Baron Trenck, the *moral*, no doubt, was to show the impolicy of a premium on the conviction of felons, but it is imperfect.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

ILLUSTRATIVE CASES.

IN a Swedish history of remarkable criminals, I r
account of a person named Norden, a native of Jen
He loved a girl who was courted by the son of a we
man ; and her parents, animated by avarice, insisted
her marrying the richer suitor. Norden way-laid h
forest, killed and buried him ; and this he managed in
pert and expeditious manner. And a party of German
being then on their way into Norway to work an iron
who passed the spot where the murder was supposed
been committed, the real murderer was not sus
His rival being thus removed, Norden renewed
dresses, and married the young woman, and had a
rous family. From the time of his marriage, how
very remarkable change was observed in him. H
gloomy and reserved, shunned his former associate
nothing but religious books ; till, twelve or thirteen
afterwards, the gloom that preyed upon his mind
powering his reason, he became wholly deranged, a
put in a mad-house at Gefle. He had, whilst at
frequently used language that denoted he laboured
some heavy trouble. He said, if he were not hanged
world, he should be doomed to eternal perdition
next ; but at Gefle he went further, and told all the
culars of the horrid deed. This being reported
doctors, one of them desired a Lutheran ministe
and converse with the supposed maniac who had exc
much alarm by his extraordinary manner and dis

Unwillingly he consented, being a dull and formal sort of a man, and imputing all he said to the wanderings of a disordered mind. But when he visited the unhappy wretch, he was soon convinced that it was with a blood-stained man he was conversing, whom remorse of conscience had so goaded he was never at rest. He had, it seems, intervals of reason, and then his moans and lamentations were heart-rending. The image of the murdered young man seemed for ever present to his perturbed mind. When the reverend pastor announced his errand, Norden, who was reduced to a mere skeleton, rapturously thanked him, and falling upon his knees, made a full confession of his crime, stated precisely the spot where the body was buried, and as a favour entreated he might, whilst he was in his senses, be arraigned and executed for the horrid deed, for he said his existence was a burthen to him. He spoke of his wife in the most affectionate terms as wholly innocent and ignorant of the crime, and lamented the disgrace he should entail upon his children; but he described his sufferings, from the 'gnawing' of a guilty conscience, as being incomparably more dreadful than an ignominious death. The Haradshoofding (g) was sent for, and a process verbal was drawn up, and duly attested;—the spot described was examined, and the skeleton was found;—the case was then submitted to the criminal tribunal of the province, and transmitted to Gustavus III. and the high national court of justice for decision, who, considering it would never be more in Norden's power to commit a similar crime, wisely and mercifully resolved to treat the confession as the effusion of a disordered mind, and leave the wretched man to linger the remainder of his days in the mad-house. It forms a remarkable feature in this man's case, that from the moment he had relieved his mind by a full and frank confession, the madness with

(g) A magistrate something like the Chairman of our Quarter Sessions courts.

which he had been afflicted, forsook him. Still, so merciful were the judges, he was left untouched; and so truly penitent was the murderer, that he devoted his time and strength to the attendance of the most wretched of the maniacs, to whom the tenderness of his conduct was most exemplary. On the three days preceding and following the anniversary of the murder,—as had been his custom at his own house,—he shut himself up alone, ate only one meal of bread and water each twenty-four hours, and prayed, and scourged himself till blood followed the blows his own hand inflicted.—He was permitted to see and converse with his wife and children, and by a strange feeling arising from a self-accusing, a self-humiliating spirit, he spoke of himself as of a person who was dead, and insisted on their abstaining from calling him *husband* or *father*. A pretty plain proof that his intellects were yet shattered. In this state Norden continued till he died, exhibiting a striking instance of the almost omnipotent power of conscience.

In our collections of marvellous discoveries of extraordinary murders is the following, given by Doctor Ferdyce, M.D.

‘A jeweller, possessed of a good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel a considerable distance from the place of his abode, took with him a servant on whose honesty he thought he might safely rely, in order to take care of his property, and guard his person. The trader also carried with him a considerable sum of money, and an assortment of valuable jewels, to the possession of which large property the servant was privy. It is to be supposed it was the temptation thus casually presented, which operating most powerfully on an avaricious mind, that induced him suddenly to contemplate the murder of his too confiding master. And watching an opportunity in a lonely place, he drew a pistol that was put ~~in his hands~~ to defend his unsuspecting master, and shot ~~him~~ through the

head: the murdered man fell from his horse, and expired without a groan. The wretch then rifled his person, and tying a heavy stone round the neck of the corpse, and dragging it to an adjacent water, hove it in. He then made off to a part of England where he supposed himself and his master were alike unknown.—There he began to trade, at first in a very petty way, that his obscurity might screen him from suspicion. Assuming the appearance of a thriving man by the natural result of a successful trade, in the course of years he became a man of wealth and local consequence, and married a young woman of respectable fortune and connexions. In the further progress of a prosperous career, he was chosen common-councilman, then alderman, and lastly, mayor. In that important office he conducted himself in a becoming manner, neither overstraining the laws to reach offenders, nor relaxing them so far as to encourage crime. At this period a case occurred of so peculiar a nature, and so exactly analogous to his own, it wholly unhinged his mind, and led to his sudden debasement.

‘ Amongst the prisoners tried on capital charges, was a servant-man for the murder of this very master whom the mayor had murdered many years before. The evidence was apparently complete,—the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. During the course of this trial the mayor appeared to be unusually disordered; he turned pale, and shook in every limb as the circumstances of the murder were recited. At length, before the recorder pronounced sentence, he rose from his seat, threw off his scarlet gown as mayor, and going to the bar or dock where the prisoner stood, spake thus to those who had sat with him on the bench:

‘ You see before you, gentlemen, a striking instance of the just awards of heaven. This day, after thirty years concealment, presents to your eyes the real criminal, and not the man who stands by my side.’ It was at first supposed his mind was suddenly disordered,—but, coolly and

deliberately, to the amazement of all who heard him, told his real name, place of birth, his various servitude till engaged by Mr. ———, the jeweller; the temptation that assailed him; the murder, robbery, and disposal of his master's body, aggravating the ingratitude and cruelty of his conduct in murdering a man who had raised him from poverty and misery, and reposed unlimited confidence in him. He explained the artful manner in which he had hitherto eluded justice: 'But,' said he, 'the moment this unhappy prisoner appeared before me, charged with the very same crime, conscience set before my eyes such a picture of my former guilt, and I became so conscious of my crime, I could not consent, by any further concealment, to pass sentence against a fellow-creature wholly innocent of the crime. I have, therefore, for my safety, accused myself; nor can I feel any relief from the tortures of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that this man may be discharged, and proceedings be instituted against myself instead.'

The narrative states that the rest of the magistrates found themselves bound to commit him to prison; and that in the due course of law he was convicted and executed and died in a manner truly penitent for his crime.—I cannot aver that this story is well founded; if it be, it is certainly one of the most extraordinary effects of the force of conscience on record.

Amongst the records of murders discovered by the force of conscience in a child of tender age, the following is worth recital.

A west country gentleman, a Mr. Stobbine, ventured to London in 1668, and married a young *lady* of Wapping parentage and education, the youngest daughter of a Mr. Alicald. His bride was a vile jilt; her connexions were all disreputable. Mr. Stobbine had been married about fifteen months, when his wife brought him a daughter, and was left in London under the care of Mrs. Alicald, its

ternal grandmother; upon her death, when the child was about six years old, she was placed with a Mrs. Myltystre, a widow, eldest sister to Mrs. Stobbine. This female having acquired wealth, resolved to forsake the *cannaille* of Wapping, and taking a house at the fashionable end of the town, set herself up as a lady! Thither, in the year 1679, she invited Mr. and Mrs. Stobbine and their daughter to pay her a visit, and pass the winter. A brother of her deceased husband, a notoriously profligate character, and a professed gambler, who was called Captain Myltystre, lived with her; and he lay under the imputation of having been familiar with Mrs. Stobbine, both prior and subsequent to her marriage. Another relation, an apothecary, was also visiting widow Myltystre upon the birth-day of the daughter of Mrs. Stobbine. After dinner, the little imp, in honour of whose birth-day this dinner was given, took up a sword, and pointing it at her supposed father, exclaimed, 'Stick him! Stick him!' 'What,' said Mr. Stobbine, 'would you stick your father?'—'You are not my father.' 'Captain Myltystre is my father,' said the little girl. On hearing these insulting expressions, Mr. Stobbine gave her a box on the ear, upon which, Captain Myltystre drew his sword, and ran it through the body of the justly-incensed husband. Instantly he fell down on the floor, and his infernal wife, her sister, Mrs. Myltystre, and the apothecary, all fell upon him, and dispatched him. To conceal this atrocious murder, his widow, and the rest of the murderous crew, contrived a private burial, and then gave it out that Mr. Stobbine was gone into the country. A relative of the deceased called soon afterwards to inquire for him, to whom this equivocal answer was given. He next asked to see Mrs. Stobbine, and Mrs. Myltystre excused her appearance, saying she was indisposed,—partly with grief on account of her husband's absence, and partly on account of their house being burnt; 'but,' added the Jezebel, 'I intend giving them two or three thousand pounds

‘to enable them to rebuild it.’ Of course, her visitor applauded her generous intentions. Meantime, no account being heard of Mr. Stobbine in any quarter, messengers were sent to the west of England; but he had not been there, and there the same anxiety as to his fate prevailed. Upon this the depraved wretch, his wife, pretended to go almost distracted with excess of grief, and *retired*, as if for its indulgence, to a village a few miles out of London, but accompanied by her paramour, Captain Myltystre; where they gave the reins to their guilty passions. As to the girl who had been the cause of the murder, she was sent to a boarding-school; and there she had not long been before her broken slumbers, her cries and restlessness, disturbed and terrified the young lady her bed-fellow. Upon being asked the cause of her tossing and screaming in that manner as she lay in bed, she exclaimed, ‘*There’s a ghost in the room! There’s Mr. Stobbine’s spirit! See! how ghastly it looks.*’ And her own looks were so ‘ghastly,’ she seemed so confounded after her alarms had subsided, and gave such contradictory explanations, that her companion, who thought there had been some foul play towards her father (Mr. Stobbine,) told the governess of all that had occurred, and all she suspected. Upon a clergyman being sent for, the terrified girl, by degrees, confessed that her mother, and the parties named, had killed Mr. Stobbine. The clergyman advised the governess to keep a strict watch over the culprit, and prevent her escape, or despatching any letter or message. Next they went to a magistrate, who took their depositions, on which warrants were issued simultaneously to arrest each of the parties who were stated to have been present. They were separately examined, and each gave a different account of the death of Mr. Stobbine. The wretches were then confronted with each other, and their demeanour and looks plainly demonstrated their guilt. The body was taken up and the wound caused by the sword found in it. They

were committed to the gallies upon the evidence of the captain Myltyst, hung and gibbeted; the widow Myltyst's body flung down a gully-hole in Wapping, where she formerly lived. She was strangled, and then buried in Tyburn, and were attended by the Cat and the assed Macarthy; and they all died in his confession of guilt.

In this detection of murder, it was the conscience of the laughter that disturbed her rest, and by producing terrifying dreams, wrought so powerfully upon her imagination that she told all that she had seen transacted.

In the following instance, a murder was discovered by means of the *cunning* of the murderer.

Many years since, a farmer who resided near Southam, in the county of Warwick, was murdered on his return from the market held in that place. The next morning a man went to his anxious wife, and asked her if her husband had come home the preceding night. Full of terror he answered in the negative, and expressed the most lively fears as to the cause of his absence. 'Your alarm,' said the visitor, 'cannot equal mine. Last night, as I lay in bed, quite awake, the ghost of your husband appeared to me, pointed to several ghastly stabs in his body, told me he had been murdered by ****, (naming the individual,) and his carcase thrown into a marl-pit.' The poor woman believed all he said,—the pit was searched, the body was found, the denounced person was apprehended, committed to trial, and tried at the ensuing assizes held at Warwick. The Lord Chief Justice Raymond presided; the same individual appeared as prosecutor, and an ignorant, jealous jury, would have found the prisoner guilty upon such vague evidence, just as rashly as the justice of peace had committed him, if the judge had not checked them, so he addressed the jury in these words: 'I think, gentlemen,

‘you seem inclined to lay more stress on the supposed
 ‘dence of an apparition than it will bear. I cannot s
 ‘give much credit to these kind of stories; but be th
 ‘it may, we have no right to follow our private
 ‘nions here. We are now in a court of law, and accor
 ‘to law we must proceed; and I know not of any law
 ‘requires us to give credit to the evidence of appariti
 ‘nor yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evid
 ‘Crier,’ said the judge, ‘call in the ghost!’—The
 called the ghost by the name of the deceased three ti
 but to no purpose. ‘Gentlemen of the jury,’ conti
 the judge, ‘the prisoner at the bar, as you have hear
 ‘undeniable witnesses, is a man of the most unblemi
 ‘character. It has not appeared in the course of this
 ‘or the preceding examinations, that there was any qu
 ‘or private grudge between him and the deceased.
 ‘believe him to be perfectly innocent; and as there i
 ‘evidence against him, either positive or circumstan
 ‘he must be acquitted. But from many circumstan
 ‘which have arisen during the trial, I do strongly sus
 ‘that the person who said he had seen the apparition
 ‘himself the murderer; in which case he might easily a
 ‘tain the pit, the stabs, &c. without any supernatural
 ‘sistance. Upon such grounds of suspicion, I think
 ‘self justified in committing him to close confinement
 ‘the matter can be further inquired into.’ The wr
 turned pale, and trembled as the judge directed his l
 towards him: he was instantly seized, and the inne
 prisoner released. The premises of the ‘*ghost-seer*’ v
 immediately searched; property belonging to the decea
 was found, and identified; and such other strong pr
 were forthcoming, that he confessed his guilt, was tried,
 executed at the following assizes.

In this instance the *overcunning* of the murderer, v
 if he could, would have juridically murdered an innoc
 man, defeated his hellish project; and conscience c

pleted the evidence of his guilt. But it is clear, from the remarks attributed to the judge, that the jury would have convicted an innocent man, and consigned him to the gallows and the gibbet, without even a shadow of evidence, had it not been for the interference of the judge; and this is one of ten thousand instances, that might be selected from our juridical annals, of the most enormous iniquity having arisen from similar ignorance and credulity. In the middle ages, and probably at a much later period, innumerable instances may have occurred of innocent persons being thus sacrificed by the guilty. And it confirms to a great extent the opinions I have elsewhere expressed, that a jury, in common cases of debt or felony, is not the safest or best road to justice; and that its chief excellence depends on the barrier afforded by a jury composed of honest and ENLIGHTENED men, in cases of political or religious persecutions, when a jury has, and always can, protect the innocent, and repel the march of despotism.

Pursuing this subject, namely, the extraordinary ways by which secret murders have been brought to light, and of the strict infliction of the divine law of RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE, a little further, I present the following extraordinary instances.

About a century since, an innkeeper residing in Oxford, not far from St. Ald's Bridge, leading to Abingdon, had a gentleman call at his house, who was known to be very rich, and to have, at that time, a bag of gold coin in his travelling-bags or portmanteau. About midnight the wretch went with a dark lantern and a sharp knife into his bed-room, and creeping softly towards the bed, was struck with horror and dismay at seeing the blood pouring from his throat, and the gentleman writhing in the agonies of death; and on looking at his saddle-bags, he saw they were open! Just as the disappointed and terrified villain was retiring, two persons, armed with swords and pistols, rushed into the room, having been alarmed by the groans of

the murdered man, and the noise made by the murderer. Seeing the landlord in that plight, they instantly seized him ; and although none of the property was found upon his person, nor were his knife or hands bloody, he was condemned to be hung and gibbeted. Some years later, the person who had anticipated the murderous intentions of this villain was condemned to die on the gallows for another horrid crime, and prior to his death he made a full and circumstantial confession of having concealed himself in the inn, knowing this gentleman would be there ; and that he cut his throat whilst he was asleep, and carried off the bag of gold. And thus, by an extraordinary chance, both those wretches died upon the gallows ; but though *guilty* as far as intention went, yet the innkeeper, in the eye of the law, was innocent, and consequently juridically murdered on the strength of circumstantial evidence.

A still more wonderful instance of RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE occurred, when, horrid to relate, a youthful monster of depravity, in cold blood, robbed and murdered his own mother, and before twelve hours had elapsed, was himself murdered by other wretches, and for the sake of the coin which he had, by that accursed murder, obtained ! Let me not, however, be mistaken. Far be from me the impiety of supposing that the Almighty, to punish one murderer, instigated two other persons to fall into the commission of that horrible crime.

The wonderful incident of which I am treating is thus related in the Newgate Calender published forty years since.


‘ A young butcher, who lived with and served his mother, who resided near Smithfield Bars, in London, being in want of money to defray his wasteful expenditure, and his mother, a frugal widow woman, refusing to give it, the savage monster, as she lay sleeping in her bed, approached her with a knife, and cut her throat ! He then plundered her of money to the amount of thirty pounds. Leaving

the being weltering in her blood, who had given him life, nursed and cherished him in his hapless state of infancy, and reared him to manhood, the matricide hurried away, winged by guilt and terror, to Billingsgate, where he hired an extra Gravesend boat, pretending that he wanted to reach Tilbury Hope earlier than he could if he waited for the next turn, as there was a cattle fair near hand. This hurry, and a suspicion that he might have a large sum of money about him, caused the two watermen, whose names were Smith and Gurney, privately to communicate to each other their respective sentiments, and they agreed to murder the young man. They watched an opportunity as he was looking about, knocked him down in the boat, cut his throat from ear to ear, plundered him of his money, hove the body into the Thames, washed the blood clean out of the boat, divided the spoil, and landing at Gravesend as unconcerned as if nothing had taken place, regaled themselves on the spoil of the murdered stranger.

During many years this murder remained concealed. It happened one day, as they were playing at shuffle, or shovel-board, a violent quarrel arose between the murderers, when Smith, in a threatening tone, said to Gurney, who beat him, 'Thou knowest, villain, it lays in my power 'to hang thee for murdering a man in thy boat between 'London and Gravesend.' 'And if thou doest, thou shalt 'hang for company; for thou didst wash the blood out of 'the boat, and hadst thy share of the money,' said the other. This conversation being overheard by several people, the watermen were taken up. The story being inquired into, it was found that, at the time stated a body was found in the river, with its throat cut, which was buried in its clothes at Grays, in Essex. The murderers were brought to trial, and upon the strength of the words uttered in a passion between them, and other evidence which arose out of a public discussion of the occurrence, they were convicted,—and they both confessed the crime. They were

tried at Maidstone, hung there, and then their bodies were hung in chains on the banks of the river, opposite the spot where it was supposed the murder was committed. It was not till after the apprehending of Smith and Gurney, and the particulars of their confessions as to the person whom they had murdered, that the relations of the young butcher knew what had become of him ; and then they ascertained that he was himself murdered the very same morning he had murdered his mother !

About the year 1604 a remarkable occurrence took place of a murder discovered by a dream. A married woman, named Anne Waters, not being mindful of her marriage-vows, formed an intrigue with a young man, which her husband suspecting, they agreed to murder him ; which accordingly they did, and buried the body under a dunghill in the cow-house. Having, as she supposed, taken effectual precautions to prevent detection, she next played the hypocrite so well that few suspected her ; and many neighbours offered their condolence, and assisted in searching after the corpse. But suspicions did arise, and one of those either dreamt, or pretended to dream, that Waters was murdered, and buried under a dunghill as described. This being rumoured about the village, a constable was employed, and the spot was examined, when the body was found ; and the wife being apprehended, was so overwhelmed by the discovery made of the body through the medium of a dream, and believing it was in vain to deny what Providence chose to reveal, made a full confession,—was tried, convicted, and according to the laws of that period, burnt alive at a stake.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ILLUSTRATIVE FACTS.—APPLICATION OF TORTURE.

LE BRUN,

Supposed Murderer.

‘ It has been laid down as an axiom,’ said Mr. Sergeant Best, ‘ that circumstantial evidence is, of all evidence, the strongest and most to be relied upon; and so it is,’ continued the learned counsel :—‘ but then the CIRCUMSTANCES that are requisite to be considered as INFALLIBLE proofs of guilt are such, and SUCH ONLY, AS COULD NOT BY POSSIBILITY BEFALL AN INNOCENT PERSON.’—*Vide Lord Cochrane’s Trial.*



‘ The greatest possible CRIME that can be committed on the part of government is for its criminal tribunals to maim, mutilate, irreparably disgrace, or put to death, an INNOCENT PERSON falsely accused. Any judge merits degradation, if not death, who, having the power to save the victim, displays marks of a vindictive feeling towards the accused. There is nothing so fatal to the authority of the law as such horrible examples; and no injury so cruel. Judges should therefore be, not alone the most UPRIGHT and MERCIFUL of mankind, but also the most PATIENT.’

TORILD.

————— ‘ Man,—proud man !

‘ Drest up in all the insolence of office,

‘ Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

‘ As make the angels weep.’

SHAKESPEARE.



THE use of TORTURE, in a variety of ways, appearing to be gaining ground in Great Britain, with a view to aid in bringing the horrible encroachment more fully into view, I shall take a review of a recent case of DREADFUL NOTORIETY, as affording, in more features than one, ample grounds of comparison with the juridical murder of LE BRUN, an

innocent man, who was tortured to death in the year 1689 at Paris.

So truly barbarous is the spirit of all the ancient codes of laws that are still in use in Europe, and so generally subversive of the only legitimate end of legislation, that a close observer of their mischievous tendency might conclude their sole object was to demoralize and brutalize mankind. And surely it was some fiend that first whispered into the ear of an iniquitous judge, in the administration of *justice*, to call in the aid of the scourge and the rack for the discovery of truth !—Instead of this foul and cruel mode of procedure leading to the discovery of truth, in nineteen cases out of twenty it has had a contrary effect. During the insurrection of Ireland in 1798, many persons were urged by *half-hanging, picquetting*, and by *excessive flogging*, to confess themselves guilty of crimes of which they were innocent, to obtain *the favour* of being hanged, without suffering the agonies of more protracted torture !

To the eternal injury of revealed religion, and indelible stain to a REFORMED church, a PRELATE, a man of illustrious birth, great connexions, and enormous riches, sunk so far below the plunges of ordinary criminals as to cherish propensities of an unnatural and most loathsome nature. Unrestrained by shame, by remorse, by the defilement he was communicating to the church of which he was so high a dignitary, he followed his secret and hideous vice, till rumour succeeding rumour, complete and full detection burst forth and overwhelmed him.

But what has this to do with the case of LE BRUN ? some reader may perhaps exclaim ; and to such I would reply, ‘ A great deal, as far as the *application* of TORTURE is concerned.’ I shall therefore copy an article which has traversed Great Britain in the public journals, and then connect the ominous occurrence with the fate of LE BRUN. It runs thus : ‘ It appears from a statement in the *Dublin Herald*, that the unfortunate man BYRNE, who was nearly

SENT TO DEATH in Dublin for bringing a criminal charge, ill living, and that he was not sentenced, as reported, transportation. He was found guilty entirely on the evidence of the WARTEN, whose theatrical attitude in rising calling on the God of truth and justice to hear his tale, whilst he pledged himself before his country, and *be holy evangelists*, that he had been falsely accused, not yet left the minds of numerous citizens who were jurors. The sentence was two years' imprisonment, TWO OF THREE FLOGGINGS! The incarceration was completed, and under one flogging he bled till the spark of life had nearly become extinct. When he recovered, and was on the eve of getting a second flog, a *steward* of the MONSTER came to him, and *asked a remission* of the impending punishment, on the condition of Byrne's signing a written acknowledgment: having been guilty of slander and falsehood. Who, was not prepared to die of the agonies of the rack, *did* refuse his signature under such circumstances? poor creature, it may be supposed, was not slow in *laying* his trembling hand to the paper, and he was *mercifully* spared a punishment of which it was a thousand times he would not have endured the infliction.' The *Peer* of CLOGHER (*r*) was not only a dignitary of the

Byrne had heard his fellow-menials whisper that the *Honourable* JOCKNEY, Bishop of CLOGHER, was a Sodomite: he mentioned what he had been prosecuted and convicted on the *single* oath of the Sodomite. Imprisoned, and TORTURED under the pretext of giving him a flogging, then *another* menial, a servant of the Sodomite, *offers a remission* *absolutely*, if the innocent man would confess *himself* guilty. The *curry* the menial had for making that offer should be inquired into, *never* guilt lays, there should the severest of punishment fall. How *will* these foul crimes swell the multitudes that are daily and hourly *away* from the belief in religion; and chiefly from the profligacy of *riches*.

Letter to the Right Hon. William C. Plunkett, on the subject of Irish *by* an Irish landlord, published some time ago, there is the following:—'The Established Clergy of Ireland have been *probably* eno-

Irish church, but a member of the Society for the *pression of Vice*, one of the Board of *Education*, a *distributor*, and a staunch hater of popery.

Now for the context: the case of **LE BRUN** presents an afflicting and distressful instance of a set of French judges who, to *strike terror* into the *menials* of the great day, and utterly neglectful of the straight and direct of getting at the truth, and which lay open before them, had recourse to the **RACK** to extort a confession of guilt. An extraordinary degree of fortitude enabled the victim to endure all the studied torments of the rack, rather than confess himself guilty of a crime of which he was innocent.

In the recent case of torture in Ireland, poor **JOHN DUFFY** had been scourged by a gigantic executioner six feet high till his back-bone was laid bare, and some accounts say that his bowels were uncovered of skin and muscle. In all events, he was tortured till he lay bleeding, lacerated, and apparently expiring. When the **MITRED CRIMINAL** thus glutted his infernal spirit of vengeance,—when he suffered an innocent man to linger out two long years in prisonment, the *fear* of the miscreant led him,—a **DREAD** of expiring under the lash enabled him, to save himself from the unhappy victim of his power and influence, to make a **CONFESSIO OF GUILT**!—Here then exists the parallel between the two cases: **Le Brun** was sacrificed to the safety

‘gized in Parliament. I do not sit down to write a satire or an invective, but we cannot forget that in our memory, a Prelate possessed of the bishopric in the kingdom never put his foot on it for the space of ten years, and went about on the continent, as I have been informed, railing every where against the Christian religion. Another was of unceasing profligacy, that in his annual travels from Holyhead to London, his chambermaid at any inn where he stopped conceived herself safe from his attempts; and he is said to have been finally shot on Hounslow Heath by some one whom he attempted to rob.’—Vide *Liverpool Mercury*.
 sort of ‘*Right Reverend Fathers in God*’ these!—Can any one feel surprised seeing **CHRISTIANITY** publicly stigmatized as a mere tissue of pious fraud and deception?

voluptuous and profligate nobility of the court of Louis XIV.—Byrne, who was also a menial, by a process that cannot be too severely condemned, was made a sacrifice to the *safety and reputation* of a NOBLEMAN and a PRELATE ! Torture having more power over him than Le Brun, he confessed guilt though he was guiltless. Now, though I will not say the judge and jury by whom Byrne was condemned, were as guilty as the members of the French tribunal by whom Le Brun was murdered, yet, before the exculpatory oath of the plaintiff had been received, there should have been instituted a rigid inquisition by the *ecclesiacy* of England and Ireland, into the private life and character of the Bishop of Clogher; and if this had been done, the *taint* would have been easily traced. The notorious profligacy of many former dignitaries of the Irish Church leaves the less excuse for the court or the jury. A criminal, guilty of any *very infamous* act of FELONY, would seldom be seen to hesitate to perjure himself, when, by so doing, he might not alone escape punishment, but destroy his accuser !

Many terrible acts of injustice, in cases of *ex-officio* informations, have arisen from this practice of our common law courts. In 1805, the secretary to an admiral in a southern port betrayed confidence, and robbed a gentleman thereby of many thousands. The person injured wrote an intemperate letter; the secretary, under sanction of this law, superadded perjury to fraud, and by perverting a law and its principle, completed the ruin of the person he had betrayed and cheated !—It ought therefore to be abolished. The *Bishop of Clogher*, whether he proceeded by indictment or an *ex-officio* information, ought not to have been permitted to appear as a witness, till a rigid examination of his domestics and most intimate friends had been executed by a commission appointed by the prelacy. If this wise and necessary inquisition had taken place, such presumptive proofs of the hideous taint must have appeared

as would have suppressed the prosecution, and saved wretched being from the aggravation of his infamy by daring appeal, and horrible perjuries he committed. I had been innocent, this inquisition, *after the conviction* the slanderer, would have cleared off every stain; a Byrne had really been guilty of *maliciously slandering* ought to have been transported for life; but not tort. Such is the view I have taken of this lamentable instance of human depravity: and now for the sacrifice of Le Brun the French valet.

A French lady of high rank, and ample fortune, named Mazel, resided at the period named in Maison Street, the Sorbonne; whose lifeless body, maimed by wounds, was found one morning in her bed, floating in gore, and under such circumstances as apparently rendered it next to impossible the murder *could* have been perpetrated by any but a confidential servant. An opinion was proved to have been erroneous, and which led to the miserable death of the chief domestic, named Le Brun, an amiable and honest man, who was wholly innocent of the murder for which he was apprehended.

The house wherein Lady Mazel lived was four stories high. On the basement story there was an extensive vestibule; at the foot of the ground staircase there was a closet in which the plate was deposited, the key of which was kept by one of the chambermaids. Her principal domestic, who acted as house-steward, valet, and butler, was named Le Brun; he was a married man, but slept in a small room partitioned off from the vestibule or hall. The lady of the house lived in a style of fashionable dissipation. The gala suite of rooms in which she received company for she had regularly her public nights for play—was on this floor.

The lady's own chamber was on the first floor, looked into a court-yard, and was the innermost of the suite. The outward room, next to the staircase, was open to the

and day. After the lady retired to her bed, the middle chamber was locked by her attendant, and the key of the door was commonly placed on the chimney-piece of the outward room. The key of Lady Mazel's bed-room was usually taken out of the door by the servant who attended her, and laid in a chair close by, and then pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not, without violence, be opened from the outside. There were also two other doors in this chamber: one of these, by a passage, communicated with the back-stairs, and the other with a wardrobe which also had a communication with the back-stairs.—On the second floor was a chamber appropriated to an Abbe Poulard. There were other rooms on this floor, but they were unoccupied. There were two chambers on the third floor, one of those was occupied by the two chambermaids, who were sisters; in the other slept the two footmen, who were brothers. Above this floor there were lofts, one of which was used as a granary, and the doors were always open. In the kitchens and cellars, which were under ground, slept the cook, and an old charwoman.

The lady of the mansion was a *demi-rep*, a female gambler, notorious for her gay life and free conversation. She was a widow, and, at the time of her murder, between forty and fifty years of age. Her maiden name was Savoniere; she had children who were grown up. Her house was the rendezvous of *rooks* and pigeons,—of professed gamblers; and rich and inexperienced youthful heirs. Several nights in the week this temple of fashionable vice and folly was thrown open, and her apartments were soon filled with crowds of visitors, and the passages and ante-rooms thronged with lacqueys and valets; whence resulted as much noise and confusion as if it had been a place of public entertainment. Such were the character and occupation of Lady Mazel!

The Abbe Poulard, an inmate, was the favoured lover.

of Lady Mazel.—In his society, after her doors were closed, and her company departed, she beguiled the heavy hours of widowhood, and mitigated the severity of the vows of continency made on the tomb of her spouse. But whilst she thus indulged in the pleasures of sin, no saint could be more solicitous to preserve *reputation*. The abbe retained, for the sake of appearances, a lodgings in another house; but he generally slept in Lady Mazel's. To enable him to pay her nocturnal visits, a private way was made from the room above the wardrobe in which the abbe slept, the lower door of which opened behind the hangings of the room close to Lady Mazel's bed-side. So far did this female carry her precautions, that she suffered no person to sleep in any chamber that approached the secret passage, or the room in which she *wished* to have it believed the Abbe Poulard slept; yet so far was this scrupulous sensualist from attaining her object, that her *protection* of the abbe was a matter universally understood in Paris, as well as by her own domestics! In the excess of her cunning Madame Mazel resembled the ostrich, which, when closely pursued, is said to hide its head in a bush, and when it can see nothing, foolishly imagines she is not seen!

The Abbe Poulard evinced the high regard he cherished for the vows of *perpetual chastity* he had made when he became a son of the church, by living as a paramour with Lady Mazel; and his love and reverence for the church, by quitting the order of the Jacobin monks, of which society, during twenty years, he had been a brother, under the pretext of intending to enter into the order of Cluni!—On this plea he obtained, through powerful interest, a bull from the pope for his dismissal; but the abbe had never been recognised as a brother by that fraternity, nor had he ever intended such event should take place. He had a master-key which opened all the doors in Lady Mazel's house,—he presided at her table, and was considered by the

domestics as one invested with equal authority with their mistress. He was notoriously known as a dissolute and depraved character, and had been excommunicated on account of the scandalous life he led. The son and heir of Lady Mazel, Monsieur de Savoniere, held an appointment at court; he was married, and his mother had caused his wife, thirteen years prior to this period, to be confined in a convent on account of the *irregularities of her life*. A circumstance which, in the eyes of those who knew the mother's character, might have suggested the idea of Satan correcting sin!—Such was Lady Mazel, the Abbe Pontard, and the chief personages of the family.

The officiating master of this household was the valet Le Brun, a person already named; he had lived with Lady Mazel nearly thirty years, having entered her service when he was young. He was married, and had lodgings, as was the custom in Paris, with persons of middling circumstances; his wife was living,—they had two daughters grown up, whom he reared with great propriety; they were milliners, established in business,—in prosperous circumstances, and very eminent in their profession. Le Brun might have had an apartment for his wife and family in the house of his patroness, but his wife and himself considering it an improper place in which to rear a family, he acted on the prudential policy described; he slept generally in his mistress's house,—occasionally at his lodgings.

The footmen were mere youths,—the one seventeen, the other eighteen years of age; the two chambermaids, the cook, the coachman, and the old charwoman, were similar in their circumstances and manners with other persons of their humble condition in life.

On the 27th November, 1689, being the first Sunday in Advent, Le Brun's two daughters waited upon Lady Mazel after her ladyship had dined, and were very kindly received. Le Brun, their unhappy father, wholly unconscious of the impending destruction that hung over his

head, attended his lady to church, and then went himself to vespers at the Jacobin church in St. James's Street; and thence, according to the custom of the country, to a bowling-green with a locksmith named Laque;—next, to the house of a cook or *restaurateur*, named Gautier, where they bought something for supper.—Le Brun then called at Lady Mazel's residence,—thence he went to his own lodgings near Harcourt college-gate. About eight o'clock that evening he went to attend his lady, according to her orders, at a Lady Du Vaux's, in Batoir Street. Having attended Lady Mazel to her own residence, he went and supped at Laque's, appearing all the while very easy and cheerful in his mind and manners.

Agreeably to her usual custom Lady Mazel and the Abbe Poulard took their supper together. At eleven o'clock the former retired to her chamber, whither she was attended by her two chambermaids; and before they left her, Le Brun, who did not arrive at home till the lady had retired, came up the back-stairs, and knocked at the door. Lady Mazel asked who was there, and one of the maids said, '*It is Mr. Le Brun;*' who finding they did not open the door, went back, and came round by the great staircase. When Lady Mazel heard Le Brun, she said, '*This is a fine hour, indeed!*'—little dreaming that her last hour was arrived!—Then she ordered him to make preparations for the reception of company the next evening, that being one of her public days,—an evening she was not to live to behold!—One of the chambermaids having, as usual, put the key of the room upon a chair near the door, they went out; and Le Brun following them, drew the door to after him; he stayed a few minutes chatting with the maids upon the stairs, the subject of their discourse being the kind reception Le Brun's two daughters had that day experienced from their lady. Le Brun seemed pleased and interested in this conversation, and they parted; at which time, according to their subsequent testimony, the unhappy

man seemed in his usual good spirits, without any anxiety being perceptible in his countenance or in his deportment. That night Le Brun went to his bed on the basement story, and, on the following morning, early to market. On the way he met a bookseller with whom he was well acquainted, who detained him some time in talk, and to whom he appeared perfectly easy and tranquil in his mind; thence he went to the butchers who supplied the table of Lady Mazel, and buying some mutton, desired it might be sent home immediately, as the cook would want it, and he had himself to go another way. The butcher, when called upon, declared that Le Brun appeared to him tranquil and easy, and not to have any thing of more than common interest upon his mind. Le Brun, in the course of that eventful morning, met several other of his friends or acquaintances, some of whom went home with him, where, having thrown off his cloak, one of them, who was in a frolicsome mood, snatched it up, and put it on his own shoulders; seeing which playful act, and being himself in a merry humour, Le Brun took up the leg of mutton that the butcher had just sent home, and giving his friend a smart blow upon the back with it, said jocosely, '*A man has a right to beat his own cloak as much as he pleases.*' Soon afterwards he dismissed his friends, and went to make some preparations in the kitchen, which, being a general servant, and putting his hand to every thing, he knew very well how to do. Next he gave out wood to the lacqueys for his lady's chamber; and the servants, as well as himself, began to feel surprised that her bell had not rung, as it was then eight o'clock, and Lady Mazel usually rose at seven. Le Brun, finding his lady did not ring as usual, went to his wife, and expressed his uneasiness at the circumstance,—at the same time it appeared he gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up. From his lodgings Le Brun went to a public-house opposite his lady's, and seeing one of the

footmen at the window of the ante-chamber that looked to the street, Le Brun inquired if his lady was yet stirring ; being told she was not, he went into the house, and found all the servants in the utmost consternation at having heard nothing of her bell, and the more so as the lacqueys had made a noise more than commonly loud as they carried up the fire-wood. After a consultation amongst them, it was agreed upon to knock at the door of their lady's room ; they did so. No answer being returned, they called several times,—and the same dead silence continuing in the chamber, the general alarm and consternation was much increased. By one it was conjectured she must have been seized with apoplexy ; by another that she had bled to death at the nose,—an infirmity to which she was subject ; but Le Brun said it must be something more serious. *'My mind,'* said he, *'misgives me ; for I found the street-door open last night after all the family but myself were in bed.'*—All their worst fears being now set afloat, Le Brun sent to Monsieur de Savoniere, son to Lady Mazel. Upon his arrival he immediately sent for a smith to force the door, and he said to the valet, *'What can have happened, Monsieur Le Brun ? It must be apoplexy.'* And some one present proposed sending for a surgeon ; on which Le Brun said, *'Rely upon it, it is no apoplexy ! It is certainly something worse ! My mind has misgiren me ever since I found the street-door open last night after the family were in bed.'*(s) These exclamations, though perfectly natural, knowing as he did that he had found the street-door open, after it had been closed for the night as was supposed, operated greatly to his disadvantage, and being construed in the most unfa-

(s) To this culpable negligence in omitting to inform his mistress of this circumstance, so that her chambers, as well as the whole house, might have been searched, the murder of Lady Mazel, and his own wretched end, were owing. May these deplorable consequences of neglect operate as a warning to servants, and induce them, in similar circumstances, to act with greater zeal and fidelity than Le Brun displayed on this occasion.

stable manner, had a leading influence in producing the real and unjust sentence of which he became the victim. When the smith had forced the door of Lady Mazel's room, Le Brun was the first that entered: he ran eagerly to the bed, and after calling several times, drew back a head-curtain, when, being almost petrified at the sickening sight which presented itself, he exclaimed, '*Oh! my lady is murdered!*' an announcement which created astonishment and horror in the breasts of all present, although the sad catastrophe was not unexpected. Le Brun then ran into the wardrobe, and taking down the bar of the window, he opened the shutters; next he lifted up the trunk box, and weighing it in his arms, exclaimed, '*It has not been robbed! how is this?*'

M. Doffin was then lieutenant of police; to him M. de Savoniere sent: the former instantly attended in person, and took the examination of that gentleman and his two others, and sent for a surgeon to examine the body of the murdered lady, which was found to have received no less than fifty wounds with a knife, many of which were inflicted on the hands and arms, on the face, on the neck and chest, some on the shoulder-blade; none of which were, however, mortal, excepting one which had pierced the jugular artery. The bed, as might be expected, was full of gore,—a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, quite soaked with blood, was found on the bed; and also a napkin made up in the form of a night-cap: it was bloody, and when examined was found to be marked with the letter S. and to belong to Lady Mazel, whose maiden name, as already stated, was Savoniere.

From the rag of the neckcloth, it was judged that the unhappy lady, in defending herself, had torn off a part of a murderer's cravat, and knocked off his cap; in her hand were found three or four hairs, which she appeared to have pulled from off the assassin's head. From the cuts on her hands it is probable she had seized her murderer, and did not quit her hold till the muscles and sinews were cut

through. The bell-pulls were found twisted many round the tester of the bed, so as to be out of reach ; were also secured by two knots, so that had they reached they could not have moved the bell ; a circumstance which denoted the utmost degree of caution and liberation on the part of the perpetrator. Among ashes on the hearth was found a clasp knife or couteau such as are common in France, having a very long blade and when open fasten back with a spring, so that it cannot shut, if used as a weapon of offence or defence it cut the hand of the person holding it. It was eight or nine inches long, and had a projection at the back which might be used as a screw-driver ; the handle, which had been covered with tortoise-shell, was almost wholly consumed by the fire ; and as there appeared no traces of blood on the blade, it had probably been evaporated by the heat. The key of Lady Mazel's bed-chamber was not found near the seat of the chair where it had been laid the evening before by the maids ; but no marks of violence appeared on the doors either of her bed-chamber, or of the ante-chamber, and the doors of the chamber which opened into the back-stairs were found bolted on the inside. There was a cupboard in the wardrobe, the key of which was commonly placed at the head of Lady Mazel's bed ; this Monsieur de Savoniere caused to be opened, and there was found in it the purse in which the card-money was kept, and about twenty-seven livres in gold : there was also found in this cupboard the key of the strong chest,—but as it opened by a secret way, without the assistance of a smith it could be made of it. A smith was therefore sought for and in about a quarter of an hour, with some difficulty opened the box. There were found within it four bags each containing about 1000 livres in silver, with several other bags of silver coin containing different sums. One of these was a ticket, on which was written '*Monsieur L'Abbe Poulard's.*' Under one of these bags, was

retained 1000 livres, there was a large purse made of a red colour and green needle-work, lined with cherry-coloured satin, which was open and empty; a square writing-box, covered with red leather, on which lay a half louis d'or. In this box all the jewels belonging to Lady Mazel, valued at upwards of 15,000 livres, were found; also 18 pistoles in gold in the pockets of the deceased; in which circumstances it was at first concluded no robbery had been committed.

The king's lieutenant of police having examined the chambermaids on the spot, next interrogated Le Brun. Giving an account of what had occurred the preceding night, he said, and truly, that having chatted a little with the maids upon the stairs as they all came out of the lady's chamber, they went up to their room,—he descended to the street-door,—laid his hat upon the table, took the key of the street-door in order to double lock it before he went to bed; he laid the key also upon the table, and sat down before the fire to warm himself,—that insensibly he fell asleep,—awoke after having, as he guessed, slept about an hour, and going then to lock the street-door, *he found it locked*; he then locked it, and took the key with him into his chamber,—a precaution he very seldom used. Upon his person being searched, agreeably to the orders of the lieutenant of police, they found upon him the keys of the street-door, and a master-key, the wards of which were remarkably large, and it opened the door of Lady Mazel's chamber. This being deemed a strong indication of guilt, he was, by order of the lieutenant of police, committed into custody; and he directed the bloody night-cap to be tried upon his head, which was found to fit him exactly. The offices, or butler's room, servants' hall, his bed-chamber, were all searched; but nothing was found to criminate Le Brun. The minister of police commanded Le Brun to prison, and, at the same time, caused the house to be searched, his afflicted wife to be arrested,

and likewise committed to prison : he then put his office in Lady Mazel's apartment, and placed proper persons in possession of the house.

The next day, namely, 29th November, 1689, the tenant of police examined the two lacqueys, the coach and the cook ; but did not think it worth while to interrogate the old charwoman, who slept in the kitchen. It was thought proper to reserve as witnesses those against whom there were no circumstances indicative of guilt, because the evidence of persons who have never been accused has at all times more weight than one who has ; and it is always in the power of the magistrates to proceed eventually against any party that has been examined as a witness, if in the course of the proceedings there arises a cause of suspicion. They found on this day, the 29th, at the foot of the back-stairs, a long new cord, which was knotted at equal distances, so as to serve as a substitute for a rope-ladder ; and to one end of which was fastened an iron hook or holdfast, with three arms or branches. The lieutenant of police, on the 30th, visited in his dungeon Le Brun, the miserable victim of erring lawyers,—he was stripped naked ; and his body and his garments examined with the utmost accuracy ; but there was found no blood upon his clothes, not a scratch upon his body. But on the 31st day, in one of the lofts at the top of the house, beneath some trusses of straw, there was found a shirt, the collar and sleeves of which were very much stained with blood ; there were also marks on the sides of blood-stained fingers ;—under the shirt was found the collar of a coat stained at both ends with blood. In another loft, there were deposited a large quantity of oats and chaff, but nothing was found concealed connected with this foul den. Upon Le Brun's chamber being ransacked, and every single article carefully examined, nothing was found that tolerated the suspicions entertained of him ; and he was equally rigid in the desolated habitation of his un-

is equally barren in criminatory proofs ; but the of the police took away part of his linen to compare the shirt, &c. which had been found in the lofts ofazel's house.

smith examined the master-key found upon Le who said, as might have been expected, that the key erent from every other key in the house ; that the tween the wards were thinner ; that a new piece i to have been soldered on, and the whole appeared been lately filed ; that it opened, not alone the or, but that of the ante-chamber, and both the Lady Mazel's room, even when double-locked. ler could discover no other resemblance between : found, and the one taken on the person of Le ban that the same manufacturer made them. A eclared that the hair was in too small a quantity to opinion from it. The linen weavers said there was east resemblance between the shirt and the part of at found in the cockloft and Le Brun's linen,—the : shorter and more scanty ; the collar was shorter ; noids belonging to the establishment of Lady Ma- sed that they had never seen Le Brun have such a *but believed they had washed one for a person.* JERRY, who had been lacquey to their lady, and ' been turned off about four months before for her '—Here then was direct evidence, and at the this prosecution, inculpating in the horrid mur- earded servant, by whom the deceased had already bed ! Yet the *sagacious* lieutenant of police did , proper to take any notice of this very important tion, which, had it been properly made use of, must to the detection of the real murderer, and saved f an innocent man ! The lieutenant of police, act- ough he had a secret motive for prosecuting Le death, durst not, or would not, seek to bring truth

There were, however, so many circumstances which seemed to point to the domestics of the house, or some of them, as the authors of this murder, as might, a careless magistrate, appear to supersede the necessity of inquiry in a quarter more remote. It was demanded by the prosecutor's advocates, who had made a dead set at Le Brun, how could a stranger get into Lady Mazel's house without forcing the locks of the doors, which were supposed to have been locked?—how tie up the bell-strings to prevent the lady calling for help?—Was it probable, during the short time that Le Brun slept by the kitchen fire, a candle burning near him, Lady Mazel being just gone to bed, and the maids scarcely undressed, that a stranger should glide into the house, commit this heinous murder, and disappear? that he should pick the lock of the street-door, and also of the chamber where the lady slept, and shut the chamber-door after him, without being heard? that he should pass by the room door of the maid who had but just retired to rest, to deposit his bloody weapon in the loft,—be able to come down stairs again, pass through the house, and go out at the street-door, *without being seen or heard*?—It might be objected, said the crown lawyers, that a knotted rope, which might serve for a ladder, had been found at the bottom of the back-stairs; but, upon close examination, that very rope strengthens the suspicion against a domestic; for it was natural that a guilty domestic should provide such a rope, and leave it where it was found, as an expedient to elude detection, and lull suspicion asleep. They also observed it was left by a person who had never used it, as the knots were not drawn close together; it must if it had ever sustained the weight of a man's body. The crown lawyers therefore assumed, as a probability of the most self-evident kind, that some of the domestics committed the murder; and next, that of all the domestics who had belonged to Lady Mazel, it was much more probable that Le Brun was the assassin than any other.

mitted there were circumstances which seemed to indicate that Le Brun had not, with his own hand, shed the blood of his mistress in the hour of repose; but they insisted that, as far as circumstantial evidence can be considered as proof of guilt, that he must have been an accessory to the murderer, and have let him into the house. It was not likely, reasoned they, that Le Brun was the person who actually committed the murder; for it was scarcely credible, considering the resistance Lady Mazel had made, he fastened so firmly on the murderer she could not be engaged without cutting her hand through, but that the murderer must have had traces of blood upon his body. It was known, they urged, that blood cannot be washed out from the creases at the roots of the nails without great difficulty, and if the least scratch had raised the skin in struggling, it would have been impossible to conceal it, and equally impossible to conceive, in such a struggle, no scratch could have been given. But the hands of Le Brun were examined a very few hours after the murder, and there appeared not the least trace or stain of blood upon them, though it was plain they had not been washed that day; his whole body was also examined, and there was not the least scratch or rasure of the skin to be found from head to foot: Le Brun had never been seen with such a knife as that found in the ashes, yet it did not seem to be one provided for the purpose, but the knife commonly used and carried by the murderer. (t) In the next place, the cravat, which a piece was found in the bed, was such as Le Brun was never known to wear, for it was made of coarse muslin, and all his cravats were, and had long been, of muslin only; the bloody shirt was too short, and too scanty for him; and the maids both deposed they believed it was not his, but that they had washed both the shirt and cravat for

) At this period it was the custom in France, and indeed in most parts of England also, for persons in middling circumstances of life to carry the bread with which they ate in their pockets, even when they went to feasts.

a person named Berry, a lacquey of their late lady, who had been turned away for robbing her.—Yet, to the eternal disgrace of the judges before whom this innocent, honest, and faithful servant was tried, the following sentence was pronounced against him, on the 18th January, 1690—*viz.*

‘That having been attainted and convicted of being
‘accessary to the murder of Lady Mazel, he should make
‘the *amende honourable*; and after being broken alive
‘should be left to expire on the wheel; but that he should
‘first be put to the torture, both ordinary and extraordi-
‘nary, in order to discover his accomplices.’

The inveterate stubbornness with which the judges of Le Brun persisted in their belief of his guilt was such, that they seemed determined to resist to the very utmost of their power every thing favourable to him in the evidence as it arose; and as they possessed the tremendous engine, the *rack*, whereby to extort a confession of his accomplices, it probably induced some of them to slight and neglect those very strong indications of the guilt of Berry, which, under other circumstances, must have directed the stroke of justice aright. At all events, Le Brun himself felt conscious of his innocence,—of the iniquity of the sentence, and the gross partiality of his judges, and he appealed against its execution. Of the arguments which occurred in the appellate jurisdiction, the following are the most interesting passages :

‘It is plain,’ reiterated the counsel for the prosecution,
‘that this murder was committed by means of a domestic,
‘and that if Le Brun did not actually commit the crime, he
‘introduced the person who did. He was a servant in
‘whom Lady Mazel reposed great confidence; he was em-
‘ployed to receive her rents, and trusted so far as to lock
‘up her money in the strong box; and from being often in
‘possession of the key he acquired a knack of opening it.
‘It appeared,’ said they, ‘on one of the examinations, that
‘Le Brun’s mistress, having some time before found the

Bell-strings tied up, complained of it to Le Brun's hearing, who instantly replied, "*I tied them up, because they were in my way, and troublesome whilst the bed is being made.*" Hence they argued, that he who had once tied them up would tie them up again, and also that Le Brun loaded to attempt the murder he afterwards perpetrated, from the discovery of this useful precaution prevented it. The maids,' continued they, 'have sworn positively that the strings were *not tied up* on the Sunday before dinner; and after dinner, except Le Brun and the cook, there was no one in the house; against the cook nothing appeared indicative of guilt, and therefore she should not be suspected of tying up the bell-strings. Besides,' said they, 'when Lady Mazel went out to vesper the afternoon, she shut and double-locked her chamber-door, a precaution she had always taken after having been robbed by BERRY; and if the bell-strings were tied after that, it must have been by Le Brun, for he alone had a master-key that opened the door of the chamber, which, when locked, was inaccessible to the cook and the rest of her ladyship's domestics. From his consciousness of having tied up the bell-pulls in the afternoon, Le Brun,' the crown advocates, 'seems desirous of concealing the hour at which he returned from church. In one of his examinations he said he did not return till seven o'clock;—and in another, that he returned immediately on parting with Laque and Gautier; and these persons deposed he parted with them at half-past four o'clock. Upon his first examination, Le Brun stated that he came to his lady's room at seven o'clock, he stayed there till he went to sleep at her home at eight; but afterwards, on being asked how he employed himself from the time of his coming into his going out again, he replied, "*I did but just come in, and went out again immediately.*"—In his first examination he also said that when he came home at night, he did not go into his lady's chambers to take her

orders, *but received them as he stood on the threshold of the door.* This he said upon being asked by the lieutenant of police if he did not take the key of the chamber, which was missing when the smith opened the door in the morning, from the chair, where one of the maids had laid it, thinking it would open the door more easily than his master-key; but, on being confronted with the chamber-maids, they both insisted that Le Brun did go into the chamber, and that he was the last that came out of it, he prevaricated, and said, "*If I did enter the chamber, I was but just within the door.*" However, there was no necessity for his going far into a room to take a key that lay close to the door; and he had,' said his prosecutor, no better defence to make than "*If I did go into the room, I forgot it.*" Le Brun,' said they, 'gave an account that having found the street-door open, he shut it and went to bed. If he had been innocent, would he not rather have called up the servants, and searched the house? He told M. Savoniere that he was uneasy at having found the door open:—if this were true, how came he to go to bed without taking any step to restore peace to his mind?—Though several witnesses deposed that on the Monday morning Le Brun appeared tranquil and easy; yet it appears by his own confession he was not so; he was then conscious to his own secret solicitude and anxiety, and fearing it should be discovered, was desirous to account for it; and therefore he told his wife amongst others, that he was very uneasy at having found the street-door open the night before when he was going to bed, and afterwards, that he was uneasy at her ladyship not having rung her bell; he also gave his wife gold to lock up, and there is great reason to believe that this gold was part of that he had stolen, and that the rest was deposited elsewhere. When the first thought that naturally occurred to every body upon finding Lady Mazel in her room at an unusual time was, that she had been

sized with an apoplexy, or with a violent bleeding at the nose, an accident to which she had been subject, and which proves that her general habit was plethoric, Le Brun immediately said, "*It must be something worse!*" adding, he was very uneasy at having found the street-door open in the middle of the night! He also said the same thing, but yet in stronger terms, to M. Savoniere, when the smith was sent for to open the chamber-door; and what could be more natural, supposing him guilty? He saw the murder was on the point of being discovered, and he had the utmost reason to suppose the first suspicion would alight upon him. He knew that many circumstances would concur to fix it upon a domestic, and that of all the domestics he alone was the one most likely to be held guilty. Besides," said the advocate, "he that is conscious of guilt always fears he shall be suspected; and therefore he was in haste to suggest that a murder had been committed, an artifice by which he hoped to conceal his apprehensions, and persuade others, that not having the terrors of a criminal, he had not the guilt; and he mentioned his having found the street-door open, that he might lead suspicion to somebody from without.—Add to this, a master-key was found upon him, and that the lady had always been attentive to prevent any of her servants from having such a key; neither was this key suspicious merely because it opened many locks, and as being in the custody of a servant, contrary to the express orders of his lady; it had recently had a new piece soldered on,—the wards had all been recently widened with a file, and a file was found in Le Brun's room with which this appears to have been done. When he was asked how he came by the file, he said he had it of Laque the locksmith's first wife, who had formerly lived servant in the family; and his reason for mentioning this person is manifest—*she had long been dead!*" Hence it was strongly urged, that as the crime could have been committed by none but a domestic,

' the domestic who was, against the express orders of his
 ' mistress, in possession of such a key, must be that do-
 ' mestic.—If it should be objected,' said they, ' that Le
 ' Brun could have no motive to commit this crime but avarice;
 ' that therefore, if he was guilty of the murder, either
 ' as principal or accessory, he must also have committed a robbery,—but yet, that the lady did not appear to
 ' have been robbed. It will,' said the crown advocates,
 ' be easily granted that he acted from avaricious motives,
 ' but it may fairly be denied that he committed no theft.
 ' It is true,' said they, ' there was a large sum in silver,
 ' and all Lady Mazel's jewels, found in the strong box, but,
 ' except one half louis d'or, there was no gold; and a very
 ' large purse, in which gold was known to be kept, was
 ' found open, and empty: the thief might leave the silver
 ' because it was bulky, and difficult to remove and to conceal;
 ' and the jewels, because, without the utmost danger of detection,
 ' they could not be converted into money; and the gold, which he could take without danger,
 ' was probably of sufficient value to leave him but little inclination to run the risk of life by taking the silver and
 ' the diamonds. It was also remarkable,' said they, ' that
 ' Le Brun was in haste to avail himself of his cunning in
 ' this respect, for as soon as he cried out his lady was murdered,
 ' he ran to the strong box; and weighing it in his arms, said, "*But she has not been robbed.*"—Upon the
 ' whole,' said they, ' the common safety of masters, whose
 ' lives are in the hands of servants, seems to require that
 ' circumstances being thus strong against Le Brun, he
 ' should be made an example. The Romans punished all
 ' the slaves of a man found murdered in his house with
 ' death, making no distinction of age or sex, upon a presumption
 ' that they had a hand in it, arising merely from their not having prevented it; with much greater reason,'
 urged the prosecuting lawyers, ' no man be put

death, against whom there is circumstantial proof amounting almost to demonstration.'

Counsel employed on the part of Le Brun made, to every charge, the following reply—viz.

It is agreed on all hands that Le Brun did not commit murder himself;—he is condemned upon presumptive proof that he was accessory to the murder. Let us, they, 'examine the character of Le Brun, and then the crime laid to his charge. It is nine and twenty years Le Brun became servant to Lady Maxel; he was very young, and during all the part of his life in which his passions were the most strong, and his mind & reflective, in which present advantage was mostly to outweigh *future* danger, and the natural ardour of youth to urge him on in the pursuit of pleasure or of power, by unlawful means, he was an example of sobriety, gravity, and diligence! He married a young woman of unblemished reputation, to whom he proved a tender and indulgent husband. Le Brun was also a prudent and affectionate parent, giving his children an excellent education at an expense which left him nothing to spend on idle or criminal gratifications; much of this expense might have spared, if he had not wisely rejected, as dangerous to their future welfare, the opportunity of rearing his children in the house of his mistress, where there was a less variety of company that resorted thither, and a numerous retinue. Le Brun therefore hired a separate house for them, where they might profit by better examples, and be less exposed to danger. All the shopkeepers and traders with whom Lady Maxel dealt, gave him the highest character for integrity and disinterestedness. The clergy of his parish bore witness of his punctilious and devout discharge of religious duties; and a full investigation of his whole life proves that, till now, probity had never, in a single instance, been called in

‘ question, but that he has always been a good husband
 ‘ and a good servant.—The crime laid to his charge is that
 ‘ of being *accessary* to the murder of his lady, his mistress
 ‘ and benefactress! *A sudden transition,*’ said they,
 ‘ *from the most exemplary virtue, to the most frightful*
 ‘ *depravity, without any gradation, without the influence*
 ‘ *of any violent passion by which his reason might have*
 ‘ *been suspended or overthrown, is a thing altogether in-*
 ‘ *credible, because it is unnatural and absurd.* If it had
 ‘ been pretended he was the murderer, the charge would
 ‘ have in some degree been less improbable, for he might
 ‘ have acted under the sudden impulse of rage or revenge;
 ‘ but, as an *accessary*, he must have coolly and deliberately
 ‘ determined upon an action wholly at variance with his
 ‘ principles, his disposition, and a virtuous religious habit
 ‘ strengthened by the uniform practice of his whole life.—
 ‘ It has been remarked that death itself loses its terrors to
 ‘ those who are perpetually exposed to it, and that habits
 ‘ of guilt enable men to meditate and execute the most hor-
 ‘ rid crimes without confusion; but as unexpected danger
 ‘ never fails to excite fear, unpractised guilt of necessity
 ‘ produces compunction, perturbation, and abstraction of
 ‘ mind: but Le Brun, who is not pretended to have had
 ‘ guilt habitual, was, on the morning when Lady Mazarine
 ‘ was found dead, easy and tranquil, and even cheerful and
 ‘ jocular in his mind and manners.

‘ It is acknowledged that there is an appearance of contra-
 ‘ diction in his two examinations; but a man who had just
 ‘ entered a chamber in which it was not proper for him to
 ‘ advance far, might very well say he was at the door, with-
 ‘ out meaning that he was not within it; the maids might
 ‘ pass him while he was receiving the last orders of his
 ‘ lady, so that he might be the last in the room, though he
 ‘ might also, in a very proper sense, be at the door. It is
 ‘ *presumed* he went into the chamber to take the key, and that
 ‘ the motive of his denying being in the chamber was, that

ight appear he *could* not take the key : but what would ail a man to prove he did not take a particular key, who a *master-key* that would admit him to the *same room* ? Or had he any motive to take the key to commit the for which he is supposed to prevaricate. It is said he took it that he might open the door more commonly. But if he *knew* his master-key would open the door, for what end could he desire another ? If Le Brun had to take the key, to make it appear that the murder was committed by some person who, without the key, could not get admittance into the chamber, which, however, has not been suggested, Le Brun might as well have taken the key *after* obtaining admittance to the chamber with his own ! Hence the suspicions arising from this supposed contradiction, and from his having a master-key, destroy each other. In one case, it is *supposed* he is guilty because the master-key put the crime in power,—by the other he is *supposed* to have stolen the key, for which he could have no motive, except that, *without* the possession of that key, the crime was *not* in his power !—Beside, were the fact impartially considered, it would be found rather to acquit than condemn him ; since, if he had provided that key with a view to the crime, and if, by the aid of that key, he had committed the murder, can it fairly and justly be supposed he could carry that damning proof of his guilt about him ? Could he not rather have immediately destroyed or concealed it ? and could the necessity of this precaution by its possibility have escaped Le Brun, were he the murderer of Lady Maze ?

The reason why Le Brun felt doubts and fears which others did not feel, on the morning when this foul murder was discovered, arose from his being acquainted with the crime unknown to others, and that he felt an affection for Lady Maze that others did not feel : he had found the street-door open the night before, and his regard for his lady

‘ rendered him the more susceptible of alarm on that account.

‘ It is argued that it was in the power of Le Brun to let a murderer into the house of his mistress, and therefore it must be him and no other by whom that murderer was admitted ! This is the reasoning, on the force of which Le Brun is condemned to die, without the least suggestion who the murderer was, or *the least attempt to discover or secure him.*

‘ But,’ said Le Brun’s counsel, ‘ if the circumstances in his favour do not yet outweigh those against him, let it farther be considered that Le Brun could have no motive for the crime but *avarice* ; and as no man acts without a motive, and if it appears that *avarice* could not by possibility have been *his motive*, it necessarily results that Le Brun is not guilty ;—for by the death of Lady Mazel he was sure to lose an employment of great profit and advantage, more than equivalent in value to any amount of money she can be supposed to have been despoiled of ; and if he is guilty, he must have risked his life to ruin his fortune. It is indeed true that Lady Mazel had left him 2000 crowns in her will, as a reward for his long and faithful services, and further, that Le Brun knew of this bequest ; but Le Brun would have been a great loser by selling his place for that sum ; he was therefore a much greater loser by depriving himself of his place, merely for the sake of getting possession of this sum a little sooner than by the course of nature he might have done, and for reducing to an absolute certainty the contingency of survivorship between him and his lady. Of what weight is the single fact, opposed to this overwhelming stream of exculpatory evidence, that Le Brun had the power of letting an assassin into the house ?—It is said, indeed, that the murder, without Le Brun’s assistance, could not have been perpetrated,—but this is mere assertion, and not truth.

‘ Lady Mazel’s mansion, on all public days, was open to

sumers, and was crowded with the lacqueys and attendants of those who assembled to gamble; of whom, even by sight, were scarcely known to Lady Mazel's domestics. This variegated crowd was continually moving, some coming, some going, all day and all night. There were many empty apartments in the house, which the doors stood at all times open; and of the open doors, the keys were either in the locks or laying about, of which impressions might be easily taken, and new keys made from the model. As a murderer might easily enter Lady Mazel's house, and provide himself with keys by which the house would become accessible at all times, so an assassin might also easily hide himself in the house at a convenient time arrived for executing the crime; he might go to the granary, wherein the blood-stained linen was found, which was always open and accessible, and there was a trap-door leading to a gutter which passed between the ridges of the houses adjoining, during half the length of the street, in which were several untenanted houses. Nor is it necessary to go far in search of other persons besides Brun, by whom this horrid murder might, by possibility, have been committed.

In Lady Mazel's mansion there resided, as one of the family, the Abbe Poulard,—whose character is already known,—and if *possibilities* are admitted to justify imputation, against whom could suspicion be better directed than against this abbe? He is a man of abandoned morals, and most profligate life. This Abbe Poulard, rather than quit the house of Lady Mazel, chose to endure the ignominy of excommunication by the grand prior of the order of Cluny;—by that Abbe Poulard was the character of Lady Mazel tarnished, and her confidence betrayed. He knew that Lady Mazel had made her will, and had left the bulk of her fortune to her son M. de Maziere; but only upon condition that he should maintain the abbe, during his natural life, in the manner he

‘ had been supported by her ladyship. The Abbe Poulard
‘ had therefore a positive interest in the death of Lady
‘ Mazel; for in case of that event taking place, he might
‘ claim as a right that maintenance which was now given
‘ him as a favour, and make that resource a certainty, that
‘ was then dependant upon the caprice of another person.
‘ Lady Mazel had, about this time, expressed an intention of
‘ *altering her will*, which, though it could not reasonably
‘ alarm Le Brun, upon whom her bounty was justly be-
‘ stowed, it might reasonably alarm Poulard, to whom
‘ every act of liberality was a disgrace to herself, and
‘ whose legacy one moment’s religious reflection might
‘ induce her to revoke, as being wholly inconsistent with
‘ the mode of life to which, as an ecclesiastic, he was obliged
‘ by the canons of the church to conform. Besides, Pou-
‘ lard had a sister, whom the second son of Lady Mazel
‘ had engaged to marry; this marriage would have been
‘ much to the advantage of Poulard and his sister, and not
‘ less prolific in mortifications to Lady Mazel, who would
‘ not suffer it to be mentioned in her presence. The abbe
‘ may therefore be supposed to wish to remove so formi-
‘ dable an obstacle; and he was also known to have a
‘ *master-key in his possession*; hence circumstantial evi-
‘ dence is quite as strong against him as against Le Brun.
‘ And should the judges please wholly to overlook Poulard,
‘ ought their attention to be wholly concentrated and fixed
‘ upon Le Brun, when Lady Mazel is known to have had
‘ a mortal enemy in her daughter-in-law, Lady de Sav-
‘ niere, on the alleged irregularities of whose life she is
‘ said to have caused being shut up in a convent during
‘ thirteen years? About three months since this lady is
‘ known to have escaped from her confinement, and to have
‘ been concealed in a house in the suburbs, where she de-
‘ clared to several persons, *who have testified upon oath*,
‘ that in *three months’* time she should be at liberty again
‘ to live with her husband! And so perfect was her con-

is the truth of this prediction, that he went voluntarily back into the monastery to wait for its accomplishment? But with much more justice it might be asked *no inquiry has been made after BERRY, whom there is no reason to suspect of being the PRINCIPAL in the crime in which Le Brun is said to be an accomplice?*

A man lived nearly a year in Lady Mazel's service, in the month of March last robbed her of 1500 livres. At some time subsequent to his dismissal: he had audacity to return to the house, under the pretence of waiting to be restored to his former post; and to show the bloody shirt and cravat that were found in the murder, and were by the maids verified, was sworn to have committed the crime. *Is no inquiry made after this fellow, merely because he should appear to have been the murderer; or is his innocence must be established? Is BERRY freed to escape because Le Brun exerted himself to the utmost to have him apprehended, and had collected evidence to have convicted him of the robbery?* When M. Savoniere was informed by Le Brun of these facts, and by him to apprehend and prosecute the delinquent; he refused, saying his mother would not expend any money on prosecution which could not recover any part of the property she had lost. What reason can now be given for not apprehending and prosecuting him, but that, in expectation as Berry may appear to be guilty, Le Brun may appear to be innocent; for no one can suppose Le Brun would become the associate of a wretch whom so he was pursuing to death, or to have joined in the commission of a capital crime with a man who was already convicted from justice, and whom he had strenuously endeavored to bring to punishment.

This wretch was seen in Paris just at the time this crime was committed, and was met some days afterwards in the cloisters of St. Andrew of the Arches. This was M. Savoniere, who took not the least notice of the

‘ *information*. Is there not then some reason to suspect that
 ‘ Berry had been procured to commit this murder by those
 ‘ who promised him *indemnity* for the theft? Upon the
 ‘ whole, there are more and stronger circumstances in fa-
 ‘ vour of Le Brun than against him; and more and
 ‘ stronger circumstances against others, in behalf of whom
 ‘ no favourable circumstances can be found!

‘ As to the law of the Romans, by which all the slaves
 ‘ of a man found murdered in his own house were put to
 ‘ death, it cannot, with propriety, be urged as a precedent
 ‘ here. It was a law conformable to Pagan principles: we
 ‘ are Christians: it had respect to slaves over whom the
 ‘ master possessed power of life and death. Our servants
 ‘ are free men, of whose lives the law is as tender as of the
 ‘ masters’. The Roman slaves were foreigners, who might
 ‘ well be supposed to feel and cherish a natural enmity
 ‘ against those whom, by *compulsion*, they served; but our
 ‘ domestics are our fellow-citizens, natives of the same
 ‘ country, and associates in a common cause.

‘ It is required by the law, before any man can be put to
 ‘ the torture, his crime should be proved, either by an eye-
 ‘ witness, or by circumstances so strong as scarcely to
 ‘ leave a possibility of doubt: against Le Brun there is no
 ‘ other evidence than bare *possibilities*, doubtful appear-
 ‘ ances, and vague surmises.’

Such was the eloquent and able defence of Le Brun, made by his counsel. The court having considered the arguments on both sides, two only of the two and twenty judges were for confirming the sentence; four were for waiting till new lights could be obtained; and the sixteen were for Le Brun’s suffering the torture both ordinary and extraordinary, with a reserve of proofs; (u) and the unhappy prisoner, on his appeal, received sentence accord-

(u) When criminals were condemned to the torture without a reserve of proofs, they are of course dismissed if they survive, and confess nothing.

gly. On the 28d February, 1690, the torture was inflicted upon Le Brun; but notwithstanding the severity of the agonies he had to endure, he steadfastly persisted in asserting his innocence of the crime laid to his charge. The judges assembled again upon the 27th: one of those who had been for confirming the sentence of death, proposed that, full proof being wanting, Le Brun should be sent to the galleys for life; but this ferocious and absurd proposition could not be justified upon any known principle; for if Le Brun is guilty, said others, the punishment is too little; and if innocent, dreadfully too severe. It was therefore rejected by all the other judges, who then, too late! determined that the sentence of death should be *revoked*; that more ample information should be obtained; that Le Brun, in the mean time, should be kept in prison, and his wife discharged, upon giving security for her appearance whenever called upon.—Le Brun survived this mitigated resolution but a very short time,—he died in his gloomy dungeon, a miserable spectacle, on the first of March, exhibiting the most unshaken fortitude,—the most calm and heroic resignation, and declaring his innocence with as much fervency as ever.

The Provost of Sens, on the 27th of March following, received information that a person who had lately settled in that district as a horse-dealer, calling himself *John Geslat*, had appeared to have plenty of money; that there were persons who knew his real name to be BERRY; which circumstances, joined to the fact that he was known to have been but recently a footman at Paris, rendered it probable he could not have gained his money honestly. Upon this information BERRY was taken up,—not as the supposed orderer of Lady Mazel, but merely that he should give a categorical account of himself: but when the officers seized him, being conscious of his guilt, he offered them a purse of louis d'ors to suffer him to go at large. The officers rejected the tempting bribe; thus, instead of accelerating his

liberation, his gold ensured his detection! And thus conscience, that '*makes cowards of us all*,' led to the detection of the guilt of this monster, though, unhappily, not in time to save the life of the injured Le Brun; for when BERRY was searched, amongst other articles which had belonged to Lady Mazel, a very fine gold watch was found on his person, which was known to have been in her possession the night before she was murdered. He was then, at the request of the widow of the martyred Le Brun, and of M. de Savoniere, sent to Paris. Amongst the multitude who crowded to see Berry, there was a person who made oath that he saw him go out from Lady Mazel's house, on the night of her murder, after midnight; and a certain barber came forward, who deposed that Berry came to him the morning after the murder to be trimmed, who remembered having seen his hands very much scratched; and asking him how they came in that condition, Berry said, '*I have been killing a cat.*' The bloody shirt and cravat being, at a subsequent examination, produced, were known to be his; and a criminal prosecution being commenced, Berry was convicted upon evidence wholly circumstantial, as Le Brun had been before him, although incomparably more weighty and decisive.

This ferocious and callous miscreant, by an arrest, dated 21st July, 1690, was condemned to make the '*amende honorable*'—to suffer the torture, as Le Brun had previously and UNJUSTLY suffered, for the discovery of his accomplices, and then to be broken alive upon the wheel.

The next morning early Berry was put to the torture, and being interrogated by the proper officers, he made the following declaration—namely, '*That, by the direction and orders of Madame de Savoniere, he and LE BRUN had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel; that LE BRUN, who took upon himself the execution of the murder, went alone into his lady's chamber, whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise.*'

It is palpable that the chief objects of this confession were to escape the infliction of further torture, and to implicate the wife of the son and heir of Lady Mazel, and also still further to avenge, by a false accusation, the attempts made by Le Brun to bring this murder home to him, (Berry,) as well as the previous robbery. And in the truth of this confession the villain stubbornly persisted, till the afternoon of that same day, incompatible as it was with all the circumstances that appeared upon the trial. But when he was conveyed to the place of execution, and as the officers of justice were binding him to the wheel on which he was to be broken alive, his perversity yielded to better feelings, and the wretch earnestly entreated to see and speak with M. de Naine, one of the judges before whom he had been tried, and who was then in attendance at the *Maison de Ville* (town-hall) with M. Gilbert, a chancellor of the court. M. de Naine immediately ascended the scaffold on which the criminal was to die the most terrible of deaths, and then Berry, with every mark of sorrow and contrition, made the following avowal. After disavowing all that he had said against M. de Savoniere and the sacrificed Le Brun, he next gave this narrative of the murder, which he declared he had contrived and executed ALONE, and without any accomplice whatever in the horrible transaction.—viz.

‘ I came to Paris on Wednesday, 23d November, 1686,
 ‘ with the intention to rob Lady Mazel. I took up my
 ‘ lodgings at the Golden Chariot, an inferior kind of inn or
 ‘ house of entertainment for strangers and travellers, where
 ‘ they lodge and board. On the Friday following, in the
 ‘ dusk of the evening, I went to Lady Mazel’s house, and
 ‘ finding the street-door open, I went in. Meeting with
 ‘ no one, either in the court-yard, or in the hall, I crept
 ‘ softly up stairs into the loft adjoining the granary where
 ‘ the oats were kept. There I continued till Sunday morn-
 ‘ ing about eleven o’clock, having subsisted upon bread

‘ and apples which I carried with me in my pocket. Know-
‘ ing that Lady Mazel usually went to mass about eleven
‘ o’clock, I softly stole down stairs to her chamber, the
‘ door of which I found open, *it having been left so by the*
‘ *maids* ; this I supposed, as the dust was still flying about
‘ the room. I entered, and endeavoured to hide myself under
‘ the bed ; but finding the space too narrow, though by very
‘ little, I went back to the loft, where I took off my coat
‘ and waistcoat, and went down the second time in my
‘ shirt. Meeting no one, and finding the chamber still
‘ open and empty, I made a second attempt to force myself
‘ under the bed. I succeeded, and there I continued till
‘ the afternoon, when Lady Mazel, having been in and out
‘ several times, left it to go to vespers, and locked the door
‘ after her. As soon as she was gone, knowing she would
‘ not very soon return, I came out from under the bed.
‘ Finding myself much incommoded by my hat, I left it
‘ where I had lain, and seeing a napkin behind the looking-
‘ glass upon the toilet, I took it up and made it into a cap,
‘ and put it on. I then tied up the bell-cords to the frames
‘ of the tester ; and then, being very cold, and having been
‘ without my coat and waistcoat many hours, I sat by the
‘ fire to warm myself, and there I continued till it was
‘ dark ; and then, hearing a coach drive into the court-
‘ yard, I again retired to hide myself under the bed, where
‘ I remained till midnight.

‘ I left my hiding-place after Lady Mazel had been in
‘ bed about an hour. I found she was awake. I demanded
‘ her money. She began to shriek,—I threatened, if she
‘ made any noise, to murder her. Notwithstanding this
‘ menace, Lady Mazel attempted to ring the bell to alarm
‘ her servants, but she could not reach the pulls. I then
‘ drew my knife, and gave her several stabs. She defended
‘ herself till her strength was exhausted, and then sunk
‘ down with her face upon the quilt. I repeated the blows

she was quite dead; but I would not have killed her, she not cried out.

I then lighted a candle,—took the key of the wardrobe at the bed's head. In the cupboard I found the key of the strong box, which, without much difficulty, I opened. I took out of it all the gold I could find, amounting to about six thousand livres, most of which was concealed in a needle-worked purse. This money I put into a leather bag which I also found in the box, and which contained a small quantity of gold. From the cupboard I took the gold watch that was found upon me. I replaced the key in the cupboard, and locked it, and replaced the key at the bed's head whence I had taken it, where I well knew it was usually put. The knife with which I had murdered Lady Mazei I threw into the fire; it was the same that was found in the ashes, and produced on my trial. When I committed this murder I wore a cravat on, and which I afterwards missed, but did not know what had become of it. I left the napkin, which I made up into a night-cap, in the bed. Then taking my sword from under the bed, I left the chamber, the key of which I had in my pocket, and near the door. I could have opened the door on the inside without the key, but could not have shut it behind me without noise. I found the door of the ante-chamber locked upon the spring, which I opened without key, and left it open. I then returned back to the chamber where I had left my coat and waistcoat, the moon being very bright. I washed the blood from my hands with my urine, and taking off my shirt, concealed it in the wardrobe, but do not recollect having left the collar of my waistcoat with it. I then put on my coat and waistcoat, going without a shirt, and stole softly down stairs, it being about one o'clock in the morning. I then went to the street-door, and trying if it was double-locked, opened it therefore without difficulty, went out, and left it open. In my coat pocket I brought with me a rope, so

‘ knotted as to serve as a ladder, with an intention to let
 ‘ myself down by it from one of the windows of the first
 ‘ floor, if I had found the street-door locked ; but finding it
 ‘ on the spring, I left the rope at the bottom of the back-
 ‘ stairs. When I got into the street, I flung the key of
 ‘ Lady Mazel’s chamber into a cellar window ; and going
 ‘ directly to my quarters at the Golden Chariot, I called
 ‘ up the maid, who let me in, and I went to bed.—This I
 ‘ declare to be as true as God is in heaven, and that is a
 ‘ crucifix which I hold in my hand.’

Such is the document given to the public as the last words of this murderer,—but it may reasonably be doubted if it is all he said,—for if his hard heart was so far mollified, or his ferocity was so far subdued by the certainty of immediate death, as to lead him to unbosom his conscience, it is scarcely credible he should not have expressed the utmost compunction and remorse for having been the occasion of Le Brun suffering unjustly a cruel and ignominious death : that he did so, is probable ; and it is also likely that the powerful interest of the heir of Lady Mazel, and of the negligent or corrupt judges by whom Le Brun had been so unjustly condemned, prevented its publication. It was said in the case of La Casas, by the wicked and despotical judges of Thoulouse, ‘ *Of what consequence is the death of an insignificant old Calvinist ?*’ And amongst the equally wicked and venal judges who doomed, without fair and impartial investigation, Le Brun to be broken alive, and to be left to expire on the wheel, there were no doubt plenty who exclaimed, ‘ *The lives of the great require the sacrifice of this valet ;—be he innocent, be he guilty, he shall die ! that a warning may be held out to other servants.*’—It is by no means clear, because that part of Berry’s first declaration affecting Le Brun was evidently false, that therefore the other portion was false too which affected Madame de Savoniere. The character of Lady Mazel, and of her establishment, is sufficiently portrayed :


needs no further illustration. Berry had lived in the house of Lady Mazel long enough to become acquainted with its secret history, its dissensions, and its blemishes. And if the impunity extended to this murderer, the absolute refusal of the son and heir of the murdered lady to let after Berry, notwithstanding the earnest supplications of Le Brun, and his escape, till, by a most singular casualty, he was apprehended, and his own guilty conscience led to his final condemnation and execution, are duly considered, it will not appear unreasonable to conclude, that the heir at law thought his mother had lived too long, and that Berry, prompted by the diabolical hopes of immolating Le Brun, and enjoying the plunder of his lady's strong-box, might have been a *suborned*, though not a reluctant assassin.

All events, the circumstances detailed in this confession fully illustrate every incident of a doubtful nature which militated against Le Brun, and on the strength of which he was apprehended and tortured to death; and, almost miraculously, was his innocence proved, though too late to save his valuable life. But there are circumstances which were thought at the time to cast a gleam of suspicion on the truth of parts of Berry's confession. It was then observed that nothing could be more probable than the assassin remaining so long in the house, particularly in Lady Mazel's bed-chamber, and hidden under her bed, *unperceived*; and that the lady should get into her bed without finding any thing unusual under it, though Berry declares, before Lady Mazel went to bed, there was no space between *his body and the sacking*, and he could but just thrust himself under the bed when he had taken off his coat and waistcoat! It was also a singular circumstance that he should find the *street-door open*, when no company had been in the house; and this very suspicious circumstance, which seems to have been designed to secure the regress of the assassin, very much strengthens the

probability that the confession published did not contain *all* that the assassin confessed at the place of execution. It must also be admitted, that Le Brun's conduct in neglecting *to search the house*, after he had found that door open, was, of itself, a suspicious circumstance; but he was probably tired and drowsy, and anxious to get to his bed. It was observed by French commentators, that nothing could be more daring than the attempt made by Berry,—nothing more astonishing than the circumstances attending it.

Immediately after his last confession, and in the presence of an innumerable multitude of spectators, Berry was broken alive upon the wheel, and no criminal ever met, or ever merited, less sympathy. Yet the populace of Paris did not insult his last moments, or show that horrid ferocity which, in the execution of the infamous *O'Brien* at Dublin, about the commencement of the present century, or of Governor Wall in London, disgraced the populace of these metropolitan cities. As to the assassin, he seems to have displayed as much fortitude in receiving the awful punishment awarded, as coolness and presence of mind in executing the murder. The heirs of Lady Mazel were ordered to pay to the widow of the murdered Le Brun the legacy of 2000 crowns, and to make good all the charges which this tremendous prosecution had occasioned; this, however, it was justly observed, was a poor equivalent to an oppressed and destitute family, (x) so cruelly deprived of a most kind and upright husband and father!

(x) At the close of this suit of select cases will be found a narrative, with original illustrations, of the life and sufferings of JAMES BRYAN, the Bishop of CLOGHER's victim.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CASE THE SECOND.

THE STUBBORN JURYMAN.

re is much to be said for and against the common law of England, and a trial by jury. Ignorant or corrupt jurymen have often proved the cause of unjust verdicts. Were I a poor but innocent man, and falsely accused of crime, I should prefer being tried in Sweden; if rich and silly, in England.'—TORILD.

URING the reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England, a young man was tried before Sir James Dyer, Lord of Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an indictment charging him with the wilful murder of the tithing-man of the parish in which he lived. The first witness on part of the crown deposed, that, as he was, in the day hour named, going through a close or paddock, which minutely described to the court, he saw, at some distance from the path, a man lying on the ground in a posture which denoted he was dead, or dead drunk;—that he stepped up, and found him actually dead, with two wounds in the breast, and his shirt and clothes greatly blood-stained; the wounds appeared to the witness to have been given by the points of a pitchfork, or some such instrument; and inquiring about him, he found a fork laying near the deceased, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial letters of the prisoner's name: the witness produced the fork,—the prisoner owned it was his property, declined asking any questions.

The second witness on the part of the crown deposed that, on the morning of the day upon which the deceased was

killed, he, the witness, had risen early, with an intention to go to a neighbouring market-town, which he named ;— and that as he was standing in the entry of his own dwelling-house, the door being open, he saw the prisoner come by dressed as he had been described to the court ;— that he, the deponent, being prevented from going to market, heard soon afterwards from the first witness of the death of the tithing-man, and of the field-fork belonging to the prisoner being found near the corpse ;—upon this report the prisoner was apprehended, and carried before Justice *****, who was then present in court ; that he, the witness, followed the prisoner to the house of this magistrate, and attended to his examination, during which he observed that he—the prisoner—had changed his dress since the time when he, the witness, had first seen him in the morning ;—that at the time of such examination the prisoner was dressed in the same clothes he had then upon him as he stood at the bar ; and upon the witness charging him with having changed his dress, he gave several shuffling answers, and denied the fact.—That upon the witness mentioning the circumstance of the change of dress, the justice granted a warrant to search the prisoner's house for the clothes described by the witness ;—that the witness attended, assisted at the search, which continued during two hours and upwards, when the same clothes which the witness had described were discovered in a bloody state, concealed in a bed of straw. The witness then produced the bloody clothes in court, which the prisoner immediately owned to be his clothes, and to have put them inside a straw bed, with an intention to conceal them on account of their bloody appearance ; and he waved asking this witness any question.

A third witness deposed to his having heard the prisoner deliberately menace the deceased ; from which it was inferred that he had been actuated by *malice propensæ*. In answer to this charge the prisoner proposed certain questions to the witness, leading to a disclosure of the occasion

menacing words having been uttered ; and from the answers to those questions, it appeared that the deceased had first menaced the prisoner.

Being called upon for his defence, the prisoner addressed the following statement to the court.

I occupy a close or paddock in the same parish with the deceased, who rented another adjoining ;—the only way to my close led through the close belonging to the deceased. On the day stated in the indictment I rose early in the morning, in order to go to work in my close, with a hay-fork in my hand. Passing along the paddock leading to the deceased, I observed a man laying at a distance from the path, as if he were dead, or drunk. I felt myself bound to see in what condition the person was. Upon getting up to him I found it was a young man, at the last extremity, with two wounds in his breast, from which a great deal of blood had issued. In order to relieve him, I raised him up, and with great difficulty set him in my lap. I told him how greatly I was concerned at his unhappy state, and the more so as it appeared too much reason to believe he had been murdered. I entreated him, if possible, to disclose the source of his misfortune, assuring him I would do my utmost to bring his murderer to justice. The deceased appeared to me to be sensible of what I said ; and, in the night, he made an effort to speak to me, but, being weak with a rattling in his throat, after a hard struggle, and without breath, he gave a dreadful groan ; and vomiting a great deal of blood, much of which fell upon my face, he expired in my arms. The shock I felt on account of this accident is not to be expressed, and the more so, as it was well known there had been a difference between the deceased and myself ; on which account I might be suspected of, and tried for, the murder. I therefore thought it advisable to leave the deceased as he was, and take no further notice of the matter. In the

‘ confusion I was in, instead of my own, I took away the
 ‘ fork belonging to the deceased, and left mine by the side
 ‘ of the corpse. Being obliged to go out to my work, I
 ‘ thought it best to change my clothes, that the blood stains
 ‘ might not be seen. It is true that before the justice I de-
 ‘ nied having changed my clothes. I was perfectly aware
 ‘ it was an ugly circumstance, and might be urged against
 ‘ me ; and being unwilling, if I could avoid it, to be
 ‘ brought into trouble, I made this attempt to deny the
 ‘ change. This, I solemnly declare, is the truth, the
 ‘ whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without diminution,
 ‘ or adding one tittle, as I must answer it before God
 ‘ Almighty.’—The prisoner was then called upon to produce
 his witnesses, when, with a steady and composed countenance,
 and a firm tone, he made this remarkable reply, *‘ I have no witnesses, save God and my own conscience.’*

Sir James Dyer, the Lord Chief Justice, then proceeded to deliver his charge, in which he emphatically enlarged upon the heinousness of the crime, and laid great stress on the force of the evidence, which, though *CIRCUMSTANTIAL only*, was, he said, *IRRESISTIBLE, and little inferior to the most positive proof.* ‘ The prisoner has, indeed,’ said he, ‘ cooked up a most plausible story ; but if such or the like allegations are to be admitted in a case of this kind, no murderer can ever be brought to justice, such bloody deeds being generally perpetrated in the dark, and with the greatest secrecy. The present case was, in his opinion, exempted from all possibility of doubt, and he thought that the jury ought not to hesitate one moment in finding the prisoner GUILTY !’

The jury then withdrew to consult upon their verdict, a ceremony which the judge, in all probability, thought might as well have been dispensed with, so perfectly convinced was his lordship of the prisoner’s guilt.

It was the first trial which came on that day, and the

judge having sat till nine o'clock at night, sent an officer to inquire if the jury were agreed in their verdict, and to signify that his lordship would wait no longer. Some of the jury returned for answer, that eleven of them were agreed from the first, but that it was their *misfortune* to have a foreman who proved to be a singular instance of the most inveterate obstinacy, and having taken up a different opinion from theirs, was unalterably bent on abiding by it. The messenger was no sooner despatched with this reply, than many of the complainants, alarmed at the thought of being kept under confinement all night, and despairing of bringing their dissenting brother over to their way of thinking, agreed to accede to *his opinion*, (y) and having apprised him of their altered tone, they sent an officer to detain his lordship a few minutes only, and then went into court, and brought in a verdict of '*Not guilty!*' The judge expressed the utmost surprise and indignation at this unexpected verdict, which, after giving the jury a severe admonition, he refused to record, and sent them back again, with directions that they should be locked up all night without food, fire, or candle. The whole blame was publicly laid on the foreman by the other eleven jurymen, and they spent the night in loading him with harsh reflections, and bewailing their unhappy fate in being associated with so '*hardened a wretch*;' (z) but he remained quite inflexible, declaring he would suffer death sooner than change his opinion.

The next morning, as soon as the Lord Chief Justice came into court, he sent again to the jury, on which all the other eleven joined in requesting the foreman to go once more into court, assuring him they would adhere to their former verdict, whatever was the consequence; and on

(y) The English law of juries differs from that of Scotland, where a majority is allowed to give a verdict.

(z) This expression is incompatible with the very excellent character, and long-established reputation enjoyed by the foreman.

being reproached with their former inconstancy, they faithfully promised never more to desert their foreman, or to recriminate. Upon these assurances the foreman once more proceeded into court, and again pronounced the prisoner 'NOT GUILTY.' Unable to restrain his rage, the judge, to whom the verdict appeared highly iniquitous, reproached them in the severest terms, and dismissed them with this cutting reflection, '*That the blood of the deceased lay at their door !*'

Overjoyed at this deliverance, the prisoner fell on his knees, and with uplifted eyes and hands thanked God for his preservation. Then respectfully addressing himself to the judge, he said, '*You see, my lord, that God and a good conscience are the best of witnesses !*'

These circumstances made a deep impression on the mind of the Chief Justice. As soon as he had retired from court, he entered into a discourse with the high sheriff upon what had just occurred, and particularly questioned him as to his knowledge and opinion of the foreman of the jury. The sheriff stated that he had been acquainted with him (the foreman,) many years,—that he had an estate of about fifty pounds per annum, and rented a very considerable farm besides ; that he had never heard his character called in question ; and, in his own neighbourhood, he was universally esteemed as an honest man. His lordship having, for further information, sent for the minister of the parish, he gave the same favourable account of the foreman as the high sheriff ; but with this addition, that he was a constant churchman, and a devout communicant.

His lordship's perplexity was increased rather than diminished by these accounts ; to remove which, he determined to obtain, if possible, a private conference with this singular individual. The high sheriff had not the least difficulty in effecting this interview.

The Chief Justice, upon the juryman being introduced to him, retired to a private apartment, where, courteously and briefly, the judge explained his motives for re-

questing this visit. After stating the uneasiness he felt, he conjured the foreman, in the most solemn manner, candidly, and without reserve, to state his motives for acquitting the prisoner in the face of evidence so clearly demonstrating GUILT. Having listened attentively, the foreman of the jury assured his lordship that he had good and sufficient reasons whereby to justify his conduct, of which he was neither ashamed nor afraid; but, as he had hitherto locked them up in his own bosom, and was under no kind of obligation to disclose them, he would gratify his lordship, if he pledged his honour to guard the secret as he himself had done. His lordship having readily agreed to that stipulation, the foreman spoke as follows—viz.

‘The deceased was tithing-man of the parish where I
‘reside. He had, on the morning of his decease, been
‘clandestinely in my grounds, and amongst my corn, and
‘had done me great injustice, taking more than was his
‘due, and acting in the most arbitrary manner. When I
‘detected him in this situation on the morning in question,
‘the deceased not only abused me in the most scurrilous
‘terms, but struck furiously at me several times with a
‘pitchfork he had in his hand, and wounded me in two
‘places, of which, as he spoke, he showed the scars.
‘Seeing he was thus bent on mischief, and having no wea-
‘pon to defend myself, and no other way to preserve my
‘own life, I closed with the deceased, and wrested, by
‘main force, the fork from his hands. The deceased then
‘attempted to recover the fork, and in the scuffle which
‘ensued he received the two wounds which occasioned his
‘death. I was inexpressibly concerned at the accident,
‘and more especially when the prisoner was taken up on
‘suspicion of being the murderer. The summer assizes
‘being just over, I was unwilling to surrender myself and
‘confess the whole truth, because my affairs would have
‘been ruined by my laying so long in gaol. I consulted
‘the ablest lawyers on the case, and was sure to have been

‘ acquitted ; for they all agreed, as he was the first aggressor (a) in this case, I should at worst only be found guilty of manslaughter. I certainly suffered very severely in my mind upon the prisoner’s account ; but being aware that imprisonment would be less ruinous to him than to me, I suffered the law to take its course. In order to make the prisoner’s situation as easy as possible, I gave him every kind of assistance, and have, ever since, wholly supported his family. I could think of no better expedient, in order to get him clear of the charge of murder, than to cause myself to be summoned on the jury, and chosen foreman : this, with great labour and expense, I effected, having all along determined to suffer death rather than suffer further harm to be done to my innocent neighbour.’

The Lord Chief Justice is represented as having expressed great satisfaction at this account, and made this further stipulation, that if he should chance to outlive the juryman, he should be at liberty to mention this extraordinary communication, that it might be handed down to posterity ; to which the latter readily acceded.

The juryman lived fifteen years after this occurrence. Every year, as he went the circuit, the judge used to inquire for him ; and happening to survive him, he published the preceding narrative.

A stronger instance than this case affords of the danger of taking away life on the strength of evidence wholly circumstantial could scarcely be imagined. It appeared, of the *ex-parte* statement of the witnesses for the crown, almost an IMPOSSIBILITY that the prisoner could be innocent ; and yet, according to this narrative, handed down to posterity by the very judge who presided, overwhelming as those circumstances appeared, they were wholly fallacious and deceptive : yet were they incomparably stronger than

(a) Where was the PROOF of this assumption to have been found?

those displayed in the murder of Lady Mazel. For the innocent and injured Le Brun so able a defence was made by his advocates, that if the judges had been upright and impartial he must have been acquitted, and the real murderer discovered and punished. But what lawyer, however ingenious, could have made out even a plausible defence against the evidence adduced in this case?—The reply may be assumed: the weight of positive guilt was so preponderating, that if it were justifiable, in any case, to condemn a fellow-creature to an ignominious death upon the weight of circumstantial evidence, this was such case. Hence it is demonstrated that the custom should be wholly abolished. The judicial murder of one innocent person is a greater crime, and a greater injury to society, than the escape from justice of ten of the greatest criminals that ever existed.

The tribunals of Holland, or rather of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, were, in their best days, the most complete in the whole world. By the Dutch law, applicable to cases of this description, the prisoner would have stood liable to suffer the torture, ordinary and extraordinary; and this formed the great blemish of the Belgio code of criminal law. At the revolution of 1795 it was abolished. During the existence of the Batavian republic, any individual circumstanced like the valet Le Brun, prior to the apprehension and conviction of the murderer Berry, or to the prisoner alluded to in the above extraordinary case, would have been liable to a mild imprisonment during his natural life, except that any additional proofs arose, either to confirm his guilt, or establish his innocence.

It might savour of arrogance to assert that this mode is wholly unalloyed by evil; but, as it would avoid the two extremes—on the one hand, that of shedding innocent blood,—on the other, letting loose such horrid miscreants as Berry, it might prove a wholesome mitigation of our criminal code. Especial care should, however, be taken


to guard against the abuse of the terrible power, which this modification would invest, of holding a person a prisoner for life; yet this power already exists in the case of persons acquitted of wilful murder, or of felony, upon the plea of insanity at the time of committing such crime. There is, without doubt, much to admire and to cherish in our code of criminal law, and also much to modify or expunge to raise it to a level with the improved state of human intellect.

As to the line of conduct pursued by the foreman of those eleven vacillating jurymen, there is more to condemn than to applaud; and there are assertions to be found in the narrative said to have been published by Judge Dyer, that cannot bear the test of investigation. The foreman of the jury made out a very plausible tale; but it should be recollected it was *his own story*, and was, and is, as liable to be doubted, or disbelieved, as that of the prisoner. What mortal can say but the prisoner was the accomplice or the accessory of the foreman? Or that, watching the movements of the obnoxious tithing-man, he had not surprised and murdered him, when he calculated no person would see or hear the transaction? These are conjectures, it is true; but the case, shrouded as it stands in mystery and obscurity, precludes all approach to certainty.

The foreman appears to have borne an unexceptionable good character, and also to have cherished no small degree of antipathy against the tithing-man. The latter might stimulate him to sacrifice the obnoxious individual; the former induce him to hope he should be buoyed up by his character, and elude the stroke of justice. If any thing can work a sudden and total revolution in the human mind, as to fall off at once from integrity to depravity, without any gradation, it was a long cherished, secret resentment, urged to the highest degree of irritation by sudden anger, and tempted by a favourable opportunity to shed the blood of an hateful enemy. The best of men are frail mortals.

one knows his moral strength till it has been tried by
 quate tests. Taking the conduct of the foreman even in
 most favourable light, it is not without very dark
 des.—So dreadfully bad were the state of our gaols in
 reign of Queen Elizabeth, they were dreaded as hot-
 s of contagion; and hundreds of prisoners perished
 ually from humidity, coldness, and want of ventilation.
 t to this formidable danger he probably exposed an in-
 ent man, whom he allowed to be borne down all the
 e of his confinement by the universal belief that he was
 lty of the murder. These traits are by no means credit-
 e, even if his bounty to the wife and children of the
 oner flowed from the purest benevolence. It is, how-
 r, within the compass of probability, that it proceeded
 n a source less pure. But whatever may have been the
 l state of the question, a s concerns the reality of the
 ry told by the foreman, there can be no doubt whatever
 this extraordinary case fully demonstrating the danger-
 impolicy of putting a human being to death on the
 ngth of circumstantial evidence, however strong or well
 lected those circumstances may appear. To warrant
 condemnation of an accused person to an ignominious
 th, there should be something more proved than suspi-
 as facts and unfavourable circumstances; there should
 such evidence produced, as, in the estimation of an en-
 atened and intelligent jury, should place the GUILT of
 prisoner beyond the reach of doubt. Wherever there
 admission for a rational man to feel any doubt, the pri-
 er is entitled to an acquittal. The well-known case of
 ren, who suffered for the murder of Mr. BRIGHT, and
 ich excited so powerful interest in the public mind, was
 loaded with doubt, that much controversy arose, not
 rely in private parties, but in the public prints. At a
 ied yet more recent, the execution of ELIZABETH FENNINE,
 on evidence wholly circumstantial, drew a heavy weight
 censure upon the late Recorder of London. If those

persons had been dealt with according to the principles of equity, they could not have been put to death. At the same time, that principle would have dictated that the parties accused, and more especially Mr. Patch, should have been kept in a state of confinement till those doubts were converted into certainty as to guilt or innocence, so as to warrant their being put to death as criminals, or released as being innocent. By this mode of procedure, the parties accused might be prevented from committing a similar crime, and those instances could not occur, as was certainly the case with Elizabeth Fenning, of the LAW of the land, and the conduct of the presiding judge and jury, being subjected to the odium which the execution of that unfortunate young woman produced. It is not my design to arraign the presiding magistrate, or the jury, of corrupt or wilful injustice ; at the same time I consider it is but too palpable, from the charge to the jury, there existed an improper desire to *strike terror* into menial servants by an example calculated to operate generally and powerfully. I am thoroughly persuaded, if that poor girl had been tried before Judge Bailey, she had been acquitted. But there wants, in case of rape and murder, a medium state of punishment.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**CASE THE THIRD.****ANDREW MIRELEES.**

‘ ————— Plate sin with gold,
‘ And the strong lance of justice harmless breaks.
‘ Clothe it in rags, a pigmy's straw will pierce it.’

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the 11th January, 1749, Andrew Mirelees, a master tanner of Leith, set out from his house about seven o'clock in the morning, to go and receive some money of a customer who lived at Haddington, a town about fifteen miles from Edinburgh. He was expected by his family to return the same day. Being a man of regular habits, his wife became half distracted when midnight arrived, and her husband was still absent. About one in the morning, her fears were in some measure relieved by the sound of a horse's feet entering the stable yard. Mrs. Mirelees had a servant who sat up with her. Eagerly rising from their seats, and taking a light in their hands, they hurried out, nothing doubting but that the absent husband and master was arrived. Great indeed was their surprise, and inexpressible the alarm and terror which filled the bosom of the anxious wife, when she beheld the horse without its master, and the poor animal stabbed in many parts,—scarcely able to stand, and apparently bleeding to death,—an event which soon afterwards took place. The wife and servant instantly concluded that Andrew Mirelees had been

robbed and murdered, an idea that derived additional force from the ill repute of a wild and desolate common, across which the latter part of his homeward journey lay, and which had, in '*olden times*,' been noted as the haunt of robbers and murderers.

Filled with the belief that her husband had certainly been robbed and murdered, the afflicted wife went early the next morning into Edinburgh; and upon stating the case to the chief magistrate, he immediately issued a proclamation, with a reward for detecting and apprehending the unknown delinquents. The rumour of the supposed murder was calculated to awaken strong feelings of sympathy for the widow, and abhorrence of the malefactors, and a multitude went out to search the common, expecting to find the body of the deceased: after some time thus employed, the mastiff that had followed Mirelees was found laying dead on a bed of furze, where the poor animal had crept, and bled to death from a number of deep gashes made in its body, in the same manner, and apparently with the same instrument by which the horse had been wounded. The spectacle of the dog laying weltering in its gore, naturally led to the belief that its death had been the result of an attempt to defend its master against the assassins. The search after the corpse was then carried on with renovated zeal, but without success: they could trace the blood from the spot where the stream appeared to have commenced, but the greensward showed no signs or marks of any struggle, such as might have been expected from the horrid transaction which was supposed to have so recently occurred. At such a moment, the discovery of two chairmen, quite drunk, carrying a sedan, in which was a horseman's surtout coat, that was instantly recognised as being that in which Mr. Mirelees had gone out, and much stained with blood,—and also his hat, wig, spurs, and whip, excited a burst of horror and indignation. It was no easy task, on the part of the more sober-minded, to pre-

vent the vehement and ferocious from putting them both to death on the spot, instead of taking them into custody, and leaving their punishment to the regular course of law. What rendered the guilt of the two chairmen so apparent as almost to exclude the possibility of their being innocent was, that in the pocket of one of them a large clasp-knife, stained with blood, was found, and the breadth of the blade tallied exactly with the stabs found in the body of the dead mastiff.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for the chairmen, that during the search of their persons, and of their sedan-chair, Lord Elches, one of the lords of the session, or chief judges, past over the common, being then on his way to Edinburgh from his seat at Carberry. Seeing so many persons collected in so lonely a place, he stopped to make inquiry; and when he had heard the alarming recital, seen the slaughtered mastiff, and the blood-stained garments and bloody knife found upon the chairmen, his lordship instantly ordered the latter to be committed to prison, and strictly forbade every person using the least violence towards their persons, on pain of the severest punishment that the law permitted. This admonition, and the certainty that the supposed murderers would be brought to justice, stilled the headstrong passions of the multitude, and in all probability saved two innocent men from being murdered on the spot.

The chairmen were so stupified, as well as intoxicated, that neither the tremendous charge brought against them, nor the imminent peril of being torn to pieces by an enraged mob, had power to sober them. When they came to their senses, they appeared astonished beyond measure at the heinousness of the charge, and scarcely less grieved and terrified when they reflected upon the very suspicious appearances which attended their present situation as prisoners, apprehended on a charge of having robbed and murdered Mr. Mirelees, whose blood-stained garments had

been found in their possession. When the magistrates asked the prisoners what defence, if any, they had to offer, they stated that they had been employed to convey in their sedan-chair a sick person to Musselburgh, where, having received more than their fare, they spent it along with some strangers whom they chanced to meet with at a public-house, in whose society they had remained boozing till the next morning; and that, as they were proceeding homewards over the common, they there found the clothes and the bloody knife,—circumstances which had raised such cruel and unfounded suspicions.—This explanation, though correct, was by no means satisfactory, and the two prisoners were remanded, and an investigation as to the validity of their defence was set on foot by the magistracy. The truth of the first part of the story they told was confirmed; namely, their having carried a sick person from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, and also their having received something more than their fare; but as to the *strangers* with whom they alleged they had spent their money, and remained in company all night, although there were but few public-houses on the way; yet, whether from fear, or with sincerity, each of the landlords positively denied having seen or entertained them. The unhappy men were therefore fully committed to take their trial for murder. One of them, the father of three children, died a few days afterwards in prison; whether from prior disease, from ill-treatment by the mob who met them upon the common, or of a broken heart at so horrid a charge, and no visible means of repelling it, is not stated. In consequence of this calamity, the widow and children were sent to the poor-house, overwhelmed by want, no less than by unmerited ignominy.

A diligent search was perseveringly made to find the body of the supposed murdered man, whose sorrow-stricken wife offered an additional reward of five guineas to any person who could discover where it was concealed; but all to no

purpose. It appeared upon inquiry that Mr. Mirelees had dined at Haddington, where he received twenty-five pounds; and that, as he said, he set off for home about three o'clock in the afternoon. About half-past five he called at an alehouse at Musselburgh, situated on the verge of the heath where the dead mastiff was found, and where the two chairmen declared they had picked up the garments and knife, and drank some brandy and water; but no one could trace him any further, although this place was not more than five miles distant from his own house. The surviving chairman remained in prison, prejudged by the popular voice as being guilty of the murder, and also of having in some unaccountable way concealed or destroyed the body of the man whom he stood accused of having robbed and murdered. In this state of doubt the affair remained about five weeks, when the fullest possible evidence was obtained of the innocence of the two chairmen, by the sudden and unexpected re-appearance in Edinburgh of Mr. Mirelees himself,—in perfectly good health,—not a drop of whose blood had been shed; nor had he, as was supposed, been stopt or robbed on his way home. For as Mr. Burton, an Edinburgh tradesman, who had been purchasing goods at Sheffield, was returning to Scotland, calling to dine at an inn at Leeds in Yorkshire, as he passed through the kitchen, to his utter amazement he there saw Mr. Mirelees sitting very composedly smoking his pipe! It may well be supposed that Mr. Burton's astonishment was so great, he knew not whether to believe his own eyes, or conclude it was the ghost of Mr. Mirelees whom he thus unexpectedly beheld living, and whom he so firmly believed to have been murdered; but he was soon relieved from doubt and terror by the well-known voice of his old friend Mirelees, saying as he arose, '*Eh* Mr. Burton, how do you do?'—The latter, in almost breathless astonishment, took him by the hand, and instantly communicated all the consequences that had arisen from the loss of his disapp-

pearance,—the arrest of the two chairmen upon suspicion of having murdered him; the death of one, and the imminent peril of the other of being condemned as his murderer when brought to trial. At these communications Mirelees appeared alike shocked and surprised; and upon Mr. Burton proposing they should travel post to Edinburgh, in order to save the surviving chairman from further suffering and peril, as well as to relieve the sorrow of Mrs. Mirelees, he readily consented. Upon the arrival of Mirelees alive and well in Edinburgh, it was a matter of some difficulty to persuade his wife to approach him, so strongly was she impressed with the belief it must be his ghost! The tidings of the safe return of the man whom so many had mourned as dead, and the wild and incoherent account he gave of the cause of his disappearance, instantly changed the current of public sympathy, and the poor weavers became objects of general commiseration. Finding himself an object of suspicion and aversion, Mirelees had the hardihood to make an affidavit the day after his arrival, of the following tenor—viz. ‘ That soon after he left Musselburgh, he
‘ was met on the road by two gentlemen in a post-chaise,
‘ who ordered him to stop, and he making some resistance,
‘ they stabbed his horse and his dog, and by force dragged
‘ him into the carriage; that they halted at several towns
‘ upon the way to change horses, but would not suffer him
‘ to come out of the chaise, nor did he ever know where he
‘ was till they told him he was at the Black Swan at York.
‘ That they kept him confined at that inn three days, and
‘ afterwards carried him thence at midnight, and set him
‘ down in the midst of a forest, and he never saw them
‘ afterwards;—that they did not demand his money, but
‘ treated him with part of whatever they had for themselves.’ This affidavit being published, so far was it from answering his expectations, Mirelees found the odium he laboured under increased by the incredibility of his allegations: the poor chairman was, however, immediately liberated, and

his character fully restored. If the Chief Justice had not been absent from Edinburgh, he would, no doubt, have caused Mirelees to be taken up immediately on his return; as it was, as soon as a copy of this extraordinary affidavit reached him, his lordship issued his warrant for the apprehending of Mirelees as an impostor. The villain having, however, a keen sense of the danger he was in from the contempt and abhorrence which his person and his story every where experienced, absconded once more, and was seen at Campvere, a seaport in Dutch Zeeland, in April 1756. Knowing himself to be out of the reach of British jurisdiction, he refused to make any other confession.—It is, however, of little moment what his motives were for acting in so strange and so cruel a manner; the great interest connected with this case being the danger in which two innocent persons stood of being condemned and executed as robbers and murderers from the force of circumstantial evidence, which was so strong, that a judge might, as was the case in the preceding narrative, almost compel a jury to find them guilty, telling them that such proof of guilt as the circumstances described afforded, amounted ‘*to demonstration*,’ and if they should acquit the prisoners, in the face of that evidence, ‘*the blood of the murdered man would be upon their heads*!’ In this point of view the narrative is of importance, and ought to operate as an impressive lesson upon judges and jury, to beware of finding any person guilty upon the force of circumstantial evidence alone.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**CASE THE FOURTH.****TAANTJE.**

IN the anxiety of legislators to strike terror into the hearts of servants, by inflicting the most appalling punishments upon domestics who are accused of robbery or murder, much of the injustice of convicting and punishing upon circumstantial evidence, both at home and abroad, has arisen. It is scarcely possible for an accused menial to have a fair trial, so powerful is the prejudice which exists against him; and as each of the jurymen is commonly the master of more than one servant, and naturally anxious to intimidate *them* by the severity of punishment awarded to others, the court and jury might, without injustice, be described as generally feeling a stronger solicitude to prevent the *acquittal* of a guilty prisoner, than the erroneous condemnation of one that is innocent! When a foreigner is tried in Great Britain for murder, he is permitted to have a jury comprising half its complement of foreigners: and when a domestic servant is to be tried for murder or felony committed in the house or upon the person of a master or mistress, it would be but an act of moral justice to summon upon the jury a moiety of housekeepers who have irreproachably served fourteen years and upwards in the capacity of domestic servants. As long as ; concession

a *wanting*, a *servant* cannot be said to be tried by his *peers*. On the contrary, he is tried by a judge and a jury such too prone to take up the worst side of the question. If Elizabeth Fenning had been tried before a jury thus composed, it is all but impossible she could have been found guilty upon such vague and dubious evidence as was produced against her! I think it was Paley who said, in some of his essays, 'that the evil of an INNOCENT person put to death upon a false charge is often more than counter-balanced by its *beneficial effect* to society, in operating as an example, and thereby *preventing crime*.' A truly Turkish axiom this, and disgraceful to his memory.

It has already been observed how tenacious the criminal tribunals of the Netherlands formerly were, and probably are yet, of taking life away; and also that circumstantial evidence was never permitted to go farther than led to the confinement of the accused during life, or until decisive evidence of guilt or innocence could be obtained. In the first ages of the Belgic republic, the number of criminals was very small, and the patience and diligence with which their *rechters* or judges sought into the merits of every case, was most praiseworthy and exemplary. But whenever a sentence was once pronounced, it was rigidly executed, *no pardon being ever granted*.—As the usual effects of wealth and luxury became apparent, the current of justice grew turbid and impure, the laws more cruel and sanguinary, and that terrible engine of despotism, *the rack*, was resorted to in all cases where *suspicion* predominated, or where the prisoner had the misfortune to be an object of fear and hatred to private and powerful enemies, who might chance to thirst after an opportunity of sacrificing him to their resentment. As commercial wealth increased, public and private morals grew more and more polluted, and the administration of justice more and more corrupt. It was in this state of things that the condemnation of accused persons upon circumstantial evidence, and

were at church he heard the back-door open and shut very gently, and some steps as of a person going out.—These facts Taantje positively contradicted, alleging that those persons must have been deceived; that no person could have come in, or gone out, unknown to her, and she had not the least consciousness or belief that any person had been concealed in the house.

The chief man-servant made oath that he had, the over-night, as was his usual custom, locked up the lofts or garrets, left the keys outside, and had found them in the same state in the morning. Other servants made oath of having seen the cabinet in the chamber where it usually stood when the family went to church. It was therefore concluded by the magistrates, as well as by her master and mistress, that the person who had been heard to *quit* the house, during their absence at church, was a confederate of the female servant who had been left in charge; and that, after Taantje had stolen the cabinet, it was conveyed away by an accomplice.

A Lutheran minister, who visited the family, took great pains to prevent the poor woman being sent to prison. He urged the *possibility* at least of *some* person acquainted with the habits of the family, and the plan of the house, secreting himself, and who might, however improbable it appeared to them, have committed this important robbery, wholly unknown to poor Taantje, whose whole life gave a flat contradiction to the imputation of dishonesty. The good man further argued in her favour from the known sobriety of her demeanour,—her having no lover, no followers, and scarcely any other acquaintance or associates than her fellow-servants. But all was in vain!—Useless were the torrents of tears that she shed, or the supplications she uttered. To the usual place of confinement of female felons she was consigned; and the judges by whom the case was heard, making up their minds that she was guilty, and being excessively fearful of *encouraging similar crimes in others*, if they failed to treat her in the most

also upon confessions forced from them by TORTURE, became an ordinary practice.

Amongst the many instances that are recorded in the annals of Belgic jurisprudence of the lamentable effects of ignominious punishments, inflicted by virtue of sentences founded upon circumstantial evidence alone, the case of a servant-woman, who lived in the family of a principal inhabitant of the city of Delft, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable. She had lived many years in the family, and in all that time her conduct had been irreproachable. It happened, however, one Sunday, when the master, mistress, and all the household, alone excepting this servant, had gone to a place of worship, that the house was robbed, and a small cabinet containing jewels and gold coin to a very large amount stolen and carried away. On the return of her mistress, she went to deposit some trinkets that she had worn at church in that repository, as was her usual custom, which led to the detection of the theft. And as the lady had taken the jewels from the cabinet but two hours before, when the other valuables were all safe, it proved that the crime had been committed whilst the master, mistress, and family were at church.

When Taantje was questioned respecting the admission of any person into the house during their absence, she asserted in the most positive manner that no one had come in or gone out. She appeared extremely affected at the incident, looked pale, wept and trembled, all which symptoms were construed as unequivocal marks of guilt! When further questioned, she merely repeated her first declaration, namely, that she had not opened the door to any one during their absence,—that it had not been opened,—that she had not committed the robbery, was not privy to it, and constantly ended her discourse by appealing to a just God to attest her innocence, and bring the real criminals to punishment.

A neighbour deposed that during the time the family

were at church he heard the back-door open and shut very gently, and some steps as of a person going out.—These facts Taantje positively contradicted, alleging that those persons must have been deceived; that no person could have come in, or gone out, unknown to her, and she had not the least consciousness or belief that any person had been concealed in the house.

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ner allowed by law,—condemned her to undergo
both ordinary and extraordinary, to wring
the name and residence of her accomplice.—Upon
this sentence, the poor woman fell on her knees,
praying to God, if he saw it good she should suffer
y, to endow her with fortitude to meet the agony to
she was doomed, without its forcing her to make a
confession; to forgive her judges, who, she said,
not what they did; and to bring the real delinquent
justice, that her character might be vindicated, and her
presence of the crime imputed to her made manifest. In
her utmost distress she was attended and consoled by
a benevolent minister;—he stood by her side when she
was tortured, and he bore testimony to her constancy in
enduring the dreadful punishment, when every joint in her
body were, one by one, dislocated, and also her unremit-
ting protestations of innocence; but every thing was con-
strued as emanating from obdurate wickedness, and refine-
ment of criminality! And the miserable creature, when
reduced to a state of incurable decrepitude by a cruel and
speculative process, was condemned to twenty years con-
finement and hard labour in the house of correction at
Delft.

Under all these terrible inflictions, so meek, pious, and
resigned was the conduct of the innocent sufferer, that the
chaplain, keepers, and medical and other visitors of the
prison, were struck with admiration, so much so that
powerful opinion became formed that she *must* be innocent.
And ultimately, her master, touched with sorrow and
morse, made application for a remission of the unexpi-
part of the term of her imprisonment, upon the gro
that he believed she was innocent of the crime for w
she had so cruelly suffered. He was asked if he me
take her again into his house? to which question
plied in the affirmative; and Taantje, after many y
suffering, was once more restored to her old home.

she was now a cripple, and forced to use crutches to be able to move from one place to another. Her master made her a handsome present towards securing her an annuity for life; and the good priest who had so strongly defended her, exerted himself so successfully, that a benevolent fund was raised sufficient for her frugal support, if circumstances should occur depriving her of her asylum in her contrite master's house, and he should neglect to make provision for her future support.

In this peaceful manner, grateful for the favours her master's hand bestowed, and freely forgiving all the wrongs she had suffered through his prosecution, when an event occurred which led to the detection of the real criminal, and relieved poor Taantje even from the shadow of suspicion.—It happened thus :

As Taantje, pursuing her former occupation as principal housemaid, went out occasionally into the city, a place of small extent compared to Rotterdam or Amsterdam ; and one day, as she was passing through the principal flesh-market, a butcher tapped her on the shoulder, and said in a half whisper, and an ironical tone of voice, '*Ah ! what a creature is a naked woman*'—She felt as if electrified by those words ; the recollections excited by which almost overpowered poor Taantje. Her shattered limbs shook, and she had the utmost difficulty to avoid dropping down upon the pavement ; for she was conscious that, as she changed her linen on the Sunday morning when her master's house was robbed, and whilst the family were at church, she had uttered that very exclamation, and never on any other occasion. She also recollected that this individual had, that very morning, brought some minced veal ; (b) hence it instantaneously struck her that this man had contrived to conceal himself in the solders or garrets,

(b) In Holland the butchers chop meat of all kinds, if required, like sausage meat. It is called '*Gehakt Vleesch*'

where he had overheard her utter the words he had then repeated ; and availing himself of her being entirely undressed, he crept down the back-stairs, stole the cabinet from her mistress's room, and let himself out at the back-door, as before mentioned.

Filled with the belief that her prayer was at length heard, poor 'Taantje hastened home, and seeking her master, in a tremulous tone she related all that had occurred, and every circumstance connected with it. When he had heard the whole she had to say, he enjoined the strictest secrecy ; and so strongly was he affected by her artless tale, and the pungent recollection of the tremendous injustice he had dealt out to his innocent and faithful servant, that the tears trickled rapidly down his furrowed cheeks ; and taking her by the hand, and kneeling before her, he said he feared neither God nor his neighbours would forgive his hard-heartedness in having persecuted her as he had done. Poor Taantje was less able to bear this humility and contrition than she had been his pride and cruelty ; and with a nobleness of soul that would have reflected honour on the highest station in life, she insisted on his rising, and strove to reconcile him to himself by admitting and expatiating upon the weight of unfavourable circumstances by which she was then oppressed and borne down.

Without a moment's delay her master hastened to the house of the senior burgomaster, and communicated the singular facts he had just learnt from the lips of Taantje. His opinion too was that the butcher was the robber, an idea that was strengthened by the corroborating facts, that when the robbery was committed the suspected individual was a journeyman, and in less than a year afterwards he commenced business on his own account, and had lived ever since in a more expensive manner than his trade seemed competent to support. The magistrates next made inquiries as to his relations and most intimate connexions ; and when every preliminary step was taken that was

deemed expedient, the burgomasters and other magistrates caused the suspected person to be arrested, and his premises searched. The penitent master of poor Taantje and her fellow domestics assisted; and so suddenly was the measure executed, there was neither time nor opportunity to remove or conceal a single article. It was not, however, till after a long and laborious search they found any thing that in the least degree corroborated their suspicions. At last, under the iron hearth of the best bedroom there was found a small box containing many valuables, which were at once identified as the property of Taantje's master and mistress, and which were stolen, with the cabinet, on the Sunday morning named. And thus, at the distance of fourteen or fifteen years from the time when the robbery was committed, and when the criminal deemed himself in absolute security, his own malignity and stupidity were made the instruments of his detection and punishment! When it was known outside the house, what had occurred within, the populace would have killed the delinquent, and levelled his dwelling with the earth, but for the presence of the burgomasters and magistrates, and their solemn assurance the criminal should be brought to speedy justice. The populace exclaimed in the bitterest terms of reprobation against the master and mistress of the innocent and injured servant, and the judges by whom she had been tortured and condemned. Nor was the tumult quelled till the presiding magistrates appeared in the front of the stadthouse, and again assured the indignant citizens that prompt justice should be done to every party; and that the master and mistress of Taantje had already rendered her every atonement in their power to make—had obtained her release from confinement—had supported her in a kind and comfortable manner—and assisted largely in providing for her future support. Lastly, the speedy trial and punishment of the butcher, if found guilty, was that

part of the concessions to popular feeling which had the greatest effect in restoring tranquillity. As to the butcher, he evinced the utmost hardihood and callosity of heart till the concealed trinkets and jewelry were found, which he had abstained from selling, lest it should lead to his detection; for, exclusive of the jewels, he had stolen two thousand ducats in gold. When the searchers observed that the hearth-iron seemed as if it were moveable, the villain was seen to turn pale; and when the dienaars (c) found it moved, and began to force it up from its place, the delinquent made an effort to draw his knife, apparently with the design to cut his way through the hostile groupe that surrounded him thus, and make his escape, or perish in the attempt; but this effort had been foreseen and guarded against, and ere he could do any mischief, his arm was arrested, the weapon taken from him,—he was bound with strong cords, and conveyed to the strongest dungeon in the city prison amidst the groans and execrations of the populace; where, seeing certain death before his eyes, his cruel heart relented, and he made the following confession, viz.


That his master served the master of Taantje with butcher's meat for his table, which he used to carry—that the year before the robbery took place he had courted a servant maid, then living in the house, through his intimacy with whom he acquired a knowledge of the upper rooms, and of the lady's jewels and money being kept in the cabinet he afterwards stole. The girl, he said, supposed he meant to marry her, and he fully exonerated her from all knowledge of, or privity to, his design of stealing the cabinet. Some time afterwards she was discharged, and their intercourse ceased; and then he began to devise means of executing his design, but never had an opportunity till the morning in question, when, having forgot to

(c) Police officers.

take some minced veal home on Saturday evening, as he should have done, he carried it in a large basket on Sunday morning. The family were gone to church—Taantje was up stairs, and setting the meat in the usual place, he pretended to go directly out, and to shut the door after him, instead of which he shut himself in, and pulling off his shoes, crept softly up to the turf selder or garrets, waiting for Taantje coming up to the maid's garret to change her dress. The unsuspecting woman, unconscious that any human being was near her, being entirely undressed, and contemplating her naked figure, uttered the singular exclamation already noted, which, being plainly overheard by the villain in ambuscade, he immediately sallied forth, and descending by the back stairs, found the doors unlocked, and putting the cabinet into the basket, and covering it with a cloth, the streets being clear, he reached his lodgings unperceived or unnoticed. Upon opening the box, and finding how rich a booty he had obtained, he resolved to conceal the jewels, and pretending that a relation had lent him a small sum of money, to begin business, and commence trade upon his own account. He said he felt great sorrow and compunction for the sufferings of Taantje, the truth of which may be questioned, since he never offered her the least consolation or relief in the midst of her sufferings. And when a conviction of her innocence operated so powerfully in her favour, as to induce a subscription in her behalf, the miscreant had not the grace to dedicate to her use any part of the ill-gotten store he had obtained at the cost of her unmerited disgrace and sufferings.

As to Taantje, her meekness and humility remained unaltered after this complete vindication of her character. Her master was so bowed down by the odium occasioned by his severe proceedings against her, which his subsequent benevolence could not remove, nor the soothing discourse of Taantje mitigate, that he retired to Utrecht with his wife and family. The delinquent was condemned to be

broke alive on the wheel. According to the custom of the Dutch, his sentence was pronounced under the canopy of heaven, and not in any edifice, or under any roof; a custom derived from ages very remote, and intended to show that the judges wished their actions should be open and solemn, as if transacted in the presence of the deity. And so vivid were the recollections of Taantje of the horrible tortures she had endured, that on the day of his execution she seemed as if she was again extended on the rack, and her joints all dislocated, one by one. Next, before the highest tribunal in the state, the proceedings of the local tribunal were revised, the result of which was that the presiding judges were all removed from their stations, declared disqualified ever to act again in that awful capacity, and the city was condemned to pay the poor sufferer a considerable fine, because the magistracy had not caused the real thief to be apprehended and his premises searched, when it was proved that he had been on the premises during the absence of the family on the morning of the robbery, and due pains had not been taken to ascertain if he had not concealed himself in the house, and committed the robbery for which the female in question had been falsely accused and unjustly punished.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**CASE THE FIFTH.****A GERMAN BOOR,**

*Unjustly condemned and executed as a Murderer at
Haarlem.*

RESUMING the chain of cases foreign and domestic, whose moral tendency demonstrates the cruelty and folly of trusting so far to appearances, however strong, as to take away life, or declare a man infamous, this case of a poor husbandry labourer, who, about half a century since was beheaded at Haarlem, not more than ten miles distant from Amsterdam, and a city celebrated as the birth-place and residence of Laurens Coster, conveys an excellent moral. This poor man was a Westphalian boor or clown, who was pursuing his way to Amsterdam in search of more profitable labour than his own country afforded. It happened that the party of emigrants with whom he had travelled, stopped to drink at a road-side house in Haarlem wood, where he soon became so completely intoxicated that they laid him under a tree asleep, and left him to get along as he could when he became sober.

Great was his terror, and inexpressible his amazement, when, upon awaking, the poor wanderer saw about him a number of men, dressed in blue, and wearing silver-hilted swords, and hearing himself accused of having robbed and murdered a merchant; and greater still was his horror and affright on seeing that the blade and hilt of his knife were besmeared with blood—that his right hand was bloody, and that in his pockets were found property which was

known to have belonged to the murdered man ! The terror and confusion he manifested, and which was so natural to his condition as an innocent man, were interpreted as unequivocal proofs of guilt. His protestations and supplications were alike disregarded. His country, and his poverty, combined to render him a subject of reproach and derision ; for the indigent German labourers were no less subject to insult and to wrong in Holland, than the poor Irish are in England. After many months close confinement the unhappy man was condemned to die by being beheaded, (*d*) after having been put to the torture to make him confess his crime and his accomplices.

The probability of the assassins having found the poor German drunk and fast asleep, of having stained his knife and hand with blood, and put into his pockets a part of the spoil they had taken from the merchant they had just murdered ; and the improbability that a person capable of committing such a crime falling asleep by the highway side, his hands and arms besmeared with blood, and the property in his pockets, were all overlooked ! The companions of

(*d*) About the year 1809, a Dutchman, by trade a pork butcher, ~~residing~~ near the Admiralty, in Amsterdam, murdered his wife, and then strove to conceal himself by flight. He was however taken, tried, and condemned to die by the sword. When the criminal was brought upon the scaffold, he could not be induced to kneel down, with his eyes covered, and his head erect, and arms pinioned, but plunged so violently it was found impossible to behead, without first killing him ! It caused no small confusion to the judges, who, in Holland, are compelled to witness the execution of the sentences they pronounce. At length, after the loss of half an hour's time, the executioner put a cord round his neck, and he submitted quietly enough to be hung ! A Mr. Humphries, a well known London collector of books and prints, under the signature '*Londoniensis*' wrote a humorous article, which was inserted in the Rotterdam paper, in which, having heard that the criminal was a staunch republican, he said, he was resolved to go out of the world with his head on, and that he continued to the last, like the Batavian republic, '*one and indivisible*.'—It was the only capital execution that occurred in Amsterdam, a city containing 300,000 inhabitants, in the course of three years !

accused appeared in his behalf, and they proved he was drunk, and neither able to stand or go when they left the wood. The public prosecutor contended that he risen in a state of frenzy—had robbed and murdered merchant, and being unable to proceed, had staggered to the tree where they had deposited him, and was there. The result was, the poor man was condemned to and suffered death by beheading.

The fate of the poor German was forgotten, when, upon a gang of desperate robbers and murderers being detected and apprehended in Gelderland, and just as they were led to execution, two of them confessed having committed a crime for which the poor German had suffered a wrong—death at Haarlem. The criminals, in their joint confession, stated that as they were waiting the arrival of the traveller in a herberg or inn in Haarlem wood, whom they would pass along near about that time, on his way from the Lemmer to Amsterdam—that they noticed the German boors, and the very drunken state of the one whom they saw his comrades left dead drunk under an oaken tree; after they had murdered the traveller, and plundered his person, events which took place only a very short distance from the spot where the unfortunate German lay, one of the banditti suggested the horrible expedient of staining his hands, his garments, and his knife, with the yet reeking gore of the slain; and putting into his pockets a few of the least valuable trinkets found upon the dead. And so hardened were those wretches, it appears they were present at his execution! On this account it is said that the city lost the privilege of ever more having its own executioner, a proper stigma upon the negligence and cruelty which led to the execution of an innocent person.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**CASE THE SIXTH.***A Dutch Servant Maid, and a wicked Mistress.*

ANOTHER instance may be cited of a diabolical project, devised and executed by a vindictive lady, residing at Vlissingen, in Zealand. She had a servant girl against whom she took up so vehement a hatred that nothing less than her total destruction could appease her. Animated by this savage feeling, she found a key which opened the girl's box, into which she placed a small gold cup, some silver spoons, pieces of lace, and other articles which she could identify as her property; and then went before the magistrates, making oath that she had lost the cup, a necklace, and other jewels, as well as some small pieces of plate, and obtained permission to search her box and person. The poor girl was thunderstruck at the accusation. Confident of her innocence of the imputed crime, she openly accused her mistress of perjury, and eagerly led the police officers to the box, which she opened with short-lived exultation, for, at the bottom, and carefully folded up in her garments, various articles belonging to her mistress were found, but neither the gold cup, nor diamond ear-rings and necklace. If a huge serpent had sprung from the box and coiled itself in her bosom, the affrighted maid could not have expressed more horror; she shrieked, rather than said, 'My mistress put it there—my mistress put it there—I am innocent! I am innocent!' These exclamations were, however, attributed to artifice, and she was committed to prison, tried, and condemned to be flogged on the public scaffold, brand-marked, and imprisoned twelve years in the

Spin house, which sentence was rigidly executed. The excellent character of the girl, and some dark spots in the character of the mistress, coming to the ears of Ploos Van Amstel, who was, in his day, the Garrow of Amsterdam, he visited the prison, and hearing a most favourable report of the unhappy girl's conduct, he saw and spoke to her, whose firm, plausible, modest, consistent manner, impressed that celebrated lawyer with a strong belief that the mistress had acted as the prisoner declared. He therefore set confidential agents to work, to dive into her character, and he found it compatible with the girl's allegations. In the course of his researches he met with a poor char-woman who made oath that she had seen the identical cup in the possession of the lady, long after the punishment of the girl, and that the prosecutrix seemed greatly confused at the disclosure, and hastily put it out of sight. Upon the strength of this positive testimony the public spirited advocate went to the presiding burgomaster and told him his suspicions, and exhibited his proofs, as he found a similar mistrust prevailing in the bosom of that magistrate, and had little difficulty in attaining the requisite authority. To prevent any suppression of truth by bribery or other influence, the burgomaster connived at the lawyer himself, dressed as an inferior officer of justice, assisting in executing the measures that were resolved to be taken, in order, if possible, to detect the cup of gold and diamond ornaments in the possession of the prosecutrix. Whilst two parties of police officers, each headed by a magistrate, examined the town and country house of the suspected lady, Ploos Van Amstel proceeded to the humbler dwelling of a female relative who subsisted upon the bounty of the prosecutrix, and whose conduct in bearing testimony against the prisoner, and supporting the charges urged against her, had subjected her to many censures, and such opprobrium. The female who had sworn she had seen a cup which appeared to be gold, and exactly resem-

bling the one said to have been stolen by the prisoner, told the lawyer this female was then in the lady's house, and she thought the gold cup was more likely to be in her custody than the lady's. The police officers contrived to enter the house before they were perceived, and whilst the person of the female and her servant were secured, Ploos Van Amstel proceeded up to her bed-room; and there, in a recess formed for concealing smuggled goods, of which he had received private intelligence, he found a small box, in which were the identical cup and the jewels for stealing which the servant girl had been falsely accused and erroneously condemned, and suffered an infamous and terrible punishment. The surprise, terror, and confusion of the guilty woman in whose custody these articles were found, and whose false and suborned evidence had materially contributed to the condemnation of the accused, was excessive! She saw at one glance the abyss that yawned to swallow her, and forgetful of every thing but the hope of escaping, she arraigned the prosecutrix of having prevailed upon her to aid in her infernal projects against her servant maid!

Acting as a notary, Ploos Van Amstel took minutes of her confessions, which the magistrate witnessed, as well as the inferior officers. The magistrates then went with the dienaars, to lodge the woman in the same prison where the poor girl was confined. Ploos Van Amstel proceeded to the town house of the prosecutrix, having in his possession the golden cup, the ear-rings, and the necklace, and the written confession.

When he arrived he found, of course, that the search had been unsuccessful; and the prosecutrix, too confident in a fallacious security, was menacing the magistrates with a prosecution for defamation, and was ordering the officers to quit her house. When she saw Ploos Van Amstel arrive, she fiercely exclaimed, 'What other ruffian is come to ransack my dwelling?' 'It is only Ploos Van

‘Amstel, madam,’ said the magistrate, ‘who has been to examine a secret recess in the house of *****.’ In an instant, as if by the touch of a magician’s wand, all her arrogance vanished, and she would have fallen senseless on the floor but for the humanity of the gentleman whom she had so insolently accosted. When she opened her eyes, and recognised the well known features of that popular advocate, bearing in his hands the identical property she thought she had secured against every danger, her shrieks were piercing—her distress, indescribable—she tore her hair, threw herself at his feet, and offered to resign half her fortune to the poor servant, and to quit the country for ever, if she could be exempted from public shame and punishment. But her depravity had been so rampantly displayed, and her conduct marked by such fiend-like cruelty, that the lawyer soon put an end to every hope, by ordering the officers to place her into a coach that was waiting, and convey her to prison to be dealt with according to law. At the same time the magistrates put their seals on the doors of the principal apartments, and left their officers in possession of the house. Having thus fully accomplished the object of his search, and having obtained an order of release for the innocent sufferer, that she might appear as an evidence against the newly made prisoners, the active and benevolent lawyer went to the public prison, where, dressed in the female felon’s garb, and pursuing her daily task of spinning an allotted quantity of flax, he found the pale, desponding, emaciated captive.

Ploos Van Amstel was too judicious to make the injured woman at once aware of the complete revolution that had occurred in her fortune. He began by telling her that the detection and punishment of her cruel and merciless mistress were events very near at hand, and consequently her own restoration to liberty and character was not only possible, but probable. She was at first incredulous; but when

her deliverer assured her that he was *certain* of her complete triumph, and made her acquainted with his name and avocation, she was so violently affected as to be near fainting, and falling on her knees, her first action was to thank God that had raised her up a friend to make manifest her innocence. A heavy flood of tears succeeded; and when this seasonable relief of an overcharged heart had so far re-composed her agitated bosom, as to enable her to converse rationally, the gaoler's wife walked in and invited the astonished sufferer to go with her into her house; and there she was requested to retire to a private room, to take off the prison dress, and put on the respectable apparel that was provided for her. Scarcely knowing what she did, and dubious if the whole was not a flattering dream, and fearful she should awake, and still find herself a wretched prisoner, she obeyed. So excessive, however, was the tremor that seized her nerves, it was deemed advisable to have her blooded. When she returned, dressed as a tradesman's daughter, she was apprised of her full liberation, and of the detection and confinement of her proud and unrelenting mistress; and, as a confirmation of her good fortune, her deliverer showed her the cup and the jewels she had wickedly and falsely been accused of stealing. Such was the result of the wicked machinations of a rich lady, against a poor servant girl! The city was fined in a very large sum by the States-general; the servant maid enriched, and vindicated, became the wife of an opulent and respectable man; and the prosecutrix and her accomplice were condemned to *fifty years'* hard labour and close imprisonment, being the *longest term* of confinement allowed in Holland, from an affected abhorrence of condemning any one to *perpetual incarceration!*

ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES OF THE SUFFERINGS OF

JAMES BYRNE,

AND THE MATCHLESS DEPRAVITY OF

JOCELYN PERCY,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CLOGHER. (*e*)

Disgusted with the theme, the muse recoils—
 A *British prelate* caught in the loath'd act
 Which SODOM and GOMORRAH overwhelm'd;
 And in their sin, by fire from heav'n, consum'd!
 Imperial Britain! bow thy lofty head!
 The arm of vengeance o'er thy guilty sons
 Behold outstretch'd and bare. Thy king, superb,
 That sways thy sceptre, should his garments rend, (*f*)
 And humbled to the dust, cry out aloud
 For mercy! Crimes dark and foul as these
 A nation's fall portend. E'en now—perchance,
 Thy realm blood-bolster'd, and by rapine stain'd,
 Stands like some tow'ring column, whose hoar head
 The clouds yet kiss, but long by storms assail'd,
 Its deep foundations, sapp'd on ev'ry side,
 Shall sudden yield, and spread a ruin vast
 As when imperial ROME's proud empire fell,—
 To rise no more the mistress of the world!



IN the introductory part of the very extraordinary narrative of LE BRUN, page 511, I drew a parallel between this case and that of JAMES BYRNE, a domestic servant,

(*e*) The first of the Manchester Cowdroys, the founder of the Manchester Gazette, prior to the commencement of that paper, was editor of the *Chester Chronicle*, in which, about the year 1794, he inserted under an anonymous

(*f*) Vide Jonah ii. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

who wrongfully suffered a punishment worse than any death unaccompanied by torture, at the instigation of a *protestant bishop*, who had in vain attempted to convert

signature the following strictures upon the arrogance of the titles assumed by protestant prelates. ‘Between the pope and the clergy, God,’ said the facetious and satirical writer, ‘is robbed of his name and his glory. The ‘pope claims the title *Holiness*, and the clergy of England, *Reverend, Right Reverend, Most Reverend, and Father in God*. I have the highest regard ‘for the Bible, yet I am always shocked when I see this address attached to ‘that holy book,—*To the most High and Mighty—Prince James*. I am a loyal ‘subject; nevertheless, I consider the appellation, ‘*Most Sacred Majesty*,’ too ‘assuming. It is sufficient for every man to have the name of the office he ‘serves attached to his name, and to have the merit due to his services ‘ascribed to him; but to apply the title and character which belongs alone ‘to the CREATOR to the creature, is, I think, abominable.’

“That plain-dealing patriarch, St. Bernard, treats thus irreverently of those Corinthian capitals of the pillars of the church, namely, ‘We are puzzled,’ said this good man, ‘to find out to what order of men bishops belong; ‘because in the accumulation of temporal wealth they conduct themselves ‘like laymen; in receiving tithes, like clergymen; in equipage, like soldiers; in dress, like women:—and yet they do not labour like laymen; ‘they do not preach like clergymen; they do not fight like soldiers; they do ‘not bear children like women. But, because they are of no order, where ‘shall be their portion? There where no order is.’

“This St. Bernard (who you may swear was no bishop) was much admired in his time for honesty and plain good sense. He went into a church at Frankfort, when the clergy thought it would be a handsome device, and much to the honour of their craft, to make an image of the Virgin pay him a compliment *viva voce*. ‘Be quiet!’ said the saint, addressing himself to the image, ‘sure your ladyship has forgot yourself; do you not know that by ‘our canons women are forbid to speak in churches?’

“History tells us of many absurdities committed by bishops; but when posterity shall be informed, that an archbishop took the very great trouble to descend from the exalted dignity of his sacerdotal seat, to regulate the management of a country theatre, will they not lament, that instead of following the pious example which St. Paul gives to Timothy, concerning the office of bishop, the *Most Reverend Father in God, his Grace the Archbishop*, had not employed his time and talents to a better and more suitable purpose, than dictating laws to a playhouse?”

A few years since a ludicrous story was related in the periodical prints of the day of a very polite shoemaker, who, having had the honour of making shoes for the wife of a certain bishop, began his bill thus, ‘*The right Reverend Mother in God, Mrs. ———, debtor,*’ &c.

that poor man, not from the *errors* of the church of Rome, but to become—O shame!—the prelate's *mate* in a sodomitical rencounter! The sheets to which I am referring were worked off before I was aware that the selections I had made from the leading Irish journals were erroneous. The ensuing selections will correct those inaccuracies.

The account of Byrne's sufferings I shall take from Cobbett's Register, differing, however, very essentially from that gentleman as to the motive which led the Orangemen of Dublin to treat the innocent victim of the Sodomitical bishop with so much severity.

It will be seen in the narrative subjoined, that JAMES BYRNE, after his escape from the pollution offered by the bishop of CLOGHER, spoke freely of the gross outrage which had been offered. It is too well known to need illustration, that slanders fly on the wings of the winds, and this foul imputation spread with inconceivable rapidity all over the city. Byrne being a Catholic, it is natural to suppose the Catholics of Dublin, particularly in the lower ranks, were loud in their reproaches and execrations: indeed so foul a stain never did before befall our established church, as this clerical monster has induced. I am by no means an advocate for *Orange Clubs*, considering all those associations criminal that have a tendency to perpetuate hereditary animosity, and, above all, dissensions upon religious subjects. The *Irish Orangeists* are too much addicted to cherish the remembrance of all the cruelties inflicted upon the Protestants, when the Roman Catholic was the established church of the land; forgetful of the horrible persecution, and the dreadful RETALIATION inflicted upon Catholics, after the reformers of that day had acquired a complete ascendancy. On these grounds I should be happy to see, not alone the *order of Orangemen* put down, but their persecuting spirit extinguished. So far I can go with Mr. Cobbett, but far am I from believing that the ORANGEMEN of Dublin persecuted and tortured JAMES BYRNE because he is a Catholic! No!!

they hated and detested him because they implicitly believed in the INNOCENCE of the bishop, whose character Byrne had loaded with the most foul and loathsome of all possible crimes. It is reasonable to suppose some of their leaders had communications with the delinquent, and that the lost wretch was impelled, by their interference, to act as he did in prosecuting Byrne, and in making the daring and impious appeal to the Almighty to attest his *innocence*. These are facts as likely to have proceeded from *fear* as from *malice*: no doubt those powerful impellers had nearly an equal share in leading to the prosecution in question, and the stupendous blasphemy attached, a blasphemy so enormously offensive, as to leave at an immeasurable distance the guilt of the most depraved villain whose name is to be found in the annals of infamy. And when the tainted sinner had lifted his scathed front towards heaven, and made the impious invocation in question, what could be more likely to provoke and goad the *Orangemen* to act with all the *ferocity* described by Mr. Cobbett, than that full and entire belief they reposed in the innocence of the bishop? And if Byrne had been as guilty as he was generally estimated after this solemn abjuration, if he had been capable of casting such an imputation upon an innocent, upright, and virtuous man, horrible as was the torture he endured, no one could say he suffered undeservedly.

If I were to be asked where and when the unhappy wretch first contracted the detestable taint, I should point to the monastic solitude of the *college*, where nothing female is suffered to be seen, and where the bed-makers are males, as the most probable source of his propensity. Those who are intimately acquainted with our universities know, that within the last twenty years, several members have become addicted to this abhorrent practice. At Oxford the son of a respectable innkeeper was selected by one of these as his prey; the boy told of the horrid attempt, unconscious of its enormity. The father visited the culprit,

and gave him only an hour's notice *to disappear*. It was eagerly embraced, and the offender was seen no more in Oxford. The example of past ages ought not to be followed when circumstances are wholly changed. In the public seminaries of the United States of North America, and in most, if not all the Protestant universities of Europe, the students lodge in the houses of the citizens. In our two principal universities, they live in chambers, as in monasteries.

But wherever the first taint was imbibed, and the first sin against God and Nature committed, it is an inherent principle in crime that every offence multiplies the chances of detection, and, when dangers impend, urges the criminal to venture new and deeper plunges to screen his guilt, and elude the stroke of justice. It was, perhaps, thus, during the first revolutionary war against France, that the commander of a cutter, stationed at Yarmouth, belonging to the crown, whose character and conduct had previously been unstained, was impelled from crime to crime. Avarice led him to commit a *fraud*; to prevent that fraud being detected, he committed an act of wilful and corrupt perjury in swearing to the correctness of a sum fraudulently interpolated into an account of disbursement. Having thus falsely sworn, he was then called upon to produce a receipt! And, as he confessed to me, more than twenty years later, and when he was in the daily expectation of being taken up as a felon, not daring to pause, and having no retreat, he forged a receipt; and thus the simple fraud rapidly led to wilful and corrupt false swearing; and next to forgery. The latter days of this unhappy man's life were embittered by unavailing regret, and he often declared, were it not for the sake of his wife and children, he would have given himself up to justice rather than exist in the mental misery by which he was oppressed.

At a period less remote, a dissipated young man, the son of a wealthy cotton manufacturer in Cheshire, engaged in

an amorous intrigue with the lewd and faithless wife of a respectable attorney, of the same town, which caused the death of the husband, and the ruin of a numerous family of which this worthless woman was the mother. The gallant affected, as is usual in all such cases, to be the friend of the injured husband, who left behind him the character of a worthy man, handsome in his person, pleasing in his manners. That he possessed a feeling heart is to be inferred from the extreme distress and sorrow he felt when his wife's debaucheries with his bosom friend were unveiled! Not long did he survive a conviction of their infamy and his own dishonour: he died, as it is asserted by his surviving friends, of a broken heart, after having put away the vile woman, who had no better plea to offer in excuse for her frailty than rampant lust; for her husband was every way the superior of the unprincipled wretch by whom he was supplanted. Mrs. L——— was received under her brother's roof, and even there her paramour pursued her; and, ready as ever to seek his polluted embraces, they contrived to meet. The guilty pair were seen in a situation that need not be described, by a person employed to watch them. Irritated by this unwelcome discovery, Mr. P—— drew a pistol, and shot this person. The assassin was taken into custody, but he was also *allowed to escape*; and the villanous police officer who connived at his flight is said to have retained his situation, and subsequently been the author and abettor of deeds very nearly assimilated to the *blood-money* men of London! And thus a profligate man, who went out to gratify a guilty passion, returned a blood-stained assassin. First, he betrayed his friend, and seduced his friend's wife; next, after having caused her to lose her home, he followed her to the sanctuary of a brother's roof, and there he desperately wounded, and intended to have murdered, an innocent man! The guilty wife, who thus basely sacrificed her husband and her children, is said to have perished, a miserable spectacle, the

effects of her lewdness ; and what is much more lamentable, a numerous progeny, who had been reared in rather an expensive style, were suddenly reduced to indigence, and utterly dispersed ! Such was the rapid march of crime, in this instance, and its destructive results springing from an adulterous passion.

More recently still, a thoughtless young fellow, nearly allied to an illustrious Welsh family in high favour at court, having, by almost endless acts of folly and extravagance, offended the hereditary chief of the rich and powerful house to which he is allied, found himself in a cold and drizzly November's day, pennyless and hungry, upon a wild heath, not far from L——r. The destitute young man had been rejected at two or three houses of entertainment where he had applied for lodging, not more, perhaps, from the shabby appearance of a faded and ragged uniform, than from the desperation that appeared in his countenance. He was, and he appeared to be, an outcast from society ; he had no money, no home, no place of shelter, and no resource, save beggary or robbery. He was pinched alike severely by hunger and by cold. The day was closing upon him, and he knew not where to find even the meanest place of shelter. Under such a concatenation of suffering it may easily be supposed, that his mind was in a fearfully agitated state.

As he ran along, with his hands clinched, and held up to his face, and grinning horribly as the sleet and rain drifted full in his face, an extraordinary expedient suggested itself to his perturbed mind, as being likely to afford him ample relief, namely, strip himself naked ; to throw all his apparel, loaded with stones, into a pond he saw on the common he was passing,—and then, in a state of absolute nakedness, to make the best of his way to the city of L——r, present himself before the mayor, declare that he had been stripped naked by robbers—obtain his worship's certificate ; and lastly, by communicating the

pretended outrage to each of his noble and wealthy relatives, the half crazy pedestrian anticipated an abundant supply of cash and apparel! Such were his expectations, and such the impulse which led to an act of superlative folly, danger, and wickedness.

Wild as was this project, he was quite delighted with its aspect. Instantly he turned towards the water, stripped off his faded, tattered, and watery garments,—loaded them with stones, and making them up into a bundle, flung them with all his might far into the pond. Maniac like he laughed aloud as he saw them splash up the water, and watching the circling expansion of the ruffled surface for a few moments, set off much lighter than before, on his way to L——r. It was, at this time, growing dark, and the few persons who were upon the road were much alarmed, seeing a naked figure running along. Some were of opinion it was a ghost,—others, a maniac; and they were not far off being right, for poor * * * *, amongst other misfortunes, was attacked by the measles when his fame was eclipsed, and in his twentieth year, and when he was reduced to utter poverty. From that period, his intellects had, at times, appeared disordered; yet he was not insane.

As he trotted rather than ran along the road, every one made way as he approached. At last, however, a stout young farmer, well mounted, resolved to accost this terrific being, and riding up before him so as almost to stop his progress, said, ‘In God’s name who are you? Whence come you? and how came you in this naked condition?’ Without a moment’s hesitation the young adventurer answered, ‘My name is * * * *, I am cousin to the Earl ‘of * * * *, nephew to the Lady * * * *, to General ‘* * * *. I was on my way to L——c——r. Have just been stopped by robbers, plundered, and stripped naked. I am on my way to the mayor, to state my case, and obtain shelter.’ Whether it was the charm of many great names that * * * * quoted which awoke the pity and respect of

the young farmer, or a nobler feeling, he immediately alighted, offered his great coat, and his horse, and to walk by his side into the city. But these courtesies, the great coat excepted, * * * * declined, and continued to trot onwards by the side of the benevolent stranger till they reached the mayor's house. A story so singular as that of a handsome young nobleman, robbed and *stripped naked*, was likely to excite a very lively interest in his worship's family. The mayor, however, was a sedate sort of a tradesman; he heard very patiently the wonderful train of adventures narrated by the stranger, and when he had ended, instantly presented him with a book, telling him he must swear to the truth of the statement he had just made, and which his worship's clerk had noted down! In a moment all poor * * * * golden dreams seemed to vanish like so many baseless visions. He saw the gulf of infamy yawn deep and wide before him: he shuddered at the plunge he had to make; but to hesitate were to stand self-convicted as a cheat and impostor. He therefore took the book, and consummated an act of perjury! When the profligate son of the Cheshire magistrate shot the man at S——k——t, by whom he was pursued; when the commander of the ——— cutter successively committed fraud, perjury, and forgery; when ——— forswore himself at L— —c——r, perhaps not one of them foresaw the consequences of their first crime. And when *Jocelyn Percy* falsely affirmed his innocence of the foul crime imputed to him by *James Byrne*, it is not at all improbable that he was wholly unprepared for the task enjoined, of criminally prosecuting James Byrne; and that it was as little in his power to avoid that additional offence, without an instantaneous admission of his own guilt, as for the young gentleman last alluded to, to avoid the commission of perjury, after having told his wild and incredible tale to the mayor of L——c——r.

Before I commence with the narrative written by Mr.

Cobbett, I think it due to the individuals whose aberrations are recited in the ensuing paragraphs to disclaim, in the most pointed manner, the most remote design to degrade their characters, even by a comparison with the deep perdition which overwhelms the name of *Jocelyn Percy*; and equally foreign to any part of my intentions was that of offering any palliation of *his* guilt. All I aimed at accomplishing was a spirited delineation of the rapid march of crime, and to demonstrate the imminent danger of the *first step*, from the fearful results to which it oftentimes leads.

EXTRACT FROM 'COBBETT'S REGISTER.'

'HORRID PUNISHMENT OF JAMES BYRNE,

In the city of Dublin, in the year 1811.

'MY readers have before received some information on this subject; but, as yet, the thing has not been placed before the public in that full and regular manner that I think it ought to be. (f)

'We know, that, in July last, the *Right Reverend Father in God, the Honourable PERCY JOCELYN, Doctor of Divinity, Lord Bishop of Clogher, Commissioner of the Board of Education, a Member of the Society for punishing Vice and Immorality, Brother to the late Earl of*

(f) I thought, when that foul torrent of falsehood and obscenity, the denunciations against the late Queen Consort, was poured forth from the daily press, that nothing so polluted would ever be seen again. I was mistaken. From the Irish prelacy burst forth a still more odious and disgusting narrative, though free from the taint of malice and falsehood stamped by the hand of nature on the hideous charges adduced against the devoted and proscribed queen.

Roden, (g) and Uncle of the present Earl of Roden; we know that this 'venerable' person was, on the 19th of July last, detected with John Movelley, a private soldier in the Foot Guards, in a back-room of the White-Lion public-house, in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, in the actual commission of that horrid and unnatural crime, which drew down God's vengeance, and brought destruction by fire and brimstone, on two whole cities, in times of old: we know, that the Father in God and his mate were, amidst the execrations and the peltings of the indignant populace, taken to the watch-house with their middle garments hanging about their heels, just in the situation in which those garments were, when the parties were seized by the witnesses, who had bursted open the room-door and rushed in upon them: we know, that after being

(g) 'On Sunday morning, in Ely Place, Dublin, aged twenty-four, died *Lady Ann Jocelyn*, only sister of the Earl of Roden, and niece of the wretch 'who has been allowed to escape the punishment he has so well deserved.' Could any editor believe, even for a moment, that the miserable man has *escaped*, because he has been allowed to elude the stroke of legal justice, and preserve an existence that cannot be otherwise than the bitterest and heaviest of curses! It is impossible a man of his education, however warped may be his mind by the infernal habit he contracted, should be so callous as to be wholly dead to the compunctious visitings of shame and remorse! Wherever he may drag his carcase, in whatever guise endeavour to hide himself from mankind, Providence has placed in his bosom a moral rack that tears and lacerates his soul; that inflicts, by the incessant upbraidings of his tortured conscience, anguish incomparably more keen than the hangman's scourge inflicted upon poor Byrne! Without doubt, as he is the most loathsome and abhorrent of criminals, so are his mental sufferings the most exquisite. Wholly ignorant as I am of the cause of the death of this young lady, his niece, in the blossom of youthful life, I have no right to assume she drooped and died from grief, induced by her uncle's infamy,—but the inference is reasonable. And I regret, when her decease was announced, that the name of the depraved and lost man, her uncle, was coupled with it. Too probably, it is that young lady who has '*escaped*' the shame and grief occasioned by this foul disgrace attaching to her family, and which may have pressed too heavily upon, and broken an innocent, benevolent, and too susceptible heart!

kept in the watch-house during the night, they were brought to the police-office at Marlborough-street, and before a public justice of the name of *Dyer*, a lawyer of the name of *Alley*, attending in behalf of the Father in God, whose attorney was a man named *Wingfield*: we know, that there were *seven witnesses* to the fact: we know, that this fact was of a *decided character*: we know, that *Dyer*, upon the representation of *Alley*, admitted the Father in God *to bail*, himself in *five hundred pounds*, with two sureties in *two hundred and fifty pounds* each: we know, that some weeks afterwards, the Father in God's *mate* was admitted to bail, himself in two hundred pounds, with two sureties in a *hundred pounds* each: we know, that the *New Times* told us, that the Law Officers of the Crown had received orders to prosecute the offenders: (*h*)

(*h*) I am not prepared to say that the magistrate acted illegally or corruptly, but in a case of such enormity, where the worst *felony* in the power of man to commit appeared to be so unequivocally proved by overwhelming and incontrovertible evidence, I cannot help thinking the offender should not have been bailed. Mark the result of it as respects the character of the administration of justice, exemplified on the trial of Mr. Waddington for publishing a blasphemous libel! namely,

‘In defence, Mr. Waddington, who had a desk and box full of books with him, made a long address to the jury, which was repeatedly interrupted by the judge as irrelevant. He asked why the *Diarolus Regii* [meaning *Regis Diabolus*—the Attorney-General] had brought him here? An *ex-officio* was one of the relics of the Star-chamber. There was the Society for the Suppression of Vice at the head of all this; and who were they? The BISHOP of CLOGHER was one of them; and who was he? a man who had done more to profane the Christian Religion than all the blasphemers and Deists that had ever lived; yet this bishop was permitted by the government to escape, while he (Waddington) was prosecuted. He would say as Paul did to king Agrippa, “How happy am I, if only allowed to answer my accusers.” He spoke of the immorality, covetousness, and gross neglect of the clergy of the present day; and proceeded to read from *Whiston's Memoirs*, when he was interrupted.

‘Chief Justice.—This is irregular and irrelevant. If the passages which you seem desirous to read are meant to apply to the clergy of the present

we know, that they were *indicted* at the last Middlesex Sessions, and the bill was returned a *true bill*: we know, that they have *not been tried*: we know, that they have *not appeared*: we know, that the Law Officers of the Crown have not brought forward *Morelley*, though he was and is a *soldier* in the Guards, and though his regiment was and is quartered in London: we know, that the public has had a particular eye upon *this*: we know, that *Morelley* must *be with his regiment now*, or must have been *discharged*, or must have *deserted*: we know, that there is an *Alien Act*, which renders it very difficult for *any man* to get out of the country without a passport: we know, that, in a recent case, *Corporal George*, when he was to be even a *witness*, was kept in *confinement to the day of trial*: in fine, we know, that there has been *no trial* either of the *Father in God*, or of his *mate*, both of whom, as was before observed, were detected in the full and complete commission of the horrid act, and were taken

day, they are a gross libel upon that body, for none are more active and zealous in the discharge of their duty.

“The defendant spoke of the impolicy of religious prosecutions. What a compliment they paid Christianity when they instituted the present prosecution! In the first place, the attempt to ruin him would give complete circulation to the libel itself—that would inevitably follow from the proceedings of this day. His prosecutors were wrong, and why? Because they were weak in the faith; they did not place the confidence which as Christians they were bound to place in the Deity. He who made the universe and made all men, knew how to correct all evil without the aid of man. How dared they to profane God by undertaking his work? They who did so were no Christians—they were themselves the real blasphemers; they said agricultural plenty was the cause of the sufferings of the country,—that was to say, that what the beneficence of God had done for the poor was an evil.”—

Every officiating judge is bound to administer the law as he finds it; but the sooner the laws against blasphemy are ameliorated the better!—In these sort of contests, religion suffers, and divine revelation falls into disrepute.

to the Watch-house with their middle garments hanging down about their heels. (i)

“Thus far we *know*, and we shall long remember.—But

(i) Whilst I acquit the Government of having, from the motives imputed by Mr. Cobbett, connived at the indulgence shown to this tainted wretch, it forms the most dangerous feature of the whole case, holding out to high-born Sodomites the prospect of impunity and personal safety! At a recent execution of two Sodomites at the Old Bailey, in London, namely Holland and Green—the populace hailed their appearance under the gallows with a storm of execration, not more loud and fierce than the nature of their crime deserved, but which was calculated to add to the sufferings of their less guilty associates, and disturb their last moments. The universal cry was, *Where's the bishop? Where's Clogher?* It is said that when George III. asked Lord Mansfield whether Doctor Dodd might be pardoned, his lordship replied in the affirmative, but added, *If that offender is pardoned, the Peregians have been murdered!* Then, as to the question of bail, the law should be peremptory. The act of taking bail, in the face of such evidence as was adduced against the Bishop of Clogher and Movelley his mate, forms a breach of the law of the land, and inflicts a wound on the character of its administration, almost as fatal as the hideous offence committed by the fallen prelate and his suborned associate to the established church.

At Stockport, in Cheshire, on the 6th of December, 1822, two youths, the one 17 years old, the other about 20, were apprehended on a charge, the one of stealing, the other of receiving a pair of cavalry boots, valued at *five shillings!* Up to this moment these young men's character appears to have stood unblemished. The master of the youth who took the boots, assured me he knew nothing of the affair till his servant was in custody; and he also declared he had not the *smallest belief* that the young man had any criminal intention when he lent the boots in question to his brother: the master of the other lad spoke equally well of him; and both the masters *offered themselves as bail* to prevent their being committed to prison. Their father, half distracted, offered to deposit £150 in cash. But all was refused, and away the two brothers were sent to the house of correction at Knutsford!

More recently still, the wife of a respectable individual resident in Manchester was apprehended, on a charge of stealing a quantity of lace from the shop of a person named Watts, in Deansgate.

The evidence against the unhappy woman, by the account published in the ‘Manchester Gazette,’ December 21st, 1822, appeared very conclusive. Still, however, as her innocence lay within the bounds of possibility, and though the shopkeeper evinced no kind of backwardness to allowing the law, in all its humiliating rigour, to be inflicted, yet the presiding magistrate, and as I conceive, much to his credit, allowed bail to be taken!

this affair of the *Father in God* has brought us English people acquainted with a former affair of his, in which the cruelly-punished *James Byrne* was a party. The facts of this Irish affair are these: that, in the year 1811, the *Father in God* being then the *Lord Bishop of Ferns*, had *Byrne* in a parlour (in Dublin) to pay him some money; that he began by talking filthy language to him, then put his arm round his neck, and then endeavoured to proceed as with the beastly *Movelley*: that *Byrne* repulsed him with indignation, and left him: that *Byrne* spoke of the matter: that he was brought before the Lord Mayor of Dublin, under a charge of *libel*: that the Lord Mayor sent him to gaol, and would not admit him to bail: that he was brought to trial in October 1811: that the *Father in God* was one of the *witnesses against him*: that the *Father in God* being shown a paper, containing *Byrne's* charges, and being asked, whether the contents of that paper were true or false, ‘*arose, and, in the most impressive and dignified manner, placed his hand upon his breast, and said, false!*’ We know, that the ‘*counsel*’ for poor *Byrne* declined to cross-examine the *Father in God*, and that they here gave up the case! We know, that the counsel for the *Father in God* (which counsel is now *Chief Justice* in Ireland,) said the *Father in God* was one of the most *benerolent*, most *virtuous*, most *spotless*, most pious of human beings, and that he sprang from a stock that was *nobleness itself*. Lastly, we know, that the judge, *Fox*, after reproaching poor *Byrne* as a ‘*horrid and unprincipled villain,*’ sentenced him to be *imprisoned for two years, to be publicly whipped three times, and at the expiration of the two years, to be held to bail, himself in five hundred pounds, with two sureties in two hundred pounds each*; which, as the reader will see, is, within one hundred pounds of being as much as the police-justice, *Dyer*, took from the *Father in God* himself, though he had actually been detected in the horrid act itself, and had

been, with his mate, taken to the watch-house, the middle garment hanging down about the heels.

“ So far so good. These facts are all safe in our memory. Nothing can *rub these out*. And now we come to the *execution* of this sentence; now we come to the *horrid punishment* of poor Byrne.—On the second of November, 1811, he was taken from the gaol, and, being stripped naked downwards to the waist, his hands were tied with cords to the tail of a *car*, which had been pressed in the street for the purpose. The *hangman*, with a dreadful cat-o'-nine-tails, was ready and stripped to the shirt for the bloody work. The *two sheriffs* of Dublin, *James* and *Harty*, were mounted on horseback, and one placed on each side of the hangman. The car began to move from under the gallows near the Dublin gaol of Newgate; and, the sentence being, that the whipping should be from that place to the college, the car was made to move *as slowly as possible* !

“ The crowds of spectators were immense. The hangman was an athletic fellow, and was made to flog with all his strength, taking time between the strokes to put into each his full force. The whole of the distance which the car had to go was *nearly an English mile and a half* ! When about half the distance had been gone over, the *cat*, owing to the terrible violence with which it had been used, broke, or rather came apart. This *cat* consisted of *nine pieces* of the *largest* and *hardest* whip-cord, about eighteen inches long, each piece or cord having *nine knots* in it; and the cords tied to a stick, or a whip-handle, which was about two feet long. The cords of this terrible instrument had, by the efforts of the flogger, become loosened at the handle, and some of them flew off. The car, therefore, stopped, while the cords were gathered up and re-fastened. And here the poor sufferer describes his torments as having been excruciating indeed ! They were *fifteen minutes* in repairing the cat. The day was cold, raw, and rather wet. The blood was streaming down

under that garment which had been proof against the assaults of the Father in God. The blood was coagulated on the back, which was all a piece of bloody-looking flesh from the nape of the neck to the waistband of the garment so often mentioned. Such a sight!—Such a horrible sight!—Such horrid; such damnable cruelty!—And this, oh remember! inflicted on the *oath* of the *Father in God*, who has since been taken to an English watch-house, with his middle garments hanging down about his heels!

“The tormentors having, with all possible deliberation, repaired their instruments of torture, put the car again in motion, but with, if possible, slower pace than before; and the strokes were renewed with all possible force, as far as the strength of the hangman would go. At last, at the end of upwards of an hour, the car came to the end of the prescribed distance. The poor victim, who had uttered neither cry nor groan, was untied. A car is a *cart without sides or head*, and without *tail-board*. A mere *bed of a cart* upon wheels. On this car, his body as raw as a piece of butchers’ meat just cut up, and his nether garments all soaked with blood, the victim of the Father in God was *thrown*, just as they would have flung on a dead pig; and away went the car, jolting over the stones, to the gaol, where the half-flayed carcass was to be lodged for two years!

“Byrne is a *Catholic*: that is to say, he has adhered to the religion of his forefathers. This circumstance, along with that of the prosecuting party being a *Protestant Chief*, called forth, upon this occasion, the spirit of *Orangeism*, which is that of the Spanish Inquisition united to that of *Hounslow-Heath* and that of *Billingsgate*. Upon the whole earth there is not, even amongst the Turks and Algerines, so large a proportion of plundering, unfeeling, bloody, and insolent ruffians as the *Orange Faction* gives to unhappy Ireland, the disgrace, the curse, of which they have been for centuries. The true spirit of this fac-

tion appeared at the flogging of Byrne. While the multitude expressed sorrow at his suffering, the bloody *Orangemen* followed him with shouts of approbation of his tormentors, and with execrations on himself. The *public*, even at that moment, *suspected* that he was unjustly punished. The Orange ruffians participated, doubtless, in the suspicion; but it was a *Protestant Chief* whom he had accused, and he himself was a *Catholic*. These circumstances were enough to make them exult at his punishment; and, at the close of the infernal infliction, when they saw him flung on the car, a mass of raw, quivering, and bloody flesh, they set up a sort of *laughing shout* like that of the cannibals when they dance round their roasted victims.

“ But the sufferings of this victim of the Father in God were by no means to end here. He was taken from the car, and actually tossed in amongst the thieves, robbers, and murderers in the Dublin gaol called Newgate, without, during the two years, being suffered to speak to a friend, or even to his wife, except through the iron bars. Like the robbers and murderers, he had a little yard to be in, in the day-time, and a cell in the night-time, where, with some of those villains, he had to lie, three or four on a wretched bedstead, with a little straw and a miserable blanket or two amongst them. His food was two pounds of bread a-day, water to drink, and nothing more.

“ While he himself was thus suffering, he had the misery to reflect on the sufferings of his *wife and four small children*, who were reduced to the deepest distress. He was thirty-two years of age; his wife, who, like himself, was of respectable parents, was about the same age; they had been married about five or six years, and had lived most happily together. Mrs. Byrne had to sell even her wedding ring from her finger to purchase bread for her children. She was a pretty woman; and, in the depth of her misery, a monster in the shape of a man, but belonging to a *family* of monsters, went to her, and actually advised

her to think no more of Byrne, but to get her living *as other handsome young women did!* (j) Such an answer as such a monster ought to receive from a faithful wife appears only to have added to the vindictiveness and cruelty of this *race* of monsters. Mrs. Byrne and her children were saved from actual starvation by a *tradesman's* widow, named *Harrington*, who is now dead, but whose name is far more worthy of being remembered than the names of hundreds of those, to whose memory this nation has been loaded with the expense of erecting monuments.

“ During the imprisonment of Byrne, *one of his children died!* Let the reader, if he be a father, if he have lost a child, think of the anguish of mind that this must have occasioned to Byrne. Such events are sufficiently painful; they require all our strength of mind, even when we are at hand to perform the last sad duties ourselves; when we have the consolation to know that the beloved object has expired loaded with marks of our boundless affection. What, then, must have been the feelings of this father; knowing that his child was expiring, and unable, as he was, to get even a glimpse of that child? What, too, must have been the feelings of the *mother*? A child expiring in her arms, an innocent husband shut up amongst robbers and murderers! But to describe these sufferings is impossible. To *avenge* them is what reason, justice, what every thing good in our nature, calls for from every thing bearing the name of man.

“ Even when the two horrible years were come to an end, there was the *bail* to be given, and the *sureties* to be found. Who was to be surety for this miserable man, the victim of a Protestant Father in God, and an object of vengeance

(j) This assertion, if true, denotes a degree of depravity of heart, but little inferior to the monster whose foul propensities led him to explore the lowest depth of infamy in search of the most abhorrent of gratifications!

with the whole of the implacable, the perfidious, the merciless, the bloody, the tremendously powerful *Orange Faction*? Who, these things considered, were to be his *sureties*? He had to remain, for want of sureties, *sixty one days* longer in gaol, till, at last, *Messrs. Edward Kennedy* and *George Faulkner* became his sureties; and, as long as humanity and justice shall remain in esteem amongst men, the names of these excellent men will be held in honour. In giving bail, *Byrne* was compelled to declare (I believe on oath) *where he intended to reside*; and, that being in Dublin, he was compelled to declare *what part of Dublin!* At last, after being remanded two days for non-payment of *gaol fees*, and having made an affidavit that he was unable to pay them, he was once more at large, but without a penny upon the face of the earth, with a wife and three children to maintain, and with a vindictive race to oppress him, and with the whole hellish *Orange Faction* to watch his every movement and to effect his destruction!

“*GOD,*” to use his own words, ‘has taken care of him;’ and here he is safe amongst Englishmen, while the unnatural and perjured mitred monster, who caused his sufferings, avoids public, general, universal infamy, execrations from the lips, and mud from the hands of a whole nation, only by assuming false names, and skulking from the face of man! But here we shall not stop. *Byrne*, by resisting the monster, by exposing him, by his constancy under his unparalleled sufferings, has conferred a *lasting benefit on the country*. Great good to us all will arise from the heroic conduct of this humble man; and who has ever had to say, that we were wanting in humanity, in gratitude, or in justice?—It is *for us* to take care that *Byrne* and his family be placed in a way of living with *comfort* by the means of their honest industry; and that they have a *fair start* in the world in that middle course in which they would, in all probability, have long ago moved, had it not been for the virtue which resisted the temptation of the

horrible *Honourable* Protestant Father in God, *Percy Jocelyn*. (*k*)

“Mr. Parkins has most laudably and generously undertaken to set a subscription on foot for this purpose. It was, I believe, at first, intended to give *Byrne* a start as a keeper of a *hackney coach or two* in London, he having always been a coachman. We may be well assured, that the money will be safe in Mr. Parkins's hands; and that it will finally, after due consideration, be applied in the most judicious manner. Something must, in such a case, depend upon the character and manners and habit of the man. If *Byrne* were the most ignorant and sottish fellow that ever existed, it would become us to do something to preserve him from want. But he is the contrary of this. An intelligent, smart, spirited, sober and active little man, of singularly advantageous manners and deportment. Indeed, we have, in his history, since his punishment as well as before, the best possible proof of the goodness of his character. *John Jocelyn*, the Father in God's

(*k*) I will not assert, but I can conceive, the possibility of ministers having acted from *pure motives*, in allowing the wretch to elude the sentence of death awarded on the public gallows to the convicted Sodomite, and even applaud their conduct; but what shall be said of their having hitherto done nothing to indemnify *Byrne*—that is, as far as an ample provision for himself and family can be considered as an *equivalent* for wrongs so heavy, and sufferings so extreme? All the accounts given of the estate of the delinquent, represent him as rolling in riches, whilst he was indulging in the worst of all vice. Why not bestow a full moiety of all his worldly wealth upon *Byrne*? The criminal was in the hands of the magistracy; *the halter was about his neck*; and it cannot be supposed, if the conveyance had been required, the caitiff durst demur. And, if *he* had not sufficient wealth, then the *See of Clogher* should have been charged with the equivalent. What is the result of this omission of fulfilling a sacred duty? A public exhibition of the injured man and his oppressed family at a tavern,—and a public subscription for their succour! Surely it had been a wiser course to have prevented such an additional source of irritation, where the regular course of justice had been so widely departed from, by conferring an ample but not a profuse pecuniary provision!

brother, with whom *Byrne* lived some time before the trial, gave him the character of being *sober* and *honest*, a character which he appears always to have borne. After his imprisonment, he was a few months working in a livery stables. After that he lived two years and a half with a horse-dealer of the name of *Grady*. From him he went to live with a *Mr. Dickenson*, a Liverpool merchant, who took him from Dublin to England, near Chester, where he lived *two years*. After he quitted the service of this gentleman, he drove *job horses* in *Dublin*, until the honest fellows at the White-Lion public-house, in St. Alban's place, Westminster, caused the news to be sent over, that the Father in God had been detected with the soldier:

"We have here quite sufficient to satisfy us, that *Byrne* must be not only an *honest man*, but a *trust-worthy man* as to sobriety, care, and diligence. So that there is no fears that the humanity and liberality of the public will be exerted in vain. Precisely what *line* it is the intention to give him a start in I do not know. This will depend upon himself in part; for his choice must have some weight with the benefactors. It is the wish of all the parties concerned to make him and his family *comfortable*, and in *England* by all means. It is for the just and humane people of England to rub the Father in God's marks out of the victim's back; and to make poor Mrs. *Byrne* feel, that her husband's honesty and spirit have earned something besides poverty and misery for her and her children.

"It is proposed, I understand, to give *Byrne* a public dinner in London on the *second of next month*; that is, as the readers will remember, on the anniversary of the bloody triumph of the Father in God, and the savage and perfidious Orangemen. On the *second of November* was he, when half flayed alive, flung on a car, like a dead pig, amidst the laughing shouts of the Orangemen. On the second of November, therefore, let us meet to celebrate

his triumph, to hold him up on high, in the metropolis of the kingdom.

“The particulars relative to this dinner will, I understand, be stated in an advertisement. My engagements in the country will prevent me from taking an active part in the arrangements; but no engagements, nothing but absolute bodily indisposition, (which is not likely) shall prevent my attending upon this occasion.”

Such is the narrative recently published by Mr. Cobbett. On the second of November the proposed public dinner took place, and such sentiments prevailed, and such speeches were made, as the dreadful wrongs of the sufferer, and the loathsome character of the degraded prelate, were calculated to excite.

With the motive which animated Mr. Cobbett I have nothing whatever to do. The effect of his conduct has been, in the slumber of public justice, to inflict the severest possible punishment upon the malefactor. So far this gentleman has acted the part of a sound moralist. But where was his wisdom, his morality, his charity, when he uttered the following denunciation against foreigners of all nations, including our North American kindred, in common with the Turks? *i. e.*

‘He had before alluded to our intercourse with *foreign countries*, as the *origin* of such base and depraved habits; and here he would observe, that though he objected to the principles and motives which induced the enactment of the Alien Bill, yet he (Mr. Cobbett) could not help wishing that a line were drawn round our coasts, preventing the admission of every stranger, until it was fully *ascertained* that he was *free* from that vice which *was* so very much at variance with the natural feelings and habits of Englishmen. He (Mr. Cobbett) *was* proud of his country.’

If Mr. Cobbett were not an abstemious man, I might have imputed this strange sally to the impulse of wine!

I was disgusted at its coarseness and illiberality the first moment I read it, and the intervention of five weeks has not diminished that feeling.

I have ever understood that the effeminate inhabitants of southerly and warmer climates are, and ever have been found more frequently tainted by this loathsome vice, than the hardy and manly children of the north; and it may, at some very remote period, have been *imported*. It would, however, puzzle Mr. Cobbett to find a period of British history so remote, or an age so innocent, that the crime was wholly unknown.

The satirical pen of *Churchill* the poet lashed the reigning vices of his day by stating that parents had then more occasion to lock up their *sons* than their daughters! If Mr. Cobbett were to examine the juridical annals of this empire, he would find that more convictions of Sodomites have taken place *within* the last half century than are to be found in the annals of all preceding ages. And when he has satisfied himself of this humiliating truism, let him next ascertain the number of foreigners amongst those who have been convicted in our tribunals, and I am confident he would find the proportion of tainted characters under the ratio that the whole number of foreigners then sojourning in Great Britain bore to the gross population. It has long been understood that *the park* was a place of nocturnal rendezvous for *male prostitutes*, who were commonly private soldiers, and that such unnatural wretches as *Percy Jocelyn* were in the frequent habit of repairing thither to select their mates! During the time the Dutch or German Legions were quartered on English ground, Mr. Cobbett would find himself much embarrassed to find any instances of *foreign soldiers* acting thus infamously.

Mr. Cobbett, as well as his quondam friend, Mr. Miller, the common council-man, well knew how indignantly the late Count *Zenobia* repelled an attack of a similar nature. How many foreigners were found implicated in the *Perr*

Street coterie? in the *Mary-le-bone* club? in the *War-rington* gang of Sodomites? I believe to *England* appertains the *honour* of having given birth to those monsters. I am informed—and the London Directories and Court Calendars, by the multitude of *foreign names*, seem to bear out the estimate,—that one person in every twenty inhabitants is a foreigner!

During the late wars, the proportion of foreign seamen, inclusive of Americans, volunteers, or impressed men, serving in the royal navy, was nearly as one to four of the whole crew. Owing to the absurd severity of the regulations which prohibited or prevented a more frequent intercourse with females, whereby thousands of men were kept on shipboard year after year, the hateful vice grew to an alarming prevalency. More than one naval officer of rank was hung, and many others fled a service they had disgraced. On board a sloop of war which, about 1809, was stationed in the Baltic, of a crew consisting of 125 people, *a third part* were contaminated—many were hung at the yard-arm, others had their lives spared. In consequence of a conversation with Count Zenobia, I inquired into the proportion that the foreigners bore to the British-born seamen who were involved in this foul contagion, and I was assured it was much in *favour* of the foreigners. I was in Plymouth in 1807, when a 98 gun-ship lay under so current an imputation, that the prostitutes who plied other ships by boat loads, *avoided* that *particular* ship, saying, ‘the * * * * on board her did not want *women*.’ In a short time afterwards, as I was informed by naval officers of rank, the infection was found to have become so general, that the ship *was paid off*, and the crew drafted and dispersed. I made the same inquiries in this case, and received an answer equally favourable to foreigners.

Mr. Cobbett, in his own report of his speech at the Horns Tavern, Kennington Common, closed his philippic against foreigners by exclaiming, ‘*I am proud of my*

'country.' Without calling the quality of his *amor patriæ* in question, I may, and I hope without personal rudeness, censure his proceeding as being radically cruel, insulting, and, in my eyes, wholly unjustifiable. During the last half of my life I have been much abroad, and have since associated, in my native country, very frequently with foreigners; and the result of all my experience militates fully and decisively against the harsh, coarse, and sweeping condemnation pronounced by Mr. Cobbett. And if in this country—owing to the pollutions introduced by *commerce* and *manufacture*, and their demoralizing influence on public morals, the vice goes on unchecked, the more pure and untainted northern nations of Europe, and the citizens of the United States, might reasonably wish for *'a line'* of circumscription to be drawn round *the coasts of Britain*, to prevent their children having any intercourse with so polluted a nation. But let us hope that the eyes of our rulers may be opened to the soul-corrupting influence of unrestrained and over-driven commerce,—of dense and crowded manufacturing towns,—of a vast assemblage of soldiers,—of converting ships of war into floating prisons, filled with the offscourings of the most corrupted populace of our large towns, and emptied into the navy from our prisons. By diluting and purifying these sources of moral contagion, the executive government might easily produce a gradual and beneficial reform. The more frequent change of the individuals composing our army would be highly useful in retrieving the character of our soldiers from this horrid taint; as also the *abolition* of *impressment*. The navy might then be manned with *volunteer seamen*, and there would be no necessity for *marines*; and then the discharging the contents of our prisons into the royal navy must of necessity cease.

After all, however, I am far from insisting that the great bulk of the British nation is not sound and untainted by the accursed propensities to which these strictures refer,

and which prevail most amongst the effeminate and luxurious nobles, and in our dense and crowded manufacturing towns.

In a respectable provincial paper, of the 7th of December, 1822, being the very time when I was composing these animadversions on Mr. Cobbett's *attack upon foreigners*—I met these two paragraphs relative to certain *noble and dignified clerical exiles*, whom the indulgence of unnatural propensities have driven to a neighbouring country,—namely,

‘It is much to be regretted that the splendid fortune of the Earl of Bridgewater, and his noble mansion at Ashbridge, are not likely to descend in any very desirable line, his lordship having no children. The heir to his entailed estates, which are very large, especially in Staffordshire, is the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Egerton, now a resident in Paris, and who left England many years ago from a *distaste* for its *habits and customs*.’

‘It is said, that there are no less than six *noblemen and dignitaries of the church*, now resident in Paris, who have left this country *for ever*, because the climate is not congenial to their *taste*.’

What Mr. Cobbett may urge in defence of his desperate sally about *a line* of circumvallation remains to be seen; but if his precious plan for the conservation of British morals were to be carried into effect, it would keep these monsters at home,—a result not at all desirable.

With this I take my leave of Mr. Cobbett, and conclude this disgusting subject with the following extraordinary juridical document, reprinted from Bell's Weekly Messenger, of Monday, 11th of November, 1822, to which I have added such illustrative notes as I thought the subject required.

“BISHOP OF CLOGHER’S CASE.

“METROPOLITAN COURT OF ARMAGH.

“ Monday, October 21, 1822.

“The office of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, at the promotion of Thomas Tilly, the Proctor of said office; against the Honourable and Right Reverend Percy Jocelyn, Lord Bishop of Clogher, and one of the Suffragan Bishops of the Metropolitan Church of Armagh.

“ THIS cause of office was this day called on for bearing in the presence of his Grace the Lord Primate, and of four of his suffragan bishops, viz.—The Lords Bishops of Kilmore, Derry, Dromore, and Raphoe, and of the Right Honourable Doctor Radcliff, his Grace’s Vicar-General, and of other distinguished and respectable personages. The Bishop of Clogher having been thrice called in open court did not appear; and in pain of his contumacy and contempt, the cause was proceeded in to a hearing, and to its final determination.

“ Sir Henry Meredyth, the leading advocate for the office, stated the case.

“ The pleading which has been thus exhibited, and to which full and sufficient proofs have been applied, and upon which the sentence of the court is alone to be founded, contains within it, and in its detail, the many circumstances necessary for its support and establishment, and shall be here shortly adverted to :—

“ The Bishop of Clogher is an ecclesiastic, and as such subject to the laws of the church. He has been for many years a priest in holy orders. In the year 1809, he was promoted to the united bishopricks of Leighlin and Ferns: on that occasion he was duly consecrated and enthroned, and he then swore canonical obedience to the then Arch-

bishop of Dublin, as his metropolitan, and subscribed to the canons of the church. For eleven years he acted as the bishop and pastor of that diocese, and with a character and conduct which did honour to himself and his high office, insomuch that in the year 1820, and a little more than two months after the accession of his present majesty to the throne, he was deemed worthy of advancement, *(l)* and was accordingly translated to the see of Clogher, and to its high honour and advantages. On that occasion he took the oath of canonical obedience to the then Lord Primate of Ireland, his Grace's late and much lamented predecessor. *(m)* And in the month of August, in the same year, he attended the triennial visitation of, and was visited by his Grace the late Lord Primate, as one of his suffragan bishops. These facts are sustained by legal and appropriate evidence. The canons of the church are referred to in the pleadings, and particularly the 42nd of those canons, by which he was, and is bound, as the law of his conduct and adoption. That canon particularly prohibits the commission of those offences, of which he stands charged under the heaviest penalties of the law; and it is for the violation of that canon, and under its authority, that the cause of deprivation is now proceeded in against him. The particular facts, which constitute that offence, are fully detailed in the pleading and the written evidence. That evidence is now permanent and

(l) This eulogy comes with a peculiar ill grace, when it is notoriously known that many years prior to this date, this vilest of human sinners had been openly attainted as a Sodomite; and had, whilst conscious of his own guilt, prosecuted an innocent man, whom he first strove to render infamous by crime, and next by false accusation. The plea therefore that he was advanced on the score of possessing an unblemished character falls at once to the ground.

(m) But for the rampant lust of the wretch, and his detection with Melvelly, in defiance of the imputations resting upon his character, there is every probability, if Jocelyn Clogher had lived, he would, in the course of time, have attained the Archbishopric of Armagh.

recorded; it cannot be departed from or altered. (*n*) Those parts which immediately go to constitute his crime are full and particular. He would not detail them; he was happy to think he was relieved from that painful necessity; in that hallowed place, and before that august tribunal, (where he then spoke,) he would have hesitated long before he would have detailed such facts; even though he should have felt, if it were necessary to do so, for the support or elucidation of that case, which he was bound to establish for their satisfaction. (*o*) But he felt thoroughly convinced upon the evidence, when read and considered, there can be but one opinion in respect of those charges. They have been and are fully sustained upon evidence so clear, consistent, and credible, as not to leave a doubt upon them. On that evidence he would make this observation; it fully evinced the existence of those *evil habits and propensities*, in that unhappy man, with which he then stood charged, and which formed the foundation of that sentence which was to be pronounced against him in this cause. (*p*) That evidence also proved the fatal and depraved purposes for which he associated himself with a private soldier, wholly beneath him in rank and station, as the unworthy and vicious partner of his depravity and guilt. The place chosen by him for that purpose was also unfitted to him as a prelate of the church, and a man of his high rank and station; (*q*) it was a common ale-house, situate in St. Alban's-place, in the city of West-

(*n*) But the stroke of justice was eluded. It wears almost a ludicrous aspect to see so loathsome an offence thus *tenderly* treated.

(*o*) This sentence contains a strangely confused jumble of discordant assertions.

(*p*) A sentence which, making no allusion to the prelate's cruelty towards *James Byrne*, nor providing any equivalent for his sufferings, proves that every principle of human legislation was subverted in this case.

(*q*) It evinced a bad taste to make so many allusions to his *high rank*. The higher his station, the greater his fall, the deeper his guilt.

minster, and county of Middlesex, in England. In his career of vice, he was fortunately, nay, he would add, he was providentially arrested, before he had perpetrated the last foul act, or crime, which he himself designed; and by which, if committed, his life would be forfeited to the offended laws and justice of the country. (r) The many witnesses to his disgrace and degradation, too plainly showed and convinced him of their full knowledge of his base acts and purpose. He then became dejected and desponding, and in terms and tone of agony and despair, he called upon that great God, in whose presence he had so lately and grievously offended, for his protection and deliverance. His prayer was graciously heard, (s)—his life was spared to him, no doubt, for wise and merciful purposes. (t) He survived the horrors of that night, and he is now enabled, by sincere sorrow and regret, to look for that remission of his sins, and forgiveness from his God, which he could have hardly looked for, if his life had been forfeited to the law, (u) or he had on that night fallen a victim to the just indignation of the many who witnessed his depraved and vicious conduct, and were with difficulty restrained from ending his existence. He was arrested by the watchmen and others, and in a situation disgraceful and degrading to him, he was made a prisoner, in order that he should be removed to the watch-house of the district in which he had committed his many

(r) This is almost nauseating. The loathsome proofs given of the deep-rooted depravity of the miscreant, leaves it more than likely, after this and other humiliating and irreparable disgraces, that he will seek some obscure retreat, and there shut out for ever from decent society, give the reins to his unatural lusts, and wallow in his filthy gratifications. It is a ~~crime~~ ^{crime} that, once consummated, leaves neither power nor inclination for reformation."

(s) Not by the *Almighty* surely, whose holy name the wretch had invoked to attest his innocence, whilst he was immolating poor Byrne to his malice and envy.

(t) This is really approaching the very threshold of blasphemy!

(u) Why not? The gallows is generally believed to have saved many a soul!

acts of indecency and crime. He endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade the persons in charge of him from their purpose. On his removal, and close to that public-house in which he had been detected and arrested, he was seen and recognised by a respectable (v) gentleman of Ireland, who from his previous knowledge of his dress, person, and appearance, has been examined to, and proved his identity. He had upon him, at the time, his usual and proper habit and dress, as a bishop, or dignitary of the church. (w) There was no disguise or concealment upon his person or appearance. (x) That circumstance had created an early suspicion and observance of him and his actions on that night, and has contributed, with many other circumstances proved in this cause, to the establishment of his identity, which from his conduct in the cause, and under other circumstances, might have been difficult of attainment and of proof. As he was advanced in custody to the watch-house, and was surrounded and insulted by many persons who pressed upon him, and in a situation degrading to himself and his high office, he approached to and passed the gates of Carlton palace. (y) What his sensation and sentiments were, or must have been on that occasion, may be conceived, but cannot be expressed; he must then have felt that he was 'fallen.' That feeling he himself displayed at that moment in a strong convulsive,

(v) Never, surely, was such a record seen; the names of the most material witnesses, as well one of the *principals*, being omitted!

(w) What fact could possibly have proved the inveteracy of the habits of this monster, than his going, openly as it were, and undisguised, to the resort of *male* prostitutes to pick him up a *mate*! Such an instance of demoralization is not to be found in the Newgate Calendars from their earliest date.

(x) And yet, although so hardened and unrepenting a sinner, *Divine Providence* caused his liberation!!!

(y) Was this bishop ever in the habit of paying any other than *formal* visits there? It was surely *bad taste* to associate the residence of our sovereign with so abominable a transaction.

but ineffectual, struggle for his release and enlargement, a circumstance, too, that is of value in the ascertainment of his guilt and identity.

Upon his arrival at the watch-house, the bishop and his associate (z) were brought together into the presence of the constable of the watch, a Mr. John Latchford, a principal witness examined in this cause. The bishop had then and again to meet and see those persons who he knew could and did depose against him; in his presence and hearing, and of his associate, the full particulars of their crime were disclosed and detailed; he did not and could not deny their truth; his name and address were asked of him by Latchford; he positively declined and refused to give them. That refusal under its circumstances was natural; the constable had a duty to perform, and after that refusal, and in order to obtain some information as to that person who was thus heavily accused, and yet appeared to be, and was in the habit of a dignified clergyman, he thought it necessary to examine the bishop's person. He then approached to him, and even at that moment the bishop bore upon his person (a) strong evidence of, and by his acts and expressions at the moment fully admitted, his guilt; during that search the bishop was observed by Latchford to take from his pocket a paper writing, to tear it with violence, and hastily to throw the pieces or fragments of it, when torn, into the fire-place of the room in which he then stood. This circumstance attracted the attention of Latchford; he did not then observe upon it; he knew that there was no fire in the grate, nor any other paper in it. The bishop was shortly afterwards removed from the room, and to a cell or place of solitary confinement.

(z) It is singular that the name of *Morelley* is no where to be found in this anomalous document!

(a) So vague, obscure, and unintelligible document was surely never sent into the world as this!

ment within the watch-house. Shortly after his removal he was heard by Latchford to cry with a loud voice, and to ask him 'could he not get bail;' (*b*) and no reply being given, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, in order that he should write a note or letter. The pen, ink, and paper, were furnished to him by the directions of Latchford, and with a view that he should be thereby enabled to obtain some knowledge of the bishop's name and address, which were still unknown to him. The note was written by the bishop, and by his desire it was delivered to Latchford, in order that it should be sent to the person and place to whom and where it was directed. Latchford retained the note. It was not his business to admit the bishop to bail (*c*)—he could not do so. The bishop, in an anxious and importunate manner, requested and urged Latchford to send the note as directed. Latchford informed him he did not and could not send it. The bishop again and again called on and pressed him to do so, and in an earnest and supplicating tone of voice cried out and said, 'For God's sake send it;' but Latchford retained the note, and it is now in evidence, and before the court. That note has been exhibited to many persons now resident in Ireland, who have been for many years acquainted with the bishop and his hand-writing. They have been examined in this cause, and they have all agreed in their evidence of this note being of the hand-writing of the bishop, and that the initials 'P. C.' subscribed to it denote his Christian name and title of honour. The note is in the following words:—

(*b*) This too is beautifully indistinct! If it were the *bishop* spoke, it should have been, 'Will you admit me to put in bail?' If the *soldier* was inquiring, then it might have stood nearly as it appears.

(*c*) Retaining still my opinion that the open trial and promulgation of evidence so abominable would have added incalculably to the national dishonour, I insist he should have been *compelled* to surrender half his wealth to James Byrne and his family.

St. James's Watch

House

John

Vine-street

Vine-street

Come to me directly, don't say who I am, but I am undone.
 Come instantly, and inquire for a gentleman below stairs, 12 o'clock—I
 am totally undone. P. C.

And was thus addressed,—‘Mr. John Warring, 21,
 Montague-street, Portman-square.’

This note affords strong proof of the material facts of
 this case; the crime of the bishop—his consciousness of
 that crime—and of his then alarming situation—and his
 anxiety to conceal his name and high station. It also
 affords, in addition to the other circumstances adverted to,
 powerful and persuasive evidence of his identity. During
 the remainder of this unhappy night, (*d*) this lost and degraded
 man was intent upon, and engaged in prayer. Those prayers
 were sincere and contrite; and were, it is hoped, graciously
 heard and received. His supplications and ejacula-
 tions throughout the night were loud and unceasing. (*e*)
 He was visited occasionally by Latchford, in the cell, and
 he was found at all such times upon his knees, and in a
 posture of devout prayer and devotion. (*f*) After the
 removal of the bishop to his cell, Latchford took up and
 collected the fragments or pieces of the torn paper; he
 joined or pasted them together so as to make the writing
 perfect and legible. He preserved it carefully, and also
 the note which had been written by the bishop, and

(*d*) ‘Unhappy night!’ How sentimental! One might really suppose it
 applied to some penitent Calista, speaking of the amorous triumph of a Lo-
 thario! ‘Pshaw!’ the subject is really rendered more offensive by these laboured
 attempts to sweeten its stinking odour.

(*e*) This is unreasonably offensive to common sense. The bishop certainly
 thought of his *lawyers* and his *bondsmen* before he thought of his Maker!

(*f*) Mr. Latchford proved himself a courageous man to venture near such
 an unnatural monster. Lo! when the prelate could not get either his *man*
 ‘John,’ or his *bond-men*, then he bethought himself of his Creator, and fell
 heartily to prayer!!

retained both of them until the occasion on which they were afterwards shown to the bishop, and hereafter particularly mentioned. In the forenoon of the following day, the 20th of July, the bishop was removed in custody to the police-office of the district of St. James's, Westminster, in which district he had been guilty of and charged with these offences. Soon after his arrival there he was brought before Mr. Dyer, the sitting magistrate, and one of the justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex. In the presence and hearing of the bishop and the soldier, the several persons who had charged them with their offences were severally and apart, and upon their oaths, examined. It was *viva voce* examination. The bishop was then professionally assisted. They deposed to and detailed the same facts against him which they had stated in the watch-house, and are now in their sworn evidence in this cause. The bishop did not contradict, or deny, the truth of these charges. He was particularly called on and required by the magistrate to attend to him, and, in order to give him a further opportunity for denial or defence, he read to him and to the soldier, (g) a private and short note of these examinations, which he had taken for his own information and guidance; but the bishop and the soldier remained silent; they sought not any evidence, they relied not on any facts for their acquittal, or proof of their innocence. The bishop appeared before the magistrate and his chief clerk, Mr. Fitzpatrick, (a principal witness to this transaction,) in the dress of a dignified clergyman. The letter which the bishop had torn, and endeavoured to destroy the preceding night, was then produced by Mr. Latchford, and given to Mr. Dyer; Mr. Dyer read it. It was of a private nature. The bishop by himself and his counsel claimed that letter as his own, and requested it to be given to him. It was done so

(g) Can this possibly be a legal *de-thronement* of this unworthy prelate?

accordingly, and immediately upon the bishop's getting possession of it, in the presence of Mr. Dyer, his clerk, and of Latchford, and of his own counsel, he tore and destroyed that letter so that no fragment could have been then saved, or can be now produced in evidence. That letter was addressed to the Bishop of Clogher. It bore the signature and subscription of his much respected and amiable nephew, the Earl of Roden. It was of a private nature. Its contents have not been disclosed. But it may be fair to pronounce upon them that they are such as did honour to the head and heart of its writer, and of the man to whom it was addressed. The note which had been written by the bishop in the cell was then produced, and read before him by the magistrate. The circumstances under which that note had been written and detained were fully detailed by the witness Latchford. They were admitted by the bishop. He was then informed by the magistrate that his offence was bailable, and that bail to the amount of 500*l.* himself, and two sureties in 250*l.* each, would be required for his appearance at the next Clerkenwell Sessions, and his trial for the offences then imputed to, and sworn against, him. His bail were in attendance. He was then called on by Mr. Fitzpatrick, as chief clerk of the office, and in order to perfect his bail, to give him his name and address. The bishop hesitated, and for some time refused; he was then informed, and in the presence and hearing of his intended bailsmen, that it was necessary for him to give his true name and address; and that without it his bail could not be effected, or himself discharged. He then, of himself, and in the presence and hearing of the magistrate, his clerk, and Latchford, freely and voluntarily did state and declare, and for the first time, gave them to know that he was the Honourable and Right Reverend Percy Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher, in Ireland; and that he was then residing, or lodging, at 21, Montague-street, Portman-square, the house to which his

note of the preceding night had been directed. His bail were then, and in his presence and hearing, duly sworn to their proper qualifications, their names and residences; and one of them, a Mr. John Fay, swore and qualified as the proprietor of the house, No. 21, Montague-street, in which the Bishop of Clogher had previously, in his presence and hearing, declared he was a lodger; the bail was then perfected according to the course of the office, and the bishop was accordingly discharged and retired. These facts are fully detailed in the evidence of Fitzpatrick and Latchford; and Fitzpatrick has confirmed his testimony by the production of the book in which, at the time, he made an entry of the names and residences of the bishop and his bail, and his entry perfectly agrees with, and confirms the parole testimony."

The closing paragraph being wholly uninteresting, it is omitted. There remains no more to say of the wretched miscreant to whom these pages refer, than that he was expelled the priesthood; but ages must elapse before the foul stain he has entailed upon the Protestant church shall be washed out of remembrance, or the wounds healed which he has inflicted in the vitals of revealed religion.

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